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TOMPKINS
IN
KOREA

UNDERWOOD

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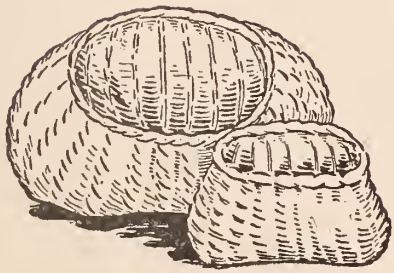

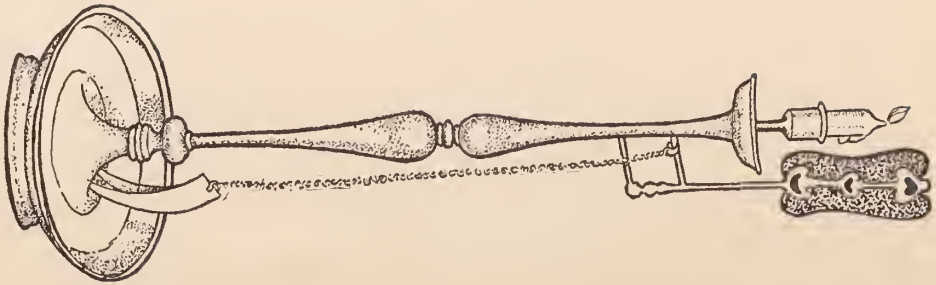

SOUTH STREET, SEOUL

With Tommy Tompkins In Korea

By
L. H. UNDERWOOD, M. D.

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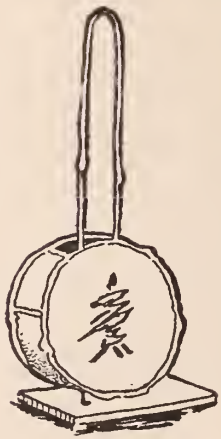

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Preface

HAVING been often asked to describe the home and every-day life of Westerners living in the far East, I have tried to depict faithfully some of the real experiences of a real boy and his family and friends living in Korea. At the same time I have woven in much of the home life of the natives and descriptions of many of their customs with regard to birth, death, marriage, religion, holidays, etc., contrasting them with ours.

The family of whom I have written were perhaps more favoured than many, living as they did in the interesting capital of a most interesting country, and their trials were few, and such as they were have not been enlarged upon. Hoping this book may serve to show the contrast, between the family of a happy little western boy, and the poor children born in the dark, so that the hearts of the readers may ask, "How can this be changed?" and "What can I do about it?" it is given to the public.

LILLIAN H. UNDERWOOD.

Seoul, August, 1905.

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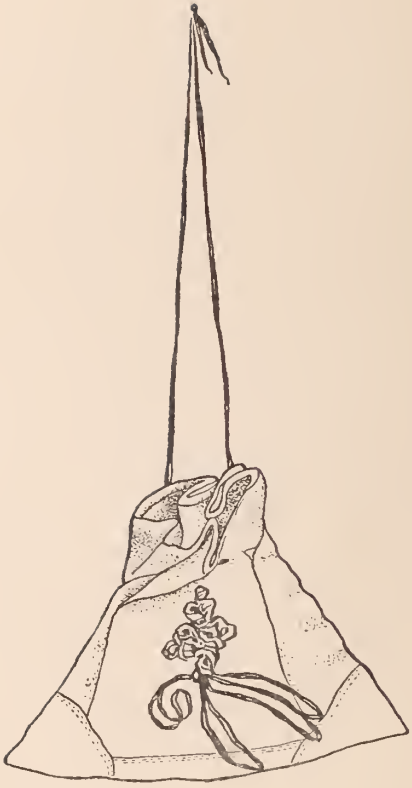

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I

THE BOY'S ARRIVAL

THE young American had just arrived in the old country, and what a contrast there was in ages! He so very young, only two or three hours in fact, and the country—well when nations get to be as old as this, age is a delicate matter to talk about as feelings might be hurt if guesses fell too far short. So I will be a little indefinite, as it is always as well to be, when dealing with ticklish subjects, and simply say it was a hoary old nation, well on in its thousands.

The way the young American came there was this. He belonged to a race of people called Anglo-Saxons, who can never be well contented at home, but must go walking up and down on the earth and to and fro in it. His ancestors had left England, Holland and Scotland, and crossed the Atlantic, to a new country, to gain religious and civil liberty, two hundred years before, and his father and mother, with a spark of the same spirit quickening in their hearts, had crossed a wider ocean, to bring that religion to enslaved peoples. So Tommy Tompkins (for that is what they disrespectfully called him) had decided to come too. Not that he could be of much use,

you will say; but not so fast my friend. A baby carries a charm, an open sesame, to hearts and homes, and a Holy family, whether in Egypt like that one of which we read in the sweet old story, or in Korea will shed an effulgence all around it. And isn't any family holy, just to the extent that Jesus is in its midst and rules its thought and action? Of course it isn't a family at all, without a child. Tompkins' parents at any rate thought a child was necessary to make a family perfect, and they had adopted one before this one came to them from God. Perhaps it isn't fair to put it quite that way though, for sure the other came from God too. When you, without knowing what is coming, stumble on a poor little orphan child, and you have plenty of home, food and love to spare, it is not fair to say that God didn't send him, is it?

Yet God sends so many such little creatures, to so many people, who, one would think would jump at the chance to complete their circle and make themselves into a happy family, and they just won't see it in that way. So I don't feel sorry for them a bit, if they never get to be a family, but keep on growing more and more two separate, selfish entities, trying to be happy with a half life. I want to branch off right here, and tell about that first child that God sent, and then took, before Tompkins came, but as I've commenced about him now, Pon Gabe (that's the

other) must wait a little and come in by and by.

So to return to Tompkins, I said he was only two or three hours old, but ages are queer things. He was born at two o'clock A. M., on the 6th of September, in Korea, Asia, while another fellow arrived at the home of his mother's friend in Chicago, United States, at three o'clock P. M. on the 5th of September. Yet our hero came into existence first. The sun tries to compensate people who live in the far East for the privileges they are deprived of by banishment from the most glorious country in the world, and throws in a few extra hours to their account. They don't think much of it at first, but hours and minutes are commodities whose value increases as one grows older, or as our stock of them decreases. They couldn't be bought for millions, though many a king would have given millions or even kingdoms for just one. I said he was older, well to be exact, he really was not older, don't you see, according to the calendars, for if they were to be believed,—as he undoubtedly came on Saturday morning and the other boy on Friday afternoon—Tompkins was eleven hours younger, and yet by actual fact, he arrived upon this twirling old globe several hours before the Chicago boy. Any of those meridian and time-table people will bear me out in this assertion.

His baggage came a whole month before he did. His grandfather and grandmother sent it in a very large important looking packing-box, most of the space in which was filled with a baby carriage, all springs and cushions, and a great parasol of lace and silk, and such an inexpressibly delightful teeter, as soon as it was put together a baby had to be borrowed to try how Tompkins would look in it. He looked—just seraphic! There was a bright halo all around him, as he laughed, and clapped his hands and jumped in that springing seat. Such a history as that carriage had too. For thirteen years it did steady, faithful service for nine babies, in five different families, Tompkins first, and he passed it down. But there was a smaller box inside the big one with baby's wardrobe. Such delicate filmy robes, such tiny dainty little caps, all lace and ruching and ribbands. Such soft downy little jackets, such luxurious little wrappers of pink, and white, and blue wool, and white silk. Such shawls and blankets, and down pillows, with embroidered slips, and a carriage robe and an elegant cloak for visiting, I suppose. But cunningest of all were the little woven silk undervests no bigger than a minute, that looked as if they ought to be framed and hung up in the parlor. Two people felt as if the family had been promoted, now that the king was coming and his things really there.

A glorious Presence seemed brooding over the house. A holy awe that was all glowing with joy filled their hearts. The things were all carefully put away in a chest of drawers, and nearly every day they made a little pilgrimage, hand in hand, reverently opened the drawers, unfolded and softly handled each little article with loving fingers, looked at each other with shining eyes, kissed with a long sigh, carefully closed the drawer and went away. They were very foolish, weren't they, so much so I'm almost ashamed to tell about them, but they were very happy, so I don't think they minded being foolish at all.

In Korea a mother doesn't have a name of her own, she isn't even Mrs. "So-and-So" but she's "the little pig's mother" (Toyagi Amonni) or "Peach's mother" always known only as the mother of such a one.

You see these ignorant and degraded Koreans seem to think the greatest honour that can befall a woman is to be the mother of somebody. There is no doubt they are very uncivilized and need a great deal of enlightenment.

But as our young American had come to live in Korea I shall follow Korean custom and call his mother Tompkins' Amonni, or mother (which is the meaning of Amonni). She wouldn't mind it I know, in fact she became so Koreanized that I verily believe she'd be proud of it.

But I was going to say, that Tompkins' Amonni

was so hard to satisfy that she wasn't contented with all those charming little articles that came from America, but she wanted to make something for his kingship, to be, herself, and sat all day over entrancing patterns, cutting out the cunningest tiny yokes and sleeves, and putting in the daintiest stitches, and every time the needle went in, it carried love, until the frail material was quite heavy with it, and while she was working, the most delightful little shivers came and went down her back, and sometimes she was so happy she had to stop and dream about it a little, and once or twice her heart was so full, the joy welled up and brimmed over, and went sparkling down her cheeks. Such a simpleton! There were two baskets in the outfit, one full of mysterous things for Tompkins' toilet, all pink silk and ribbands and white lace.

That stood in its own shrine in the coziest corner of the room, and there was another of the kind natives call "chirungs," which they use for carrying fruit and vegetables. The missionaries however used them for infants' cots, and that was what this was for. A false bottom was fastened in, and it was lined with soft muslin and trimmed with ruffles and valances of lawn, some of the ridiculously small sheets, blankets and down pillows were arranged in it, and then "the Captain" (that was what she called Tompkins' papa) would have it on his side of the bed.

The Captain it must be confessed was a little inclined to be overbearing at times, and really over this matter, there was almost a straining of the relations between the powers. But he had his own way. I suppose however that this came about because they were in Korea, where the people are, as I remarked before, only half civilized, and have strange customs and practices. They actually believe a man ought to be the ruler of his family—almost as antiquated as the Bible you know—and that if he cannot have his own way anywhere else he ought to have it there. That is why he was called Captain. However, after Tompkins came, as he used to do most of the floor walking, and administering of colic remedies, and always proved more than willing to shoulder all the burdens which accompanied this great privilege, including the baby himself, I think he deserved some concessions, don't you?

There was an attendant too in waiting for His Royal Highness. A little, thin Korean woman not five feet high, all dressed in white, with tiny little white stockinged feet that never made a bit of noise (you know Koreans leave their shoes outside the door) and with a pale, meek face that wore an honest, faithful look. Tompkins' mother paid her two dollars and a half gold a month, that is five yen and that meant at that time 600 of those queer, little, brass, five cash pieces, made

with holes in the centre. They are all strung together and very heavy, so she had to get her husband to come and carry it home. For of course she lived at home, if such a dark little hut could be called that, and receiving such a magnificent stipend, found her own meals. She was now a person of wealth and importance and supported her own family.

Well as I began so long ago to say, Tompkins had just come an hour or so since, everything was quiet, everybody contented but the Captain. He knew that nothing could be right, and his duty not done to the waiting continent on the other side of that old hypocrite misnamed the Pacific, until they were informed of events of importance transpiring in Asia.

So he with a devotion worthy of the cause, sallied forth long before daylight, routed out the poor, sleepy, telegraph officials, and sent quivering through the Yellow Sea, over the trackless steppes of Siberia across Europe and afar through the tumultuous heart of the Atlantic, the old sweet message of sacred writ; the message which wherever it comes to a family or nation is the sweetest and richest in promise.

"*Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given.*"

The Koreans are fond of babies, and no one ever hears of little ones, either boys or girls being killed in that land. They are often called Pig

or Stick or Sorrow and other equally ugly names, so as not to attract the attention of envious spirits who might harm them, but all who come, seem to be more than welcome and are as a rule petted and spoiled to any extent.

If Tompkins had been a native the precise moment of his advent would have been ascertained with the greatest care, so that the astrologers could draw his horoscope and foretell his future.

The house doors and compound gates would have been closed and none but members of the family would have been allowed to pass. His mother would rise on the third day and leave her room on the seventh. Great rejoicings would take place on the event of the fourteenth and twenty-first birthdays, and when he was 100 days old a feast would have been given, with a peculiar kind of bread and cakes made for such occasions, of fine rice flour.

But alas! Tompkins was only an American boy a "wayin" and nothing of all this splendour of stately ceremony came to pass.

Had he been a Korean his father would have looked forward to the time when in his place he should worship at the ancestral tablets, keep up the family traditions, keep green his father's memory, and attend to his needs in the spirit world. But none of these great responsibilities were hanging over Tommy Tompkins, nothing but the "White Man's Burden" of which much

has been said, but which if it means anything I think must be something like that which was carried by the Man of Sorrows on the way to Calvary and which when he fainted 'neath its weight he shared with a black brother they say. Not the same burden. Oh, no, that was never borne but once, and by only One, but of that kind. The sorrows, the wrongs, the sins of humanity! Ay, baby, that burden and responsibility was waiting at your cradle. You will not feel it yet, not yet, it will wait, it will be patient, but some day, you cannot escape it, Tompkins, it will meet you in some dark valley, in the shadowy border of some solitude of sorrow, and there having entered the fellowship of suffering, you will bend and receive it and go forth bravely and bearing it gladly if you are to be the kind of man we believe you must be.

But now, the little American having only just come, couldn't know what was waiting, what that awful but sublime fellowship could be which he was to join some day with all who are to wear crowns, bear palms, sing the new song, and be priests and kings with a white stone inscribed with a secret name. He had no inkling of it, but just cuddled down in his little nest and slept and slept.

Although Tompkins came to such an out of the way place, don't think he hadn't a trained nurse. It's doubtful whether he would have con-

TOMMY TOMPKINS AND HIS KOREAN NURSE

descended to stay if he had not had one. It would be too much to expect of any right-minded American child to forego what is the privilege of all in these days. One of these ministering angels was there. She was called a missionary but that didn't spoil her a bit. When his majesty was made comfortable she went home, but she came every day and ducked him to his great delight, until his mamma was able to play with her new doll herself, and when that time came, no one, no not the Queen of England, or the Czarina of Russia, though they had begged the privilege on bended knees, should have been allowed to give Tompkins his morning dip.

When his elaborate toilet was made, and he had partaken of a slight repast, for which he was by that time clamouring in a way that struck terror to the hearts of his minions, he was placed in his carriage, the umbrella dipped to just the right angle, and he was taken to the garden for his airing. Sometimes on these occasions the Captain was present, and if so, his overbearingness invariably showed itself quite unpleasantly, in insisting on pushing the carriage. I'm willing to leave it to any one if it isn't eminently proper that a mother should push her own baby's carriage, and whether it doesn't look foolish and womanish and weak-minded for a man to do it, altogether unmanly in fact? And yet that absurd Captain was so selfish, willful and determined

to have his own way, he would do it. He positively seemed, in fact, to think that Tompkins belonged as much to him as to Tompkins' Amonni (a manifestly ridiculous hypothesis as all mothers will allow) and when he was prancing along (no man can push a carriage like a woman) with the baby in the small vehicle in front of him, and the mamma at his side, you would think (you really could not help it) that he was actually proud and lifted up on account of it. Simpleton number two!

The young American was called Tompkins as I said, but that was just for fun, because he had such a solemn little countenance, and by the time he was two months old, such a demure little fashion of trying not to laugh. But he was also invested with a proper American name, after his papa and his grandpapa, which name was written down in the great books in the American Legation in Seoul. He had a Korean name too, for all foreigners must have a name which can be represented by a Chinese character, in which native names are written, and which can be pronounced and read by natives, as foreign ones cannot.

This country being on the underside of the earth everybody and of course nearly every custom is upside down, so in writing or speaking, people's surnames come first and given names last. In a letter addressed to

Mr. John Brown,
No. 495 Thirty-second St.,
New York,
U. S. A.,

they would write it thus:

The United States of America,
New York,
Thirty-second St.,
495th number,
Brown John Mr.

The fact that the letter is going to the United States is the first thing to be ascertained by the first postmaster who handles it, New York the second and so on in their order, so that were it not that it differs so radically from our own custom, we might almost think it a sensible plan, but these eastern nations are so darkened and so ridiculous in all their practices it is of course quite unworthy of our consideration.

But I commenced to talk about Tompkins' Korean name and here I've been wandering all the way back to New York again like a homing pigeon.

His father's Korean name was Mr. Wun, and General Cho Peungsa a Korean friend, advised the baby should be called Han Kyungi Han (nara hancha) which means that the character which stands for that kind of Han signifies Korea, and that taking all three of his characters into account Wun Han Kyung, it signified either

"the blessing of Korea" or "the blessing which came to his parents in Korea." So fervently hoping both might be true of him, the name was solemnly adopted.

A Korean boy is given an "ai myeng" or child name, like Stick, Pig, Tip-top, Trouble or First-born, by which he continues to be called until his hair is put up, and all the important ceremonies, marriage generally included, connected with his celebration of manhood, take place. This name is then laid aside, except by his parents perhaps, and his new common name or "Chu," given for all ordinary occasions and his dignified and formal name or Kwan myeng, only worn as "best bib and tucker" for official, business and state purposes, is also at that time bestowed. This latter official name is chosen with great care in accordance with certain set official rules, in the case of boys of good family; and part of it, is almost as much as the surname, even before he is born. At certain periods after a certain cycle of years, heads of families belonging to the same tribe or clan, descended from the same ancestors, meet and arrange the order the official names shall follow. Each generation of this clan has the same distinctive name represented by a Chinese character. Perhaps referring to one of the five elements as Koreans distinguish them; that is metal, wood, water, fire, earth. Should metal be the one chosen the

Chinese root character for metal must be part of this name. One generation therefore having taken metal, the next must use some other, say wood.

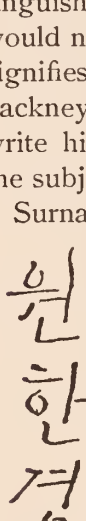
In the family whose surname is Min, the character distinguishing one generation in each household is Ho, and it is placed last, so that we have an entire circle of cousins called Min Tai Ho, or Min Chu Ho, or Min Che Ho, etc. In the next generation the character representing Yang might be chosen and this, in order to alternate, would by arrangement be placed first, so that this younger circle of cousins would be known as Min Yang Chun, Min Yang Whan, Min Yang Ik, etc. For the next generation another character would be chosen and again its location in the name settled by mutual agreement. By this method, any one at all acquainted with the family would know at once on hearing the name, to which branch and generation he belongs. These names are to be inscribed on family tablet stones and repeated hundreds of times in the prayers of future generations. The Chu or common name, given at the same time must also be made up with a Chinese character, which corresponds in meaning, or fits suitably with the official cognomen.

In addition, men following their own fancy at times take some special name, let their friends know and are addressed accordingly. This cus-

tom throws light on the Lord's promise to His own peculiar friends, to reveal to them His new name, showing the nearer and more intimate relation to His chosen ones.

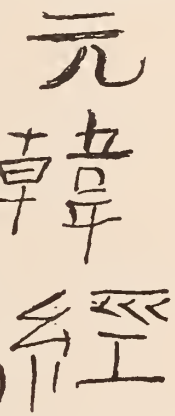
The Koreans are a much named people, for still further nearly every man has a nickname by which he is known by all acquaintances, sometimes with reference to character, looks, deeds, or some town or county where he has lived or distinguished himself. It is quite evident they would never agree with Shakespeare that a name signifies little, and if he were to ask them his hackneyed old question, they would probably write him even a longer chapter than I have on the subject.

Surnames are extremely few in Korea, not one hundred different ones among ten millions of people. The commonest of these are Yi, Min, Yun, Yon Hong Kim No, Saw Won Paik, Pil and a few others.



But to return to Tompkins, and his Korean name, if it were written out in Korean letters it would look a little like this. I say a little like this because the natives write so precisely and neatly with their water color brushes and India ink, that my pen scratches look like the scrawl of a baby. But if it were written in Chinese which it certainly would be on his cards, or whenever formality

was required, it would be like this. It is a great pity that it is human nature, to go forever adopting some absurd, ungainly, inconvenient, inefficient custom of foreigners and neglect or despise its own, simpler and far more useful. Josephine perchance prefers a bankrupt French count with a long string of titles to her own, sturdy, honest, homespun, farmer lover, and these foolish Koreans who have a wonderful alphabet of twenty-six letters which has not its peer in the East, hardly in the world, an alphabet which is the wonder of savants and which with the constitutional monarchy sets her far above her haughty neighbours, China and Japan, yet despises her chief glory, considers the Ernmun as it is called unfit for scholars and gentlemen, relegates it to the common and vulgar and writes its official documents, its gentlemanly calling cards, and its scholarly books all in indefinite, difficult, sight-ruining Chinese.



A Korean gentleman would scorn to read a book, or write a letter in any character but Chinese, but since missionaries have come they have printed the New Testament and the hymns that the people love in the Ernmun and are trying to teach them what a jewel they have hidden away there in the dust.

And now our little man, having been thoroughly named according to both American and Korean ideas, with a childish ai-myeng, Tompkins, a formal American name in the Legation books and later in Grove Church, N. J., sessional records, and a formal Chinese three character name, began his career, all three of him, Intellect, Affections and Will. They were each of him, very small as yet, and centred chiefly round his bottle, for howled he never so loudly intellect knew in an instant the light sound of the step that was bringing it, and when it came the taste and look of it without a doubt. A vigorous will made itself heard in most unmistakable terms, when said bottle was desired, and the loving little grunt with which it was clasped and caressed, plainly indicated where the affections were thus far located.

Which reminds me, Korean babies never have bottles, or never did, till we westerners came and taught them our higher civilization. The remarkable fact is that Koreans do not use milk at all. Their cattle are simply beasts of burden, carrying great loads to market, or dragging the unwieldly ox-carts, or clumsy plows. No milk, no butter, no cheese, buttermilk, whipped cream, charlottes, ice cream, cream gravies, the mind runs over an endless list of delicious articles of food and tries with dismay to think how a whole nation can exist without them. It seems passing

strange when one looks at the poverty of the people, that this nourishing food is utterly unused, and yet it may be that there is wisdom in it, born of ancient experience.

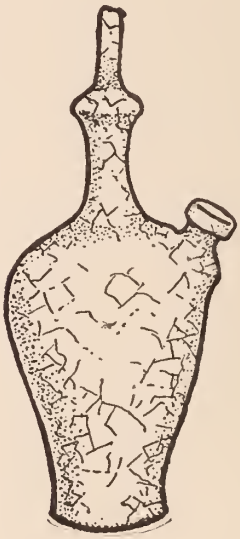
When one reads the reports of the New York Health Commissions, and that during one summer one baby out of every four which was fed on the ordinary dairy milk died, and that milk is the most dangerous medium for bacteria, who would have the temerity to urge these people, who have no health boards, know nothing of sanitation, and have no means or laws for enforcing it, who I say would be bold enough to urge them to use milk?

These great cattle give very scanty supplies of it at best. Seven quarts of milk a day would be exceptional, and such an undertaking, to extract it from the indignant and insulted animal!

The cow's legs must be tied, her calf right at hand (indeed he must start the performance), and then her head and avenging tail must be held by attendants, with another of course for her offspring. She has never been subjected to such an indignity before, and is altogether suspicious of the whole performance.

Korean babies who are so unhappy as to have mothers who cannot feed them—or no, I mean the mothers who are so unhappy as not to be able to give it to their babies—hire a yuwmo or foster mother, or else the poor little one must

die. I think Tompkins' mother fairly hated that bottle, she was so bitterly jealous of it, but he made such a terrible "yahdon," and gave nobody any peace, that at last, well, any one could have seen how it would end.



II

WHAT THE BOY FOUND

SOMETIMES in the sweet, warm, autumn days when Tompkins went out for his airing, luncheon or tea would be served on the lawn, under the old persimmon-tree, for his father and mother both loved the garden and now his mother was not quite well, but kept growing weaker and weaker as Tompkins grew stronger, so the Captain hoped the sweet fresh air would make her better. It is my opinion that she was pining with jealousy about that bottle and Tompkins' affection for it. However, when they were all out there together, round the little tea-table, they looked as cozy and happy as they ought, and added just the touch the garden needed to make it quite lovely. I think the garden of Eden itself, would have been a lonely place without happy people in it, and perhaps, who knows, if Eve had had a baby like Tompkins, she would not have been idle and discontented, and ready to listen to the serpent. I'm sure that garden must have lost all its attraction when the sorrowful couple went away forever. The vines unpruned would grow all in a tangle of stems and leaves, the wind would wail down the lonely

alleys, where they used to walk, trees would toss their arms and sigh, their fruit uneaten, drop decaying to the ground, and the flowers unseen, would wither on their stems. I shouldn't wonder if the angels themselves deserted it. I'm sure the Wons' garden, with them in it, was much pleasanter.

The house and garden to which this baby came, were very old. The house, at least part of it, was built over three hundred years ago. Its walls, like those of all native houses, were made of a sort of basket work of twigs with mud plastered on very thickly on both sides. Later it was cased in brick.

In order to keep these mud walls from washing down when it rains (and it does rain in Korea, sometimes ten weeks at a time), the roof, which was peaked, dropped very low over the walls, with extremely wide eaves, like a Korean gentleman's wide brimmed hat. If you have seen pictures of Japanese temples, you know just how that roof was shaped, with a coquettish little upward curl at the corners, quite giddy for a roof you know. The one on Tompkins' roof was covered with tiles of dark-gray clay, but the cottages of the poorer classes are covered with thatch, which answers very well, only it needs often to be replaced. The tiled houses, too, leak often in the rainy season, and every year before the rains begin, the Captain has to call in the

tile-men, a guild who do nothing else, to look the roof over, and make needed repairs.

They are very arrogant, will not touch a bit of mud or clay, or bring any of their own utensils, and even if your house is leaking like a sieve, they will not take the least pity on you, unless their own coolies are there to help them. And if you think their price is too high or their work careless, and have a difference with them so to speak, so that one set of men leave you in displeasure, no others can you get, though you wait till your parlour is a pond or your bedroom a morass.

The roofs rest on very heavy beams and rafters, which in the larger houses are quite picturesque. In the Captain's house the beams were enormous, black with age, and so hard it was very difficult to drive a nail into them. This residence had belonged to a wealthy and noble family, who for some reason had allowed it to fall into partial decay, and when the missionaries came, they found they could buy it with the dear old garden, for a small sum ; and could with very little more, put it in good repair. It was merely what is called a bungalow, a one-story house, like all the native houses. Here again we see the need of western enlightenment.

O poor Koreans! If they could just once taste the joy of living in a three-story and basement house, with a dining-room under ground, the

nursery in the garret, all cozily in a "block" of exactly similar dwellings, with a back yard twenty-five feet by twenty-five, overlooked by hundreds of neighbours! Tompkins' Amonni hadn't a single flight of stairs in her whole house, and she had become so demoralized she positively liked it! The walls were not more than eight or nine feet high, but in the middle of the room the roof-tree lay at least eighteen feet above the floor and looked even more. There were great brick fireplaces in some of the rooms that the Captain built in with his own hands, and when the dry pine was crackling and blazing (you see the poor things couldn't obtain gas logs out there), no cozier or more cheerful picture could be found. When the house was built, the floors were nearly all what the Koreans call Kangs; that is they are made of stone and earth with large flues built in, so that with a fire lit from the outside, and a vent at the other side of the house, the hot air, not one breath wasted, circulates beneath or through the floor, till the stones are thoroughly heated and the whole room soon evenly warmed. These floors are covered with a thick oiled paper, and over these a few mats are laid.

When you are not having a fire every day, however, as the natives usually do, even in spring and summer, the floor becomes damp and unhealthy, and one by one the Captain had them all removed.

This wasn't a very imposing or sumptuous place as you may imagine, but just cozy and homelike. O how Tompkins' Amonni pitied the poor kings and queens when she walked through some of their palaces in Europe. Just to think of being forced to live in those enormous lofty concert hall sort of apartments or saloons (one would never call them rooms) full of stiff unfriendly great articles of furniture, with never a cozy nook, or quiet corner, or the least hint of anything remotely like a home.

But thank heaven, the Captain's house wasn't that way. The floors were stained brown and partly covered with rugs; in the parlour were a couple of divans and big armchairs, that the owner made with his own hands, using his bed springs for the seats.

I hardly know which was the pleasantest of all the big low rooms. The bedroom was all baby blue and silver, with pale blue silk curtains, that came from her Majesty the queen, and furniture that Tompkins' Amonni had brought from America from her own old home, and there was a wide low window that looked into a conservatory full of flowers.

The conservatory itself was the pleasantest of all on a winter day, when Tompkins' carriage was always wheeled out there that he might have a sun bath.

There were people who belonged to the Cap-

tain and his wife, who would keep flinging conservatories, furniture, knickknacks, and all sorts of unnecessary but delightful things across the Pacific at them, just as they sent Tompkins' luggage. And after Tompkins came! O my! the packing boxes of toys, new clothes, etc., that laboured their way over those tens of thousands of miles!

I believe they loved the garden best of all. It was about two acres in extent and was surrounded by a mud wall, plastered over with yellow clay, and covered with tiles to keep off the rain. In some places this wall was covered thickly with Virginia creeper. Masses of this beautiful vine were draped all over it and the quaint gateway so that it was a charming picture. Then there was an old dead pine-tree just in front of the study, whose gnarled and twisted trunks, and low spreading branches were covered with white wisteria which the Captain and his wife had brought from Japan, before they knew that wisteria is quite at home in Korea.

Indeed they brought over two wisterias and some orchids and no end of ferns. They were like people insane with delight in Nagasaki, where flowers and ferns fairly riot, and prowled round the hills with a trowel and basket digging up just common old things by the roadside with exclamations of ecstasy. Then they went to the florists and nearly bankrupted themselves in

roses, azalias, Japanese lilies, chrysanthemums and what not. The wisteria took kindly, no wonder, to their garden, and soon flung its beautiful foliage all over that poor old deformed tree, till not a bare black bough could be seen, nothing but a mass of the loveliest soft floating tender green: and in May, oh! then was its epiphany. The tree was one mass of exquisite white blossoms, from its highest branch to the ground where they lay in the prodigal profusion, that only God and His nature can display. Purple wisterias had been planted by two bedroom windows near, and as the white threw its arms across lovingly to them, and they reciprocally reached out to it, they met, and mingled with a little help from sympathetic human hands, forming a charming bower by the study door.

Tompkins' Amonni had that for one of her private oratories, and there she used to drink in all that exquisite beauty and let her spirit be lifted up, up upon it to the God whose Spirit brooded in those melting tints, delicate perfume and graceful forms, whose thought planned, whose finger formed and whose love sent them to her. They were to her a letter from Father, the expression of His love, beauty and wisdom, and so here in this oratory, decorated as no monarch's on earth ever was, she worshipped and adored.

In April and May Korea is glorious. All the environs of Seoul are sweet with the exquisite

fruit blossoms, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries and pears.

Korean fruit itself, is not very nice (now I suppose I ought to stop and explain again) but the blossoms are lovely and Tompkins' garden was full of native peach, apricot and persimmon-trees, as well as American fruit trees. Korean fruit is rather hard and insipid, with fine flavour and instead of being acid is at times very acrid.

Their apples (except the little Siberian crab) and pears are all woody, and fit only to be eaten after having been cooked with a little vegetable acid and sugar. They have however a kind of white grape which is very nice, a very juicy and pleasant red plum, and the best persimmons in the world. In addition to fruit tree blooms, the country fairly revels in blossom beauty in May and June.

The hills are all ablush with rhododendrons, and a dear little eglantine with the daintiest perfume riots all along the roads and fences. There is a virginal white honeysuckle that Tompkins' Amonni loved best of all, I believe, because one spring evening when it had been pouring rain all day, and she had been shut in, just a little lonely and homesick (that was when she lived quite by herself and wasn't a family at all) just about nine o'clock a great spray of this lovely vine, all dripping with rain was handed in at her door, with a note, which only said, "Compli-

ments of the rain and Namsan" (South Mt.). It seemed as though the wind just softly pushed the door and the spirit of the dear rain just wafted it in. Because rain doesn't always mean bitter tears, often just those that bring the sweetest flowers to their best freshness and beauty.

The only reason she didn't believe the rain alone had all to do with it, was because the handwriting was the Captain's. However that didn't really spoil it.

But to return to the garden, from which we seem to be continually straying. It was lovely nearly all the year round. First of all in the early spring were masses of yellow forsythia, then violets, and some of the first fruit blossoms, then flowering almonds and white lilacs, wisterias, fluffy greenish white snowballs, and two great bushes on either side of the front door of yellow roses that recalled grandmother's garden in dear America. In June came the roses in the greatest hurry to be seen, and, well, after that nobody could think of anything else. There was a whole hedge of damask rose-bushes; they were cut every day by hundreds, every bowl, jar and vase in the house crammed with them, they were sent to all the neighbours, yet still they kept blossoming on and on never tiring, and the family could never keep up with them. And talk about busy bees! You never

saw such busy bees as there were in the Captain's garden. They were so overworked they were in danger of neurasthenia and having to be sent to the sanatorium, worse still! Such a humming you could hardly hear yourself think.

But the damask roses were not the only ones, there were some dark red ones, and some climbing pink ones, and some that grew in lovely little clusters of pink, white and deep rose colour. There were Marshal Neils and tea roses from America and pretty little Koreans.

There was a big bush of eglantine near the gate, two or three glorious La Frances that Tompkins' Amonni loved best and a big cabbage rose that was magnificent.

These people loved to work in the garden and everything the Captain looked at grew. Besides fruit trees, they had all sorts of small fruits and vegetables, for such things cannot be bought in Korea. The native vegetables were as poor as their fruit, perhaps because there are no instructed and educated farmers. The natives live mainly on rice, the very poor use millet, and far up in the mountains where rice will not grow, potatoes are cultivated. Their kimchi or sauer kraut is made of cabbages which are much coarser and tougher than ours, and busy indeed are the women in the season when it is "put down" for the whole year.

First of all the red peppers which are in-

dispensable are picked, and the roofs are brilliant with patches of them drying in the sun, for two or three weeks at that season. They seem to have gathered all the fire of the fierce July sun and to have stored it up against the cold time coming, as who should say "Don't fear winter winds, frost and snow, I will put July in you up to the nineties." Then too there is a great washing of cabbages and turnips; every little stream near the villages is crowded with men and women and children, washing hundreds and thousands of these vegetables. The rosy country women carrying great round baskets of cabbages on their heads, with the fresh green leaves drooping all round their faces, look charmingly picturesque.

After the ingredients are all cut up, they are packed with much salt in great earthen jars, where they remain out of doors all the year.

No Korean considers a meal complete without kimchi and various are the recipes for its making, though the main articles are everywhere the same, cabbage, turnip peppers and salt. Their vegetables are limited mainly to these already mentioned, with a coarse kind of lettuce, onions, garlic, black beans, a very little coarse corn, and in some sections tomatoes, celery and a kind of wild asparagus. There is also a variety of squash which is not unlike our pumpkins, and which Tompkins' Amonni found

made a fairly good basis for eggs, milk, spices, etc., resulting in proper or almost proper American pumpkin pies. Comparatively little wheat and barley is raised, in the country one often gets buckwheat as the only flour obtainable. There is not a flour mill in Korea, except one run by a foreigner in Chemulpo.

In truth there are no proper factories of any kind. Silk raising and weaving is done in small quantities in the homes, and so it is with cotton cloth, shoes, hats, and other wares. Certain localities are noted for producing particular things, as brass which is largely made in the north, near Anjou. Their paper has been made from wood fibre for ages, and is very strong. They possessed the art of making fine crockle ware glaze on porcelain, but this has been lost.

Castor oil plants from which each family (in the country villages) presses out its own oil, and cotton and tobacco are raised in large crops.

Tompkins' Amonni however couldn't take much interest in the garden that year. She grew weaker and weaker, nothing could she eat, and became so thin and wan that the doctors whose medicines did no good began to look grave. I think she was a little concerned about it too, for this was what was written in her diary: "'*Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to*

prepare a place for you.' Our Lord said 'let not your heart be troubled about My death or your own, do not imagine this dwelling is the only one your Father and Mine has. This earth is only one of these rooms in His house.' When we say good-bye here we do not go out into a cold and dark unknown, we go to one of these other rooms which He has gone to prepare. What peace comes with the thought! And how reasonable and natural that the Almighty should not have exhausted His powers and resources in this one world. *Many mansions.* Yes, there are other places, full no doubt of happy glorious beings, *an innumerable company of angels*, *the church of the first-born*, *made perfect* and our own home folks, dear familiar faces, not only strange angels and lofty cherubs whom one has never met. A place. Not indefinite, intangible 'somewhere in desolate mind swept space' but a place where resurrected bodies shall live in endless delight.

"As for the present fate of the poor sick body it would not be so bad to go back to dear mother earth and become part of the flowers, grasses, birds, glistening leaves, sunsets, rainbows—— And that seed of the new celestial body, God will care for, and I know that my Lord who has made this life so sweet has far better in store.

"He who gave me such noble human love here is better than the creatures of His hand and since

all my life He has brought me through the dark valleys I dreaded, and over the hard places so easily, and made it all better than my hopes, not to mention my fears, He surely will bring me through the last trial of all triumphantly. To see Him as He is will be beyond all else joy, will check all tears, and carry me to the Seventh heaven."

But though Death came near and hovered close for a while, the mother was not to go yet, but they all had to take a sea trip to China; the Captain, Tompkins' Amonni, Tompkins and Om.

Om was the cook, but as he was a good-natured, kindly fellow, they took him along to help with Tompkins as it looked as if it would take all the Captain's time to take care of the mother. Om didn't begin very well however, for at the first motion of the steamer he promptly succumbed and was neither seen nor heard from till all were ready to land in Chefoo.

But I am going ahead a great deal too fast, as usual, so I must go back a little.

When all were ready they started from Seoul, mother and baby in a sedan chair, carried by four men, two in front, two behind. The Captain was now on horseback, now on foot because most ponies go too slowly for him, who didn't mind swinging over forty miles a day. The trunks and baby carriage jogged along on men's backs

for the wonderful Korean "jim-kuns" can carry almost any weight for long distances.

The Captain's horse was a terror, his one idea being to fight any and every other pony.

While waiting at a little village for a sharp storm of rain and hail to pass, his fiendship broke his halter; there was barely time to get mother and child out of harm's way when off he tore down the road after a party of mounted foreigners, who were followed by their Chinese cook, on a shabby little native pony.

To their shame be it said, that glancing behind and seeing the snorting fury in their rear they left the poor cook to his fate, dug spurs in their foreign horses and fled for dear life, never even drawing rein, when at a safe distance, another glance showed the terror-stricken little Chinaman on the ground and the fiend, fiendishly kicking the skinny pony, both of them rending the air with unearthly squeals. This brief inglorious victory led to the capture of the assailant however.

Do not suppose that the Captain rejoiced in the possession of such a creature as this. It was only borrowed for the occasion and promptly returned. The "half-way" house on the way to the port was just a little Japanese bungalow with three or four rooms and a shed for horses. Some great and mighty foreign official, with a numerous train, had engaged it for the night, so the

Honourable Tompkins and his attendants contented themselves with a little shed-like room which had been built on as an addition.

The Captain had sent a cot bed in advance for his little sick wife, Tompkins reposed in his own carriage, which no one would dream of leaving behind, and, as for the father, it never mattered to him where he lay if not too far from the others. But the most surprising thing was the conduct of Tompkins' Amonni. She had scarcely swallowed a morsel of any food for more than a week, and yet when she reached this place after a twelve mile ride in the pure fresh air, and saw her husband eating ham and eggs, ham which she had neither seen nor tasted for nearly three years, she yearned, she ventured, she ate, and those contrary and rebellious internal members, which had inhospitably refused to harbour a cracker or an ounce of any harmless food, actually submitted meekly, and with a few complaints to this very objectionable and reprehensible article of diet.

And now the Captain was indeed light-hearted. Sure, the home mother would be well again! So that night the tiny little room was better than a palace or cathedral, for it was a home, with father, mother and child, all bound together by the purest and strongest ties on earth.

It was a church, for it was a place of devout worship, humble gratitude and earnest love to

God, and faith in Him; and it was a tabernacle, for He was there whom we all worship and adore.

Next morning they set forth again, and in a few hours were embarked in a little Japanese steamer bound for China. It sounds like a trip round the world, but is, from Korea, really no further than from New York to Charleston. Tompkins' carriage, deprived of its wheels, made a convenient and steady berth, and "steady" was the word, for it did not apply to the ship in any degree whatever.

From the time she left port, her gyrations and gymnastics were such as to excite the wonder, but not the admiration, of her passengers, or even of her hardened crew. It was "*the tail end of a typhoon*" they said, and the Wons opined, that probably typhoons like scorpions, carry their worst stings in their tails. At any rate they were quite sure that with anything worse than the lashings of that tail, the little craft and all on board could never have seen land again. A thirty-six hour trip was lengthened to seventy-two, and for many hours the vessel hove to, hardly holding her own. No food could be prepared or fires lit in the galley, but this was a matter of the least concern to most of the passengers, who were all in bed, or the officers and crew, who were all too busy. But there was one to whom it was of vast importance. His Majesty

slept placidly through all the tumult, but waked regularly every two hours and demanded his bottle, got it, and calmly disposed himself to slumber again.

O for the calm trust of the little child, like that of the Master who lay asleep in the hinder part of the vessel when the storm raged on Galilee.

The tumult was terrific, the awful roar of wind and wave like nothing else, and which only those who have experienced such a sea, can appreciate.

The thundering of the great waves which seemed bent on the destruction of the gallant little ship, the rattling, creaking and straining of the vessel as she battled for her life, or shivered after a fearful blow, the rushing, trampling feet of the crew, and the hoarse shouts of command, mingled with the bellowing, growling, shrieking, moaning of the wind, made up a combination of fiendish noises, which all the furies at their worst could never have rivalled.

All this is not a desirable thing to experience and the helpless landsman is inclined to feel that he is swinging by only too frail a thread over the fathomless abyss which is reaching up with foaming maw to receive him—even as though he were a mouse dangled over the open mouth of a hungry tiger.

Though the mother began to mend after the

ham and eggs, and still more after the sea trip, she was so weak that she must be carried up and down-stairs for many days, and could scarcely walk even a few steps, but the Captain was trained nurse, doctor, lady's maid, caterer and amusement committee for the party, and when his manifold duties were all done, he read Dickens to the family, Tompkins rippled out as uncontrollable and contagious ha ha's, when the jokes came in, as the rest. His mother unblushingly asserted it was because he heard them laugh, and supposed that was in order, but the Captain stoutly held it was an evidence of the superior intelligence of the baby, who began by saying "Dad" the day he was born, and continued very properly, by appreciating Dickens at two months of age.

They spent the bright November days on the sands at Chefoo, watching the glorious surf and drinking in the bracing salt air and in a little while the fear had quite passed for that time, and back again they all sailed for their own little "Chosen" land. They always thought it a most suitable name for that country, which though it only meant "Morning Calm" to Koreans, meant English "Chosen," to them. The place God had chosen to send them, as He sent Abraham, and the place He had chosen for them, the land He had chosen to bless, the chosen or choicest of all eastern lands, and mission fields, the people He

had chosen as His own forever, and so on indefinitely, delightfully, with a blessing in every facet of the name that spelled Korea. They were sorry enough when ten or fifteen years later the rulers grew vainglorious and called the dear little country "Tai Han" (meaning Great Nation) suiting it about as well as the Captain's garments would have fitted Tompkins, and the cruel irony of which in view of its utter helplessness could only at best provoke a sigh of regret.

Now I suppose you will at once ask its size and population, so I must wander off again, into eternally recurring explanations. It has an area equal to the combined areas of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and a population of from ten to fourteen millions.

In taking census, the government only reckons houses and reckons five people (children and adults) to a house, which is not an overestimate. For many years China claimed suzerainty over them and received a small tribute each year, but since the Japan-China War, up to the present writing, Korea has been nominally independent, though alternately under the actual protectorate of either Russia or Japan, and now lies a helpless bone of contention between the two, who like a couple of hungry dogs lie watching it, snarling at each other, each ready to spring and devour it. Poor little "Great Han" can do nothing but hope that some other great Power will come to the

rescue, while foreigners of other nationalities who come to prey upon her, openly aver she is "only a sponge to be squeezed and thrown away." Such are the breed of cormorants made up of only pockets and stomachs, who flock to the East to enrich themselves, at no matter what cost to the poor natives. But before these lines are read Korea's fate will probably have been decided, so I will write no more on the subject, but return to Tompkins who was becoming more and more bewitching every day, and was the dearest little dimpled, dumpling darling of a baby, with a cunning little double chin, and the jolliest little laugh you ever heard.

It is perhaps a question to what the credit for all these attractions is due, for his father, though an American citizen, was English by birth, his mamma was an American, some of whose ancestors' names were written in Dutch in the quaint old records of the oldest Dutch Reformed Church in New York, and some in the passenger list of the *Mayflower*. But Tompkins was born in Korea and when he was older and went to America the second time the boys called him "Chinky Chinky Chinaman" and said he could never be President, which was galling.

But we will hope that some of the good steady going qualities and dogged persistence of old John Bull, and the life, energy, brilliance and independence of the New World, and the patience

and calm of the East, may all have been bestowed upon him by these great fairy godmothers.

But as I was about to say Christmas time was approaching, and it was decided in family conclave, at which he of course assisted, that he must have a Christmas tree though he was only four months old, and that all the babies and little folks belonging to Americans and Europeans, in the town, should be invited. But it is no easy matter here, in Korea, to get trees.

The poor around the city, where trees are quite scarce, cut them down so fast for fuel that the cutting of trees has been forbidden by law, and, unless one can be had from some one's own land, we must do without. Four days before Christmas and yet no tree; then three days; at last on the second day it arrived. I'm afraid some of our American boys would have called it a "two for a cent" one, but it was large enough for the low rooms, and with it came large bunches of the beautiful mystic mistletoe so prized by our English cousins, and long branches of evergreens. Tompkins' tree had been gaining in interest and importance for several days before its arrival, and no less than three other engagements had been made for it, to serve expectant little hearts.

A tree which bears such variety of fruits as a Christmas tree, is usually not expected to yield a full harvest on three or four successive days, yet this is what the extraordinarily good little tree

did. First, on Christmas Eve, a band of funny, cunning little Korean schoolgirls joined with their teachers, and circled round it, looking with wondering eyes at the bright lights and glittering trimmings. Then they sat down on the floor, Korean fashion, and received their gifts, had their little feast of Christmas dainties, and were sent home greatly perplexed how to carry away all the goodies that had been given to them. The next day Tompkins' tree had his toilet carefully remade, new presents were fastened to his prickly old arms, new candles lighted to brighten his dark dress, and a lot of mischievous, bright, rollicking, long-haired, gaily attired little Korean boys came eagerly peering among its branches. They, too, received gifts, were feasted with goodies, and entertained with stories and pictures and sent away rejoicing. While the tree had been entertaining all these little Koreans at the house of one of our friends, Tompkins, through his private secretary, that is, mamma, you know, had been sending notes something like this:

"Master Henry Augustus Won presents his compliments to Master John Brown and begs that he may have the pleasure of his company on Friday, December 26, 1890, at four o'clock.

"*Small* and *Early*.

"Chaperons cordially welcome."

These little notes were given in charge of a

Korean servant with what is called a "chit-book," which is simply a blank book, with the names of those persons who are to receive letters or packages written opposite a space in which they sign their own names in token of having received such a letter. In reply came any number of gay little acceptances.

The cook put on his big apron and went diligently to work making tarts, kisses, cookies, pattie cakes, sandwiches, lemonade, etc.

The family made the candy, which was great fun, especially as Tompkins presided. Beyond a doubt, Christmas joys seemed to be doubled and sweetened in this performance. Bottled lemon drops and nauseous Japanese candies were the only things then to be had for money in that benighted land, where, think of it! the people have no sugar! Fancy what that means! No jams, jellies, cakes, pies, tarts or puddings; of course no ice cream or cream sodas. No sugar on their morning rice and no proper candy. They do have one kind, however; a sort of substitute for molasses candy, pulled quite white and often full of little nuts, which is quite palatable.

The rich people buy Chinese preserves and candied fruits, and they have delicious buckwheat honey, so that they are not entirely without sweets. Foreigners however do not patronize the native candy sellers very much, for when we look at the dirty fingers that make it,

and the dirty places where it is manufactured we lose our appetite, and ask to be excused.

So the Wons set their wits and fingers to work and made some fancy candies. Chocolate creams, caramels, pink sugar creams, cocoanuts, sugared walnuts, candied oranges and figs, so that there was quite a nice variety which looked like Huyler's best. The tree was put in the study and made gorgeous with silver bells, paper angels, tin rubies and emeralds, cobwebs of gold and silver tinsel, red bags of candy, and lots of candles, all of which, with the presents, had crossed seas from America, England and China to adorn the occasion. The presents were then placed on, in, under or near the tree.

You see there was a movable partition between the study and parlour, such as all native houses have, made of a light framework of wood covered with paper, a sliding door arrangement which can be entirely and easily removed.

Then this was all closed so no one would know there was a tree in the house.

Even when the Captain was a bachelor he always had a Christmas party for the children, and when Pon Gabe came of course there must be a party for him, and that reminds me—but, well, never mind now, we mustn't wander away from the tree.

A great blazing fire was lighted in the big

brick fireplace in the parlour, for what would Christmas be without that, to dance, laugh, sing, clap hands and bid all welcome? The room was all decorated with Christmas greens and mistletoe, and everything looked quite like a real Christian Christmas, as indeed it was though in a poor dark heathen land where no joyous light sends its starry rays through the night of ignorance, sin and sorrow, to brighten the lives of young or old. Almost before they could finish decorating the rooms, gay little voices were heard and the children came trooping along. Tompkins was dressed in his best and lay back in his little carriage smiling benignly on every one. Such a queer little company. Little Americans from the missionary homes, little English from the consulate, little Russians, little chubby Japanese from the legation, little German Americans, Canadians, one Korean and the very cunningest little Chinese baby you ever did see, all wadded up in such an amazing number of gay quilted coats he could roll one way as well as another, and could roll all day without hurting himself, and oh! such a splendid red cap all decorated with gold beads, enough to delight the heart of the most exacting baby in the world. You may be sure Tompkins was glad to see that Chinese baby.

Well, they played "oats, pease, beans," "hide the thimble," etc., till supper time, and then all ad-

journed to the dining-room. Tompkins sat up at the table with Myrtle and Henry, and little China baby, but Catherine, who was really quite old (more than two years) was obliged to cry, she felt so insulted at being placed among the babies, and really it was very inconsiderate to do such a thing, so they apologized and gave her a place among the old ones of five and eight at another table. While Tompkins was entertaining his friends at supper, the partitions had been removed between parlour and study, the candles lighted, and there stood the tree all blazing and glittering. Such a clapping of hands, such shining eyes! Each of the babies had a rattle, each of the boys some trumpet or musical instrument, and soon the racket was all that a boy could desire, or Christmas time-honoured customs demand.

Tompkins, who is very particular, evidently felt quite satisfied that it was all right, for he went fast asleep in the midst of it all, and I am sorry to say did not waken in time to bid his guests adieu.

But Tompkins' tree had not yet completed his mission. More than a year ago some large hearted ladies in Missouri had sent a generous gift of money to the orphanage boys, and now it had been used to provide them such a splendid Christmas as they never had before. Warm worsted scarfs, knives, guns, swords, pocket handkerchiefs, towels, oranges, etc.

The boys were all invited to come to Tompkins' house to tea. They had rearranged the tree, and made it very pretty, and locked it in the study as before. In the supper room were long low tables for the little boys to take their supper on, or their "chenyak" as they call their evening meal, and on the dinner wagon and larger tables were large trays of bread, sweet crackers, cookies, cakes, tarts, etc., etc. At the appointed time one, the very smallest boy in the orphanage, came timidly in and inquired if the proper time had arrived for them to come; on learning that it had he ran quickly down to the gate to inform his companions who were waiting all together to learn the result of his inquiries. In a few moments they had all entered, dropped their wooden shoes in the hall and were making their most humble bows, in their very best style.

Speaking of shoes, don't imagine wooden ones are the only kind Koreans wear. They are only for mud and bad weather and while they are a little clumsy to get around in and very noisy, they protect the feet finely from wet and mud, and protect skirts too for they lift the wearer nearly two inches off the ground. In addition to these however there are straw shoes, used by working people, string shoes very neat and light, and used most commonly of all, and leather ones, which are according to taste yellow, white or red, with considerable decoration, and with very

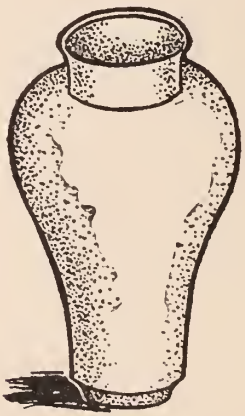
thick heavy soles studded with large nail heads. These are used by people of high rank or those who have a good deal of money. All shoes are laid aside on entering the house, and the neat little feet in pretty white stockings look very nice. The stockings are cut from muslin cloth, and fitted to the foot. For very cold weather they are wadded, making everybody look as if they had badly swollen feet and ankles.

But these boys' feet if swollen certainly didn't seem in the least crippled; quite the opposite. Such a lively and brilliant little company, coats of cherry, blue, green, purple, red, white, with bright ribbons fastening their long braids. The Wons soon taught them some of our American games which they seemed to enjoy very much, and after romping about for awhile they were taken in to supper; and when they had finished they were allowed, true Korean style, to put the remainder of the cakes and goodies into their capacious sleeves, to be enjoyed later.

When we adjourned to the other room and found the tree waiting in all its glory, when the penknives, etc., had been appropriated by their joyful little owners, excitement was at its height. They sat speechless with pleasure. The boys couldn't remain long after that. They were aching to return and enjoy their gifts, so they soon made their bows and farewells, the lights were extinguished, we all went to bed and to sleep, the

tree stood there alone and in the dark all night. Early in the morning a dishonest servant robbed him even of his tinsel and paper finery. The master came and said he had served his day, and now he must be removed. So he was carried away and cut to pieces for fire-wood. But even then he blazed up merrily and made a delightful, warm, cheery fire, and even his ashes were used to brighten up the andirons till they shone as never before. Let us hope the life of the tree may be "typical" of Tompkins' life.

Perhaps you expect me to say "that was the end of Tompkins' tree," but it wasn't; there never will be any end. That is the beauty of it. The brightness and joy of it will go on forever. Good deeds, kind actions, sunshine, cheer and Christmas trees live forever.



III

PON GABE

I'VE been wishing to tell you about Pon Gabe, all along without being able to find a place for him, but now the Wons are safely home, Christmas over and we can take time to go back a ways, and begin at the beginning.

The Captain had started a home and school for orphan boys some time before, and quite a number of little waifs were gathered in; among them, tiniest of all, Pon Gabe.

He was not six years old, Korean count. His father who was a nobleman of high rank had been banished for some political offense, and his mother was supposed to be dead. I said Korean count because in that country ages are counted in quite a different way from ours.

You are at once, as soon as born, one year old, and if you happen to be born on the last day of the year, the next day being the first of the New Year, you are two years old. Then you are no older on your birthday than you were a month before, unless a new year has begun in the meantime.

You see, one is just as old as the number of years, during any part of which, one has lived,

and a baby, born on the thirty-first of December, would, one year and a day later, on the first of January, be three years old.

So poor Pon Gabe was really not more than four proper, honest, American years of age, when first introduced to Pastor Won, by his uncle who brought him to the school.

Now the institution was very primitive, barely established, and there were no proper arrangements as yet for taking care of such little bits of fellows, who cannot even wash their own faces, or braid their own little pigtails. So he was only allowed to remain a few days, rather under protest, when his uncle was sent for, and told he must take him away, and take care of him. Now I'm afraid the wicked uncle's one idea was to get rid of the poor little troublesome fellow. At any rate, some time later, news came that the child was dangerously sick, and without ordinary comforts; so although he was himself too sick to walk, Mr. Won hired a chair, and armed with some medicine, condensed milk, etc., went to see the boy.

He found a forlorn little waif, wailing in a pitiful weak voice for food, lying on a mat on the floor, too weak to lift his head. When he saw the tin of condensed milk, he tried to bite it open with his teeth, and had been trying to tear off and eat the paper on the wall. It looked darkly probable that the uncle was intending to

starve the child to death, rather than bear the trouble and expense of his support.

So Pastor Won decided to take him to his own home and try to save that feeble, flickering little flame of vitality that still glimmered in its frail vessel.

Many others advised against this, when they heard of it, and saw the child. "He is too feeble and sick, he will surely die; then the natives will accuse us of his death, and drive us out of the country," was their argument, and a forceful one, for as yet Europeans were not at all sure of their footing, in a country so recently and reluctantly opened.

But Pastor Won felt he couldn't listen to these words of counsel, nor think of results where the path of duty seemed so plain, so he opened wide his heart and home, and took in the poor little lost lamb "faint and hungry and ready to die."

But it was a long pull for poor Pon Gabe. For days and weeks, life trembled in the balance. Faithfully his foreign friend cared for, and watched him. Though all the doctors despaired, his love never did, and at length, little by little, he began to crawl back to life.

About all we could see when looking at him, was just a pair of great liquid, pathetic, black eyes, and the poor little skeleton frame of a tiny child.

But with kindness and food, children soon

prosper, and ere long he was as happy, plump and bright a little fellow as could be seen anywhere. He learned English with surprising quickness, speaking it like any foreign child, and this made him very helpful at times, especially after Pastor Won's marriage, for Mrs. Won, who could not yet speak Korean well, used him as interpreter in telling the women the sweet and comforting words the Lord Jesus spoke for them.

I'm sure these blessed truths must have gone home with much more power from the lips of a little child, of their own nation, than if they had fallen halting from the mouth of a foreigner. Sure God uses weak things to confound the mighty, and foolish to confound the wise, and does not despise small things.

So they two, the little boy and the foreign woman, never thought what a hopeless task it looked, beginning to save a nation of ten millions or more, but with just their poor little basketful, only five loaves and a few small fishes, began feeding the multitude.

Probably it was done in much weakness of the flesh, and most likely at times half heartedly, but so it was, Pon Gabe began to be a blessing.

And when Tompkins came, how delighted was the little Korean, and as soon as baby could notice anything, how charmed he was with his little black-eyed native playmate, and into what

fits of laughter he went when Pon Gabe jumped, clapped his hands, turned somersaults, or played any of the innumerable antics he was adept in for the entertainment of the newcomer.

He had now become quite an American, and talked about "going home to the United States," like the missionaries, and spoke of certain things, by association taking him "right back to America," of which he had only heard.

He, however, never lost his ideas of caste, and was quite haughty, or else loftily condescending with the little coolie boys in the orphanage, for which he had to be sternly reproved by Pastor Won, on more than one occasion.

One rule, always adhered to, and most happy in its results with Pon Gabe, and later with Tompkins, was never to punish while angry, and never under any circumstances to deceive or mislead the child.

They were never told bad medicine was good, or that teeth pulling would not hurt, or promised what was not intended to be given. They knew that the parental word was "yea and amen" without fail.

Adherence to these rules simplified things, made them more submissive under chastisement, and taught truthfulness in the best way, by example.

I believe the Wons were as ambitious of winning the respect of these little ones, if not more

so, than that of all the world beside, and it certainly meant much for all concerned.

While the Wons were away for two years in America, Pon Gabe was left in school under the especial oversight of one of the missionaries; but his relations who had been willing to cast him off in his helpless infancy, now that he knew the desirable English so well, and had served the missionaries as interpreter, in an important official interview, and thus proved he could be useful and profitable, spirited him away.

About a year after the return of the Wons, and when he had grown old enough to control his own actions, he visited them, to their and his mutual delight. He was now attending government school and supporting himself in part, by copying and other odd jobs.

He seemed as earnest a Christian as ever, and had grown a fine manly little fellow. He now regularly spent his Sabbaths and holidays with his old friends, when "little married man" often came too, and both were admired and revered by Tompkins. Of "little married man" more anon.

After leaving school Pon Gabe obtained a lucrative position of trust in a printing-office, but still lived frugally, worked hard and remained true to his faith.

Later he went to America with three other young Koreans, and there with assistance from Christian

people, worked his way through college and graduated the third in his class, with high honours.

Such in brief is the story of Pon Gabe. Just one piece of money lost and found, one stray lamb reserved from death. It was worth while, was it not, and I am sure if our ears were keener we should hear the echo of the joyous refrain of the angels over a ransomed soul.

Before Tompkins arrived there was, besides Pon Gabe, another member of the Won household. "Family," I was going to say, for Fannie the fox terrier was almost a personage. I'm afraid she was rather fickle, for while she had been the Captain's faithful slave till there was a prospect of a Mrs. Won, at that moment she transferred her allegiance to the future queen of the household.

She brought much gibing, persecution, and unseemly mockery on the heads of the afflicted couple, by haunting the residence of her future mistress, where she lay for hours on the street door mat, thus publishing abroad what was intended to be hid from the public, for a time at least. She was known far and near by the natives and foreigners as the pastor's dog, so there was no doubt about the significance of her actions.

There were then, and are even now, very few foreign dogs in Korea, and they are correspond-

ingly valued. The native dog is fed on a poor kind of rice, never petted or allowed to enter the living rooms, and almost never does such an unheard of thing as to follow his master or show signs of affection for him.

They appear to be quite lacking in any of the marks of civilization, shown by their Western cousins, and as a rule are cowardly and currish.

They bark loudly and show their teeth, but slink away with incurling tail if an enemy, human or brute, comes too near. Some of them bear a strong resemblance to the spitz, and again there are many that carry all the marks of Scotch collies, and who it seems to the writer, must be the degenerate descendants of those clever and attractive animals. They have thick curly hair, bushy tails and sharp muzzles, with a look of sagacity, and when well fed, and well treated, they have proved to be useful, intelligent and affectionate.

The puppies are the cunningest and most enticing little furry balls ever seen. And now I must divulge a sad fact. Most of the dogs are bred and kept only to be eaten. A certain season in the fall is the usual time set for slaughter, and then there is a tragedy in every neighbourhood, and an awful fate for thousands of poor dogs. They are dragged away by the dog butcher screaming and resisting, with terror in their eyes, and—well, let us draw a veil.

What a grand motto for a Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals lies in that nineteenth verse of the eighth of Romans, "*The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God.*" I never look into meek, patient animal eyes, with that pathetic appeal which most of them have, without thinking of it.

Nothing can be more touching than to realize that they are dumbly, patiently, looking for the day, when men who control their fate so largely, who alas are often more beastly and animal than they, shall become manifestly the Sons of God, and they and we, all be delivered together, from the bondage in which we all groan. But neither they nor we alone, for with us is He who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and that blessed Spirit agonizing unutterably.

It seems easier when one thinks one's own little smart is part of the great whole, and that our poor lower brothers, the brute creation, and our great Elder Brother are all "touched by the feeling of our infirmities."

Because best of all we know that there is a sublime Eternal Purpose in it, that is not, or need not be in vain.

> "That not a moth with vain desire is shrivelled in a fruitless fire
> Or but subserves another gain."

How wonderfully those verses in that eighth of

Romans deal with the whole problem of suffering in all created things, how simple, how satisfying!

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall follow." "*The creature was made subject to vanity not willingly but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope, because the creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*"

For canines in Korea, there are no laws of any kind so far as I am able to discover. Many mad dogs run the streets biting men and animals; and many dogs not really so, are doubtless chased to madness by alarmed crowds and stoned to death. Even while these lines were writing, four Europeans, and several Koreans, were bitten by rabid dogs during one week. Muzzles although used for cattle and horses are unknown for dogs, pounds and licenses unheard of, and the only check therefore to the dog nuisance is the slaughter I have referred to. On the other hand puppies are rarely drowned or killed as they are too young to eat, and to destroy them would be wasting so much food, so dogs abound to a far greater extent than cleanliness, comfort or safety would allow. No Korean family is without at *least* one.

But Fannie was an animal of quite another type than these poor creatures, with all the spirit and

sagacity of her brilliant ancestors. She owned an affectionate heart, and a good strong will too, for, from the day when she attached herself to Mrs. Won, till her untimely death, she never could by persuasions, threats or force, be induced to leave the house if her mistress were in it, or to remain there when that lady went forth.

She was a plucky little creature, and when fire crackers were set off in celebration of the Fourth of July, no doubt supposing them to be from their insolent yapping, some kind of "Kwesin" (evil spirits), she flew at them and taking a blazing string of them, while still exploding, in her brave little jaws, shook them like so many rats.

Thereafter her mistress, terrified for the safety of the creature, had her held during the further exhibitions, but this was no easy matter, for frantic were her efforts to reach and destroy the enemy. She no doubt felt that the family for whose safety she was responsible were in terrible danger, and that she must meet and battle with this one at all costs. She was a faithful little friend, and they all appreciated her devotion.

So at length you have been made acquainted with the Won household. Master, mistress, children, nurse, cook, and even the dog, as well as the house and garden.

And now, in spite of the joy the little son brought, a Shadow began to lengthen again in the home. Sickness and Pain walked in unin-

vited. Fever sapped the strength of Tompkins' Amonni and pain held her every day in his grip, that would not loosen. What was worse he said he had come to stay. He whispered in the night in so loud a whisper, that she thought it might be heard through the whole house, that she should always be crippled, and never again be free from his company, never be strong or well, and always need to lean on others for aid.

The Captain was away when the hard words went whistling like knives through the night air, or he would have hushed them, or made the woman forget them with his cheery presence. As it was she almost forgot them; taking care of Tompkins, and singing to the baby, kept her own heart from failing altogether.

She often felt too that she could well afford to suffer when her pain was like a musician, that with wondrous skill touched the keys of other hearts and drew forth divine strains of love, sympathy, tenderness, helpfulness and unselfishness, so that through and because of it, the whole household, and circle of friends were more heavenly and Christlike.

Pastor Won had been obliged to go away on important mission business, before his wife grew so very ill, and was forced to be gone a long time, it seemed ages to her, it was three infinite weeks. For you see even time can be infinite, in height and depth, if not in length.

Every few days a telegram came and sometimes a letter, but absence was hard to bear especially at a time like this.

When it was time for the husband to return in the insane little Japanese steamer, along the most dangerous coast in the world, where submerged rocks, narrow channels, treacherous currents, high tides, and blinding fogs, combine to destroy the traveller, the March winds shrieked for three days, sweeping in fury over land and sea.

Tompkins' Amonni never slept those nights; her heart was tossing about on the sea with that little steamer. Far out to the black, roaring ocean the sailor turned his boat, right into the raging deep whose billows were safer far than the treacherous rocky coast, and all through the storm God held the frail little bark and its inmates safe.

Safely back to port they came, and when Mrs. Won's Captain opened the door, and walked in, hearty, ruddy, smiling, a perfect reservoir of good cheer, strength and hope, she came to port too, with small delay, and once there, felt that all the storms in the world could not disturb her calm.

Yet even so, disease was not to be ousted, or pain driven away, and therefore, at length reluctantly, these people came to realize they must obey the doctor, leave their work and

adopted country, and return across the great ocean to the home land, if perchance life might be saved. And then how the kindness welled up and overflowed! Everybody helped. Garments, curtains, bedding, linen, carpets, must be wrapped up with camphor, insect powder, tobacco and red pepper, and packed in zinc lined boxes. Mattresses must be swung from beams in the ceiling, to keep off rats, china must be nailed up with care in boxes, and stores of canned milk, butter, meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., must be sold.

Warm travelling things must be made for Tompkins and his Amonni, who now could do nothing but try to suffer patiently. Those who looked at the emanciated form and sunken, ghastly features, never thought to see her again, and did not even believe she would reach Japan, but God's plans were different.

Little by little under the reviving influence of pure ocean air, and constant care, the pain and fever relaxed a little, and she began slowly to amend.

Reaching America how dear and beautiful the look of the veriest hovel, that belonged to home land! The unseemly outskirts of the city, the very wharves seemed to wear a peculiar and special grace, for be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No familiar face as yet greeted them, no loved

voice blessed the ear, but it was enough just at first, all they could bear, perhaps, surely all they needed, to see a whole town, full of white people, real Americans, their own dear compatriots, and to hear the familiar accents of their own native tongue.

They lingered awhile, near the Golden Gate for Tompkins' Amonni to gain more strength for the long overland journey, and then slowly made their way eastward, to meet the inexpressible joy of reunion with those who were left in heart throes of anguish years ago. It seems a little odd, that to reach western countries from Korea, Japan and China, we usually travel east, but that is what the Wons had been doing for more than a month. Pastor Won was sent for hither and yon to tell Americans about the interesting people and the open door in Korea, so sometimes it was in the south, sometimes in the far west, sometimes on the Atlantic seaboard, that Tompkins' Amonni and he journeyed, and it was not long before the little boy's assortment of nurses was quite large.

After a long stay in America Mrs. Won was sufficiently improved to return to Korea; though not entirely well she hoped she might even yet be of some use in helping Korean women up to the light. So they started back this time by way of the Atlantic, Europe, the Suez Canal and so round to Japan and Korea.

IV

KOREAN NURSERY LIFE

ARRIVED in Nagasaki our friends, the Wons, found themselves nearly out of money, as travellers are not unapt to be after all the unexpected extras everybody meets when taking long tours. They were forced to wait some days in Nagasaki and knew well the contents of their slender pocketbook would never satisfy the hotel-keepers. But they need have felt no anxiety. The Methodist Cornells accidentally coming down to the steamer received them with open arms, took them to their own home, where they loaded them with kindness, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

They reached Seoul at last, finding a party of friends at the landing with a warm welcome, and a crowd of Korean Christians as well surged around them, each eager to be first with a joyful greeting to the "Moxa." How good the look of the familiar white garments, how welcome the sound of the soft liquid speech, how dear the smiling faces of their flock.

They always seemed so like sheep to Pastor Won and his wife, so ignorant, so helpless, so without resources, so unsheltered, surrounded by

political, physical and spiritual enemies, and so sorely needing shepherding and folding.

And when in the dusk, under the quiet stars, they all flocked out of church and down the road, before the pastor, their white garments dimly gleaming in the dark, especially the women with their white aprons over their heads, they looked not unlike a flock of sheep trotting leisurely foldward.

Now that they had returned from such wide wanderings to their adopted country, their people, their work, and their friends, Korea seemed much more than before, like home. The Captain plunged into work, preaching, organizing, planning, writing, translating, itinerating, urging and encouraging the native Christians, for there were millions of people living without God and without hope and going down to death unsaved.

Nothing; no condition could be worse than that, since to be without God and without hope is the very cause and essence of hell. Burdened, heavy laden with toil, sorrow, and sin, with none to help and no ray on the dark way, millions of people, our brothers, are existing thus, blindly struggling on.

The missionaries were still very few, just a little handful of people, almost overwhelmed with what they saw, and the problems and responsibilities of the work before them.

As for poor Tompkins he was having a hard

fight for existence. Whether he had a peculiarly cranky little digestive apparatus, or whether, as was more likely, the milk, which the Chinaman extracted from his ill-fed and ill-kept cows was unwholesome, the child could not manage his food, grew thin, pale and feverish, and was for months such a poor, pitiful, starved little creature that it made your heart ache. His prepared canned food gave out too, no more could be had from China or Japan, and weary was the waiting for the ship that was to bring life. There were long, awful nights of watching, when the weak pulse flickered like a tiny candle in too fierce a gale, but God shielded the precious little flame, so that it did not go out.

Tompkins' Amonni tells in her diary of a little hymn, which he had learned to say, which was quite symbolic of his own life. He could not pronounce the sounds at all well, as you will see, saying "*hyip*," for *ship*, etc.

"A little hyip wath on the sea
It wath a pretty hyight,
It hyailed along so pleasantly
And all was calm and bright.
When lo a torm began to wise,
The wind blew loud and stwong;
It drew the cloudth akwoss the skies,
It blew the waveth along,
And all but One were sore afraid of
sinking in the deep."

But the Master rebuked the winds and the waves

"and quelled them with a word," and the small ship weathered the storm at last, but it was a very pale and weak little boy, who was carried out in the fresh air that fall, in his mamma's sedan chair. Many a time as Tompkins' Amonni looked at the hardy native babies, of two and three years, eating melons and cucumbers, rind and all, carried about in the cold autumn or even winter weather with scant wraps or none, her heart ached for her frail little blossom.

Either these babies are all very hardy, or it is a case of the survival of the fittest, for they are exposed in such a multitude of ways, the wonder is, the race is perpetuated at all.

Smallpox is their worst foe, though according to the mandates of superstition the spirit god who, as they believe, makes it a specialty, and distributes it around so impartially and generously, is treated as an honoured guest and propitiated in every way possible.

On the twelfth day of his stay, the heads of the family thus visited, after washing their whole bodies with pure water and with hands perfectly clean, bring a bowl of the purest water to be had, fresh from the spring, and pray before it to "the distinguished highness," that he will kindly depart, without working any evil to the little patient. Sorcerers are called in, a feast is made, and sacrifices offered, literally, to speed the parting guest. If the family are poor, they

make a small horse and bowl of straw, and filling the latter with food, fasten it on the back of the horse and have it carried some distance for the use of the spirit, who it is hoped will take this broad hint, and depart with his provender.

To make his journey easier a small paper umbrella is also sent with the horse, to shield his godship from the heat of the sun or the wetness of the rain. As when a friend of high distinction comes, the ordinary business is laid aside, and ordinary comers are dismissed unseen. The house is closed and a dignified quiet attends on the presence. After the disease is safely over, the scales which have fallen from the sores are carefully collected and carried to some temple or shrine and there burned as a most acceptable sacrifice.

Should the little victim die, it must not be buried till "the friend" has entirely left the neighbourhood, but is left above ground to remind the demon that he has taken his quota from that family, lest in a fit of forgetfulness, he should carry away another child.

When a well beloved little prince was attacked with this disease, the palace gates were closed, all business therein came to a standstill, and hundreds of thousands of yen were spent in mollifying the smallpox deity. The sorcerers went into a trance condition, and told the royal family the wishes of "his Highness, the Sonim" (guest).

Money was thrown to crowds of poor in the streets, night after night, so that the child might have their prayers. When the god still lingered, it was learned that he yearned for an escort to Weeju on the northern frontier, and that when that was handsomely provided he would depart. Accordingly a train of horses loaded with food and valuable presents (attended of course by the sorcerers) were sent from Seoul to the north, and by the time they had reached the border, the little prince was convalescent.

Natives are now, however, very generally admitting the benefits of vaccine, and are glad to use it. Among them, children are the only ones attacked, for the good reason that *all living adults have had it*, at least once. Few precautions are taken to prevent exposure, in fact they do not know how. Children are not counted, till they have had it, every one dreads and fears it, nor will they call a doctor or give medicine for it. At the Wons', they discovered one day, that the gateman's child had been sick with it for some time, and he coming into their dining-room every morning to prayers! Again, the cook one day informed Mrs. Won that her—the cook's—baby, or rather the baby of the concubine she had kindly provided for her husband, had the smallpox, she having slept in the room every night, and calmly come forth each day, to prepare the food for Tompkins and his parents.

Again while holding a women's meeting in a street chapel Mrs. Won saw a woman holding a baby, very closely wrapped, which she found was sick with smallpox well developed.

Pastor Won and his wife both seemed to be immune, and had no fear but for their Tompkins.

Foreigners in Korea are so constantly liable to contagion and in such a variety of ways, with so few cases of the disease, that it is a wonderful vindication of the claims of vaccine.

During seventeen years there were only seven cases of smallpox among all the foreigners in the country. Of these, four died, three of them being missionaries. Four at least of the seven had never been vaccinated, and in the other three cases evidence that their vaccination had taken was either uncertain, or it had been administered many years previous to exposure.

Scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough and diphtheria are sown through whole villages with the same carelessness and ignorance displayed in the treatment of all disease. Dysentery, cholera infantum, and blindness claim thousands of victims. One instance will illustrate how childish the people are. A little one suffering with a malignant and acute eye disease was brought to the dispensary at a stage when by active and prompt measures, a cure was still possible. The baby, for it was only two or three years old, was afraid of the foreign doctor and when an attempt

was made to treat the eyes it was met with furious resistance and the wildest outcries. The mother was then told to hold the child firmly so that medicine could be applied, but in vain. She could not bear to hear the child cry.

The situation and the danger were explained but with no effect; the childish parent preferred to risk the child's blindness, to resisting its struggles and screams, and carried it away to its fate.

Babies when not six weeks old are often tied on another child's back and carried about thus for hours. Poor little tots, not more than six or seven, and looking only three or four, go toddling about, baby ridden, hardly able to carry their heavy burden, yet they rarely complain. Their hands being free, they play almost as vigorously as the unshackled, the babies' heads bobbing round in a way certain to bring an American parent's heart into her mouth with consternation, but viewed with perfect sang-froid by the Koreans.

The little nurses often seem quite proud of the responsibility, and appear very fond of little brother or sister.

The children of the rich have plenty of gaily-coloured and well-padded garments, but the poor are extremely thinly clad in the sharpest weather. I have seen little boys with only one thin cotton jacket, unlined, in freezing temperature, while in

summer, many boys under six go altogether unattired.

Tompkins' Amonni one day saw quite a picturesque little chain of several such tiny boys, with laughing eyes and shining skin, dancing down the street side by side, each carrying a graceful lotus-leaf sunshade to shield his brown little body from the sun; and from their miniature little pigtails to their tiny toes, not a garment, not a thread interfered with their untrammelled freedom. Mrs. Won had two natures which strove mightily within her at times. The one was shocked, the other delighted. The one rejoiced in the picture with its unique eastern setting, in the childish grace, beauty of form, harmony of colour and infantile innocence and freedom, the other thought of the ignorance and vice in which these little ones were born, and which surrounded them like an atmosphere, saw the disease misery and filth that overshadowed them and a whole population, and wept.

But as usual I have run far ahead of my poor little story which, do its best, can never keep up, and gets rather discouraged trying to be a story at all under such harrowing circumstances; and no wonder, for between you and me, no story, much less such a little one, can compare to the interest that lies in such a queer old nation as Korea. Ever since Tompkins began on the first page he has had to hang back in the shade and

HOW WOMEN CARRY BABIES IN KOREA

give place to the country, and it's evidently going to be that way to the end. It isn't so bad either when a boy or a man can lose himself completely for a country or a cause.

When I digressed he had been very sick and was just getting out. But even before that the Japan-China War had begun. There wasn't any real fighting in Seoul where Tompkins was, only once they heard the sound of guns, and that was when one July morning the Japanese came and took the city and the palace without bloodshed. But through the long, hot months of that awful summer, on account of the war, foreigners were confined within the city, which lies in a valley, shut in on all sides by mountains and overhung with miasma, which few cooling or purifying winds could reach. Its loathsome ditches filled the air with sickening odours intensified by masses of decaying fruit and vegetables, which lay rotting everywhere. The palace was unconsciously nearing the terrible tragedy which was to end the story of the doomed queen. Many of the people had fled to the country on the first arrival of the army, hundreds of shops were closed, the streets seemed deserted; an awesome calm, like that in the centre of a whirlwind, lay over the whole city.

Sickness attacked the foreigners crowded together in that humid atmosphere. Scarcely a family escaped; dysentery and fevers were com-

mon; and not only Tompkins, but the Captain, who seldom succumbed, was now sick. About a mile outside the wall, on a breezy hillside, was a native house with bushes and shade trees, but best of all pure fresh air, and this had been bought as a shelter for sick, outcast Koreans, many of whom used to be turned out to die, by cruel masters. But there were none there now, the war having frightened so many away, and thither the Won family were carried every morning, and there they stayed till nightfall, trying to lay in large stores of pure air. Other missionaries, too, sought that shelter for themselves and their little ones. More than one short grave was dug in the cemetery that summer, and many were the parents who clutched their little ones to their bosoms, not knowing how soon the Reaper would come their way, many the watchers who hardly dared hope morning would find all there.

But with the fall came cool and bracing air, the rains stopped and the sick began to creep out, pale and wan enough no doubt.

Before he could sit up in bed Tompkins had a birthday. Of course birthdays were never snubbed in such a sentimental family. On the contrary they were looked forward to for weeks, prepared for with great pains, and celebrated with all possible honour. So at this time the little invalid was carried into a sunny room full

of August lilies smiling and nodding at him from all sides, so it really looked like a bower.

The perfume and sunshine kissed Tompkins the moment the door was opened, and wished him many happy returns. He knew it perfectly well, though they didn't speak English or Korean either. But that wasn't all, some one had wound up the music-box (one of the things grandmother had sent) and there the gayest, sweetest little tune was rippling out, all laughter and love. It mingled in the friendliest way with the perfume and sunlight, till it was hard to tell, in the general harmony, which was which. I suspect they were all really one, having one Source.

Right in plain view on the music-box were a lot of gay little soldiers and other toys. He was an easily pleased little boy, and this would have been quite enough, but his Amonni was hard to satisfy. She wanted a party, and would have it. It was as the laws of the Medes and the Persians that there must be a party at least on Christmases and birthdays. Poor Tompkins could only eat patented, prepared invalid's food, but he wanted to see his little friends eating something nice; so there was ice cream, a birthday cake, lemonade, sandwiches, etc., all on a table close by the bed. Candles could not be bought or borrowed for love or money. Mrs. Won found she had only three. So two were cut

in half for the four years, and one nice one in the centre served for the life candle.

When the little fellow was propped up on pillows and some of his best friends, not too many, came in softly, not to tire him, and ate the birthday feast, he was supremely content. Each brought some little gift, some of their own books or toys, and ever so much love, and his heart was overflowing with joy, though he never tasted any mortal food but somebody's patent milk.

"Oleduster," his way of pronouncing Augusta, a beautiful little girl, five or six years older than he, was his Dulciana, and she came and sat by his side, kissed him, ate his cake and ice cream and bestowed upon him one of her favourite toys. Could greater bliss be asked? And Harry and Maurice, his two heroes, big boys of eight and nine, came too. They were Tompkins' ideals, the wholesome kind-hearted sort of "big" boys who do not despise or overreach little ones, and instead of snubbing or patronizing them treat them as equals. "Maurice," said his mother one day, "how did you know it would please Tompkins to be treated like a big boy?" "Ah, mother," said he, "Mr. T. treated me that way one day, and I know just how good it felt."

This party, I am sure, was the best medicine Tompkins had, for he improved very fast after that. About this time, no one knew why, he began to resent his nickname perhaps because so

many people laughed at it. His objections were so decided, it had to be dropped, and so he was sometimes called Harry, but very often Brown Eyes, for with his pale transparent little face, the great clear beautiful brown eyes seemed almost all there was of him.

Brown Eyes and Dapple Grey were now four years old. The former had just come into the glory of his first trousers and pockets, and Dapple Grey had his first ornaments in the form of three large, magnificent red rosettes, one under each of his elegant long ears, and one on his intellectual forehead. He had a gay little red saddle cloth, too, and when Brown Eyes was mounted on his back, and they went ambling along, the child singing his favourite song, "Joyshall, joyshall, joyshall wazh the day, when first I thaw the burden of my heart rolled away," and Dapple Grey flapped his short tail and long ears contentedly, they made a pretty little picture and an amusing one to the natives, who were accustomed to see only dignified personages of distinction ride on donkeys, so they began calling him the "cheugen taiin" or "little great man."

The friendly people seemed greatly pleased, and everywhere the little couple were followed by laughter, exclamations of applause and looks of amused surprise.

Dapple Grey was very small, Brown Eyes not very large, and the Korean who led the donkey,

looked bigger than both of them together, and had to take a great many jokes from the by-standers on the subject, or as they would say, he had to eat a good deal of "yok" which means ridicule. It doesn't sound unlike "joke" you see, and doubtless is its second cousin. Koreans are fond of children, fond of jokes or "yok"—when they do not have to "eat it" themselves,—fond of anything, in fact, that will make them laugh, and forget their hard dull lives, so that Brown Eyes and Dapple Grey were almost as entertaining as a circus for them.

What they will say to a real circus when it comes, and I'm told one is really on the way (this old world spins so fast), there is no telling. They sometimes have rope dancers and acrobats who are very clever fellows, and quite often the young Buddhist priests go about, performing, and dancing, flinging long ribbands about in such a skillful way, and with such wonderful rapidity, that they take certain shapes the players wish, whirling above their heads in the air.

Koreans have no public places of amusement, no theatres, concerts, lectures, ball games, boat races, or any public meetings or gatherings. Missionaries have introduced religious services, and during the last year or two, Japanese have introduced a theatre; and the Independence Club, started under the auspices of European trained natives, about six or seven years ago, organized

the first public political gatherings; but these proved dangerous, and were stopped. Chinese play actors are sometimes employed by very wealthy private individuals, and their exhibitions are something truly wonderful. They do not talk, but sing their parts, in a blood-curdling, teeth-on-edge-setting high falsetto, pretend to mount their fiery steeds by leaping high in the air, and then prancing round the stage on imaginary barbs, like children at play, cut off each others' heads in turn, and at once leap up again in another character. This goes on for hours and days. Tompkins' Amonni was once invited to the Chinese legation to see one of these displays, and sat from two till six, only to find that the first part of one play was not half finished, and all the time the monotonous wailing Chinese music (?) was going on with praiseworthy perseverance. She made her adieus and left, but heard afterwards that the play kept on till twelve that night, began the next morning and continued all that day.

The actors, she concluded, must all be athletes of no common order, to go through such violent exercise, such a continuous series of leaps, violent deaths, and fearful contests, with such a trying strain of throat and lung power, for so many hours and not succumb. It is certainly wearisome beyond description to a foreigner to behold.

Dapple Grey was one of Brown Eyes' birthday presents, though at that time it was not certain whether he would ever be able to ride his little servant. About thirty thousand cash were paid for the donkey, though all together they did not amount to quite ten of your gold dollars. I hardly believe that cash will ever be spent for another donkey, in Seoul, at least; for now since foreigners have been suggesting so many changes, silver money and nickels have been almost entirely substituted for cash, in the capital at any rate, and it is very nice indeed to be able to carry a little change about, without hiring a man to take it on his back as before. Not much use were dainty little American purses in those days; one would scarcely hold one cent's worth, and for five hundred dollars you would need a train of ponies. But Dapple Grey was worth his salt and his cash, too, and when Brown Eyes grew well enough, they two went down to the river Han four miles from their city home, for now the authorities had decreed it to be safe to leave the legation and the guards. Brown Eyes lived there in an odd little native house with his father and mother for several weeks. Dapple Grey stood outside and brayed so hard and kicked up his little heels so much, that none of the Korean neighbours would take him to board; so a little shed had to be fixed up by the house where his master was, and quite

often at night he would give a friendly call at the door to let them know he was there and wide awake. It wasn't at all necessary to sleep at night because he could easily take a nap any time while jogging along with Brown Eyes.

The village boys all thought the little American great fun. They never saw a child dressed so differently from themselves before, or one with such a delicate fair skin. They were much pleased to find he knew a few words of their language, and would run after him in troops, asking over and over how old he was (though they had been told repeatedly) just to make him talk.

Little doubt American boys would have just as much curiosity about one of these Korean boys if he were suddenly to appear on the streets in one of their villages, and it is to be feared that they might not be as considerate in satisfying their curiosity as these heathen boys were. Every one of them wore his hair parted in the middle, and braided in a long pigtail, which hung down his back. At holiday times these braids are tied with fine new ribbands, which are made for the purpose, just the right length, and covered with bright gilt Chinese characters, meaning long life, happiness, riches, good luck, etc. They wore little jackets of muslin or grass cloth, called "chogeries." Among the well-to-do, these are often made

of silk and very brightly coloured, preferably red, but often green or yellow, while for very little folks the sleeves are made of strips of every bright colour there is, and all so neatly pieced, that they look as though they were woven that way. In very cold weather the jackets are padded with cotton wool, nice and warm, and usually there is, besides, a touramachy or padded coat of gorgeous red. Sometimes I wonder if these little gay jackets are not descendants of Joseph's coat of many colours. At any rate, every boy is almost sure to have one for New Year's day, for his brother's or sister's weddings, and such state occasions.

The padgies or long, full baggy trousers, are also padded for winter. They are white, shiny and glossy, from much pounding—not on the boy—more of which might do him good, but on a smooth stone or piece of hard wood. These trousers are fastened in with neat anklets and tied there with fancy ribbons for special occasions. Padded white muslin stockings and a pair of straw or string shoes complete the costume.

But these country boys whom Brown Eyes knew, wore, almost up to Christmas, only two garments; a thin grass cloth jacket, a pair of very coarse trousers of the same material, and straw shoes.

They were funny, merry, hardy little fellows, with faces and bodies tanned dark brown by

constant exposure. Most of them had to work all the time, though like all boys, and especially those in the East, they managed to take things fairly easy, and to squeeze in a sufficient modicum of rest and fun. Some drove the little pack ponies, with their loads of wood, vegetables, manure, etc., to market, riding back, sitting sideways on the uncomfortable pack saddles, one boy often managing two or even three of these cantankerous, biting, kicking, fighting, balking little beasts.

Sometimes with their handy "nat," a kind of sickle, they may be seen clearing all the roadsides, for far and near, of every weed, twig and bit of dried grass, or brush for winter fires. Sometimes they are busy for days watching the crops of rice and millet, driving off the marauding birds, with threatening arms and loud outcries. Many are the devices to which people resort to keep off these thieves. Little booths are built on hillocks, and points of vantage, whence, sheltered from the sun they can watch and dart forth to the attack. Regular spider-webs of long strings stretched in all directions are arranged, to entangle their wings, and prevent their flight. Scarecrows are frequently posted, or dead birds hung in full view as an awful warning to sinners.

Some of the boys are candy sellers. In nutting season, at every corner are little nut mer-

chants with their charcoal fires and hot chestnuts. Some learn early to carry a little jicky, managing quite heavy loads; many work in the fields, helping sow, weed and gather in the crops; and some carry the baby around all day, until it is nearly big enough to carry the next one.

They have their games and fun, too, and perhaps enjoy them more, because there is so much work.

They will toss up a shuttle-cock, made of a piece of cash wrapped in paper, more deftly, with the side of the heel, than you or I would do it with a bat, and they will keep it flying, from one to the other, never letting it touch the ground once, for twenty minutes at least, often sending it ten or fifteen feet high in the air and never touching it with their hands. They fly kites in a wonderful way and have real battles in the sky; one boy often will capture several in an hour, cutting it down with the saw-like cord of his own, which is stiffened with a mixture containing sand, or ground glass, held together by glue. The kite strings are only made like this for a few yards at the kite end. They have a game almost exactly like "French and English," they play "blind man's buff," in just the way Harry's American cousins do, and often play soldier, like all boys the world over.

As for the girls, they wear their hair just like the boys, and wear a very similar "chogerie,"

but have instead of trousers, divided skirts, covered with a very wide-banded, full long apron of red, blue or white, which really takes the place of a skirt. Sometimes they wear two of these, and two chogeries, but they do not have the long overcoat. Their mothers often use one, putting it over their head and drawing it close round the face, the sleeves flapping down on either side, but the little girls wear only their aprons over their heads when they go anywhere, which isn't often.

Most of them are very much shut in and must learn early to sew, prepare rice, pound the washed clothes smooth, and do other housework, but they teeter, swing, play "cats-cradle," tell stories of tigers, tock gabies—brownies or goblins—and "queeshins" (ghosts and spirits).

They have a good many nursery and Mother Goose stories. See now if you can recognize an old acquaintance in Korean dress, as it was told to Brown Eyes by a native woman.

A good little saxie who lived in the country started out one day, with her "see amonni's" (mother-in-law's) permission to pay a visit to her mother who lived three miles distant across the mountain. She wore her white "hankachima" or apron over her head almost covering her face, but bright eyes and cherry lips were now and then "to be beheld things," in spite of all she could do. On her head she carried a neatly tied

parcel of delicious, freshly made "dock," as a present to her highly honoured mother.

Before she had gone far, barely out of sight of her see amonni's chip (house), forth from the mountains came a terrible great tiger. With as friendly an aspect, as it was possible for such a ferocious beast to assume, he approached her, asking in growling accents, that tried to be gentle and insinuating, but which really were blood curdling and almost made her poor little heart stop beating with terror, "Where are you going, pretty little one?" Now it is not the custom for saxies to reply, so she only hung her head and hurried along. But the tiger stepped along too, and nothing discouraged, ventured another question.

"What are you carrying there so carefully, my dear?" "A loaf of bread for my dear mother, your Highness," whispered the girl, for this time his glance was so fierce and his tone so fearful, she dared not keep silence.

"May I go with you?" said the tiger. "Do according to your own mind, your Highness," murmured she, well knowing that was what he always did. So they walked and walked for awhile, when the tiger said, "My stomach is very empty, can you not give me just a little of that delicious bread, which you are carrying?" "Alas, your Highness, it is for my mother," said the poor little girl. She was in fact only fourteen and did

not look eleven. Upon this the tiger looked so terrible, his eyes glared so fiercely, his hot breath like a furnace blast fell on her cheek, and his cruel claws looked so threatening that the trembling girl dared no longer resist supplications enforced with such arguments, and reluctantly unfastened her package, her unwelcome attendant looking on with greedy eyes, and gave him a third part of the beautiful loaf she was carrying to her mother.

They then proceeded amicably nearly a mile further, but his tigerish appetite was very great, and not nearly satisfied, so again he begged for a portion of the dock. "Igo![1] my Lord, but how can I take so small a portion to my honoured mother, who is a widow and seldom has dainties? Permit me to refuse your Excellency this time." But the tiger was not to be quieted or refused. He was so powerfully insistent, that again the bread had to be divided, and the despondent saxie with sinking heart, saw it disappear down the awful red gulf, that served for his throat. Still he seemed only half satisfied, and long ere they had completed the third mile, in fact ere they came to the brow of the hill, he demanded and obtained the third portion, so that now poor Pock Sungie[2] had nothing to offer her mother as a proof of her love. Now it was unavoidable that, in reaching up and taking down

[1] Exclamation commonly used. [2] Peach.

her bundle, untying, retying and replacing it three distinct times, the chima[1] should not have been displaced and disarranged and that the tiger should not have seen the great beauty of the little saxie. Her well oiled, combed, and braided hair, her delicate eyebrows, smooth skin, shining almond eyes, above all her dimples, her dainty little hands, and pretty rounded arms did not escape him, and now that the bread was all gone, and his appetite rather sharpened than in the least satisfied, as they would soon come to the brow of the mountain whence they would descend and be seen perhaps by those in the valley below, and as the little girl's home was now not far off, he decided to delay no longer, so with a horrible growl he sprang upon poor Peach Blossom and devoured her in a moment. He then put her pretty red skirt over his head, and trying to mince along like a young girl made his way to her mother's cottage. If any one had seen him they would never have supposed it was poor Pock Sungie, with those terrible hairy legs and cruel claws, striding, and slouching crookedly along below the girl's dress. But no one did see him, I'm sorry to say. He reached the cottage door, and roared "mun yere chusio." "Please open the door." "Who are you?" was the reply. "'Tis I, your Pock Sungie come with a fine loaf of fresh bread to see my dear mother; are you alone?" said

[1] Apron over her head.

the tiger. "Yes, but why are you so hoarse, my daughter?" "I have taken cold in the mountain," said the tiger. "Well, pull the string and the latch will fly up; hasten in, dear child." So pulling up the string, he entered, pounced on the poor mother and devoured her also. But while still engaged in this bloody work, some woodcutters who heard the poor woman's shrieks, rushed in and put an end to this greedy old beast.

Many similar stories are told from parent to child, and some are written in the people's books.

Very few however of the poor can read. There are native private schools in nearly all the towns though, where Chinese is taught, and sometimes the Korean character. All are seated on the floor, together, and each boy shouts aloud, from his own book, the Korean words for the particular set of Chinese characters he is learning.

The boys begin with a few simple characters, and later take up combination characters, learning certain maxims of Confucius, and so on, until they have memorized thousands.

Rich men's sons often study from eight in the morning, till five or six at night, seven days in the week and all the year round, with the exception of about two weeks at their New Year, and on a few other occasional holidays. They do not learn to speak Chinese, only to translate the written character, which is used as well in Japan, so

that a Korean student can make his wants known in either of these countries by writing, but cannot understand a word he hears.

All this is splendid training for the memory, but the reasoning faculties have little if any exercise. It is considered a liberal education for a man to be able to read and write Chinese, and to have read the maxims of Confucius. There are no professions which are considered part of a man's education. Doctoring is learned as a sort of a trade, and there are neither lawyers nor clergymen. In fact there are very few callings by which a gentleman who does not wish to learn a trade, and do manual labour can earn a living.

The mission schools have opened up western ideas of education, and follow the curriculum of American schools, always, however, teaching a portion of the Bible each day, and giving a fair amount of Chinese, so that the pupils may not be at a disadvantage among their own countrymen. The first schools started on this plan in Korea were the orphanage, before referred to, the "Paji Hakting" and Ewa Haktung, boys' and girls' schools under the Methodist mission, a school for future medical students at the government hospital, and a government school, the two latter under the patronage of the king.

There have been ever since that time one or more schools for boys under government patronage with American, English, French and Russian

teachers, and it was the intention of the queen to establish one for girls also, a purpose frustrated by her death.

Besides the schools in the large mission stations, under the direct superintendence of foreigners, nearly every large Christian village has its large Christian day school, supported partly or entirely by the natives, and in many cases these are so excellent and thorough, that heathen neighbours ask the privilege of sending their children. The Bible, catechism and western learning are taught to some extent in all these little country schools.

The natives, too, are coming more and more to wish to educate their girls as well as the boys.

Most boys, even the poor peasants' and farmers' sons, are engaged by the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age. Tompkins' brother—but that is a different story, and must wait.

At that age, if they are well to do boys, that is if their father has sixty or seventy dollars a year, or even less, their hair is fastened up in a top knot, they put on fine new clothes, with a long touramachy, or coat, and friends are invited to a feast, and congratulate the boy on assuming the heavy responsibilities of life.

He wears a straw hat, much the shape of the black ones, till he is actually married. The tying up of the hair is a very solemn ceremony, when soothsayers and astrologers are again called in,

to advise and oversee the performance. It is the great turning point in his life. Very poor boys also put up their hair, but much later, and with little or no ceremony, according to their means, or the possibility of borrowing. But do not for one moment suppose that getting married or engaged means at all what it does to us. O, no, not a bit, nothing at all like that in Korea. If you are a Korean of eleven or twelve, very likely your mother has just given your sister, aged fifteen, in marriage to another family, and needs a handy little maid to help about the house with sewing, ironing, rice cooking, dish washing, fire lighting, weaving, spinning, etc. So she calls in a go-between or marriage broker, and consults her as to available saxies, as young girls are called. After much dickering and going back and forth, the arrangements are all settled between the two families, probably a specified number of bags of rice are paid for the girl, the ceremony is performed, and then for the first time the boy sees his bride.

V

A CHAPTER OF PRESENTS

THERE is a good deal to be said about Korean weddings, but that must come in by and by, and now we will return to the village boys. Most of them are quite small for their age, though sometimes a tall strapping fellow is seen. Perhaps sleeping on hot floors and eating nothing but rice has something to do with that.

These brown, healthy youngsters were delighted with Brown Eyes, and oh, the excitement and "yahdon" when he and Dapple Grey went out together. All the boys wanted to lead the donkey, but those who could not, ran shouting before and behind, sometimes rather frightening the little boy who didn't like being so closely besieged by such a noisy crowd, although according to Korean ideas, the more retainers a man has, and the more noise they make, the greater the glory. This idea is purely Korean and unknown elsewhere. The boys all thought Brown Eyes a rare toy, and did their best to entertain him. They built houses in the sand, skipped stones along the water, made little images of clay, whittled toys of wood, and made wonderful slings of long pieces of stout bark, with which

they would throw three or four stones at once a very long distance.

Brown Eyes was delighted with the sort of camping life in the funny little house. It had only two rooms separated by a kind of covered-in piazza, and a little shed lean-to kitchen. One room was occupied by the house boy, and the two chair coolies, who brought his mother there, and one was used by his father, mother and himself, for sleeping, dining and sitting-room, yes, drawing-room and study, too. It was a kind of magic apartment, you see, and you had only to rub a ring, a lamp, or some such thing, wish, and presto, change, it accommodated itself to the needs of the hour, and what more perfect house does anybody want? If the secret could only be learned, I'm sure we'd all have one. No common house will provide it; on the contrary some rooms seem made to look at, and not to use at all. You are afraid to sit here, or walk there, or touch that, till you feel you really want to creep out as quickly and quietly as possible. And some houses aren't even good to look at, much less to use. But with this little brownie house it was quite different, yes, indeed. The rooms were each only seven feet wide by eleven long, and about seven feet high in the middle where the roof tree was hung, but much lower at the sides; so low that Tompkins' Amonni, who was a little woman, could easily reach up under the eaves, where a swallow's nest

hung right over the maru, and fondle the baby birds when their mother had gone for worms. By the way, no Korean bad boy ever interferes with the swallows' nests and families. They are sacred, though the little sparrows are caught, dyed gay colours, tied to long strings, and teased and killed. But there I go wandering away again. This house had the kang floor, of which you have heard, warmed by a fire lit right under the house. A sure way to set it all burning you would say, but don't you see it was a fairy house, and nothing came to pass except a warm room and dinner. Did you clap your hands and wish for a bedroom, as you certainly would, after tearing about all day in the bracing fresh air, a slave of the ring would appear, in other words the house boy, with a great pile of clean straw which was laid on the warm floor in thick layers. On it were spread comforters and blankets, the outer shutter windows were closed, and the inner sliding ones were drawn, a tiny wick in a saucer of oil on a brass lamp stand (the one you rub, for a charm) was lit, and behold the bedroom! Then in the morning, after they had dressed and wanted a dining-room, blankets, etc., were all removed to be aired and disposed of, windows were opened wide for an airing, the room was swept in a jiffy, while they went out for a few minutes to say good-morning to the glorious great tree, the placid river and the donkey. When they re-

turned they found their trunk had been transformed into a table, a delicious breakfast was served and there was a cozy dining-room. Breakfast had been cooked over a great black earthen bowl full of glowing charcoal, and often consisted of Korean beans, pheasants, rice, eggs and great luscious persimmons. Beautiful pheasants, such as are rarely if ever seen in America, were this little boy's daily food, bought for ten cents apiece from the Korean hunter, who with his old-fashioned match-lock gun, went out every day and came back with a bag full. Mother pheasants with their brood used to saunter all over the Wons' grounds, and roost in their trees, but no one dreamed of touching them.

How happy the little family were in the little house! It had only two rooms, but there was all outdoors, with the blue sky bending over them, dear earth beneath, and the river, birds, trees and mountains all for companions and friends. Especially they delighted in realizing that it was all of it full of their God who made it, and that it is His life in every leaf, every whisper of the wind, every shining star or sunbeam making everything rich and sweet with holy import. How dead everything would be without Him!

The Captain had to be away in the city part of the time, but when he was with them he was always busy, translating mostly, sometimes building an ice house for next summer, or starting a

garden, or trimming and transplanting trees. The other two were never far away, the little one playing in the sweet warm grass, the mother gazing, dreaming, content, so blissfully so, that she could gladly have remained there forever, never knowing it was eternity, so fast the golden sands slipped by.

There is great comfort for a weary woman, to be found in a house without a single picture, ornament, bit of delicate drapery or even a rug. Such restfulness there is in bare walls! Such freedom from the irritation of small things, constantly though dumbly demanding attention, care, approval or the opposite, pressing as it were their annoying claims upon you.

When there are so many pictures, ornaments, draperies, etc., of nature's incomparable handiwork out of doors, which demand no thought or care, why fill our houses with imitations?

In winter when one is shut in, and in a city at that, where all is bleak, bare and ugly out of doors, then little articles of *virtu*, souvenirs of travel or of friends far away, or precious heirlooms, cluster about one like friends, if there are not too many at once. So it happened that Mrs. Won never brought any of those things to their summer home, built later at the river. However, we left the family at breakfast a long while ago, and while they are lingering over it, I will tell you a little more about their Korean neighbours.

Do not suppose that they live as the Wons did in the cottage. For instance, at night the village boys and poor people lie right down on the coarse straw mats on the floor, with a wooden block for a pillow, and never trouble about anything else. In cold weather they cuddle up as close as possible to each other on the warmest part of the floor, with a well padded quilt over them. Grandfather and grandmother have the warmest place, if they are a well-behaved family, and the children and servants on the outskirts, except the baby, who of course is cuddled close to grandmother. In summer the men often lie out on the ground in front of the house, and the women on the maru or porch. If they are rich they may have two or even three sleeping rooms, and if they are very great people indeed, they have several little one-roomed huts for servants, at the gate, along the wall, and a fine sarang for the men of the family and their guests, as well as one for male servants. If they are very poor, they often dig a deep hole in the ground, thatch it with straw, and in the coldest weather, work and sleep there, close to the warm heart of old Mother Earth. Rich Koreans do have low beds (used chiefly in summer), and nice padded mattresses about two inches thick, covered with silk, or even with felt heavily embroidered with storks, dragons, trees and flowers.

While I am telling you about the Koreans'

houses and clothing, I suppose I might as well go on and tell about their food, too. It is served on little tables, by their mothers, sisters or wives, who usually stand and serve while the "men folks" eat. Each person has one of the little tables, which are about a foot high and a foot in diameter, and on them are placed the bowl of rice, the kimchi or "*sauer kraut*," also a hot sauce something like Worcestershire, perhaps a little prepared seaweed, a few tiny slices of cold meat or chicken, or dried fish, or maybe some coarse vegetable. Everything except the rice is called the pancheon. If the family is rich, there may be kuksu or vermicelli soup, eggs, boiled chestnuts or woody Korean pears. But very few even of the rich have such luxuries as those every day. When the men have finished or are well served, the women help themselves. "Dock" is another delicacy, variously made, which the foreigners have translated *bread*, but which if it does really belong to that old and honoured family, is a very distant cousin, and a poor relation at that.

It is made in different ways; one very common one is rice flower and oil, pounded together until it is as tough as India rubber. Sometimes the flower and oil are steamed, sometimes eaten raw, but in all cases it is disastrously indigestible.

It is bewildering to a foreigner to behold natives eat kuksu. Lowering the head in as close proximity to the bowl as the use of chop-sticks

will admit, they begin lifting long masses of the vermicelli to their mouths. With agility gained only by long practice, they keep the uphill stream flowing, so that there is an unbroken stream of vermicelli from vessel to mouth till the last remnant has disappeared. It is a work of art in one sense. Kuksu as they prepare it for themselves is quite agreeable, but half warm, and much sweetened, as some of them think right to serve it to foreigners, it is,—well,—never mind.

Game is very plentiful in Korea though I am afraid it will disappear before the onward march of civilization (?). A couple of foreigners went out recently and after two or three days, returned with over 500 *pounds* of various kinds of game birds, which you and I consider cruel slaughter, wicked and wasteful. Besides pheasants, there are snipe, pidgeons, wild geese and ducks in greatest abundance, and even wild turkeys. The latter, however, are rather scarce, and would you believe it, there are no tame turkeys at all, and no cranberries! Just imagine Thanksgiving without turkeys and cranberries.

Perhaps it's because the poor Koreans don't know anything about Thanksgiving in our sense of the word, and have no regular Thanksgiving day, though sometimes the king appoints a day for the people to thank their Honourable Heavens or Hannanim as they call their head god, for averting a famine or sending rain.

Perhaps it is a good lesson to Americans, when they have to go without, to remind them that after all, Thanksgiving is not expressed mainly in feasting themselves, or even others, upon turkey, cranberries, mince and pumpkin pies, etc., but that it means heartfelt gratitude and worship of God, who has blessed us.

Brown Eyes' Amonni used to say, it seemed to her to savour a good deal of old heathen ideas and customs, and a good deal too much after the notions of our brute brothers, that most of our rejoicings must be celebrated with enormous meals, the greater the joy apparently, the greater the gormandizing. With the Koreans, in fact this idea of eating goes into every custom of life. A deaf man has "eaten his ears," a thief, or cheat, "eats money," a man who is ridiculed "eats yok," or insult, a hard creditor "*eats widows' houses*," clothes "eat starch," a repentant sinner "eats a new mind," and I might continue an almost endless string of these examples, showing how large a place in their poor empty shallow lives eating takes up. But for us, who feed on angels' food, who have bread to eat that they know not of, Mrs. Won used to say, the more quietly and unostentatiously we performed that necessary, but not elevating function, which Mr. Dickens called "coaling" the more our good taste would be in evidence.

Notwithstanding and nevertheless, for the sake

of two dear old arbiters, Use and Wont, because it brought back dear old associations, and seemed to put them in touch with home land and home folks, the Wons tried every year to get a wild turkey and some canned cranberries for Thanksgiving day.

Korean boys do not have as many or as long holidays as we. To begin with there are no Saturdays or Sundays (think of that!), but worse is to come, there is no *Thanksgiving*, *Fourth of July* or *Christmas;* but what is more dreadful still, they know nothing of what these holidays stand for, the sweet, glorious, awful facts of the incarnation of an Almighty Redeemer and Saviour of the whole world in the form of a little child, is something they never even heard of; so how could they have a merry Christmas if they tried?

If some of the people who are working so hard for it, could only take our Jesus away, all the presents, dinners and Christmas-trees might be flung in the depths of the sea, we wouldn't care for them. It is the Christmas church bells that make all the rest of Christmas doings glad, it is the Christ-child on top of the Christmas-tree that makes the candles blaze so, and the trimmings glitter. Do you know a lady once dressed a Christmas-tree for the Korean royal family, but it wasn't at all a success? It was all covered with candles, glass balls and stars, but, it seemed a foolish thing, there in the palace, it was plain

BUDDHIST PAGODA.

BUDDHIST MONKS.

they couldn't understand its use, or enter into the spirit of it. As for the Fourth of July, they do not know the meaning of national freedom and independence, but as they wouldn't know how to use it without Christ, that is a small thing compared with the ignorance of Him, and in fact all Christians know that nothing is worth having without Him, as our dear Whittier has said,

> "Apart from Him all gain is loss, all labour vainly done,
> The solemn shadow of His cross is better than the sun."

But in the place of our holidays they have some others. There is New Year's, the longest and chief of all. The birthday of Buddha, about whom very few of them know anything definite, the birthdays of the members of the royal family, their own and their parents', the anniversary of Kija's death, and the spring and fall decoration days.

The New Year festival comes at the time which they believe to be the opening of the spring, and it is to celebrate this reawakening life of all nature that the great holidays of China, Korea, and Japan are held. As they are regulated by the moon, this festival comes a little later in some years, and a little earlier in others, usually about the middle of February. At that time nearly everybody has new clothes, all dyed the brightest colours, and new hair and ankle ribbons; the women are busy for weeks before,

preparing new clothes for all the family, or if not new, at least newly-dyed and ironed. Feasts are in order, not only at home, but as one goes round calling on relatives and friends, one is "taichap haoed" (or fed on dainties).

Quantities of dock and other festival foods are in readiness. One of these is a little, a very little, after the fashion of our plum pudding. It is filled with spices, fruit and nuts, but with so much oil that to us, who are accustomed to suet or butter (which of course is not grease), it is quite offensive.

At that time presents are in order, of all sorts of things, new rice bowls, shoes, kites, braces of pheasants, strings of eggs, sticks of dried persimmons, bags of nuts, boxes of Japanese oranges. The king sends the high officials great quantities of food and often used to favour the missionaries in the same way.

The people keep holiday at that time anywhere from two days to two weeks, according to their station or wealth.

There are many interesting customs in connection with these New Year's holidays, but I shall leave some more learned writer to describe them in detail, and will only mention one or two.

From the last day of the old year to the third or fourth of the new, Koreans call on their relatives and superiors, and the heads of their

families. In the country the calling is sometimes kept up—even to the tenth day. At each house, of course, they are offered dainties, and sometimes, even a boy, will eat during an afternoon, twenty-five large pieces of dock. Before breakfast, on the first day of the year, sacrifices are offered to dead parents and ancestors, and their graves are visited on the first day, if possible, or at least before the fifth.

On the fifteenth day, many burn their hair combings, as a sacrifice to the god of colds and influenza, and he is so pleased with the offering, or displeased with the odour, that he keeps away, it is said, for the rest of the year. I'm sure I don't wonder, do you?

Straw babies with a few cash in their bodies, are thrown out on the street by those who have received the ill-will of the stars—in the hope that others less superstitious will pick up their troubles with the dolls for the sake of the cash and carry them off. Here is a faint glimmering of the idea of vicarious sacrifice.

Others make small moons of pieces of paper, which they put on the house-top, and at the time of the full moon bow and prostrate themselves before it.

On the evening of the fifteenth, poor boys go from door to door begging money, and well-to-do households have small, gaily coloured baskets in which a few coins are placed, and these are

handed out, and with them the very generous donors suppose they are giving away their diseases and misfortunes to the recipients.

On the fifteenth of the New Year, in the city of Seoul, it is the custom to walk over all the many bridges which cross the great open sewers, in order to prevent corns or any foot disease during the year.

On the shortest day in the year—in many houses, bean gruel is eaten, and blood is sprinkled on the lintel and the sides of the house door, or in the absence of blood, red water from the boiling beans is used to keep away the spirits who bring death, these spirits being dull fellows, who are easily cheated into taking coloured bean water for blood.

The festival of Buddha's birthday is the same as that which is kept in Japan and China, of which my readers need no information.

The anniversary of Kija's death is also kept. Kija was a noted historical character, the founder of Korea as a nation, and it was during his reign that Korea's alphabet was created. On this day Koreans have their cold rice feast, which is eaten and prepared, startlingly like the Jews' feast of unleavened bread.

The fifth of the fifth moon is the summer festival, known in China as the dragon boat feast, and as it is not largely regarded in the country, but is celebrated mainly in the capital

where people have come in contact frequently with Chinese, I am inclined to regard it as merely borrowed.

It is mainly a woman's holiday and many of them, of course, lower and middle class women, of safe matronly years, take their rice and other food, and go to the country to the woods, picnicking in delightful discomfort, so much like Americans, it does one's heart good to see them.

At these functions like the Presbyterian meetings, "Of women there seemed an innumerable throng, but the men I could count as I passed along." Swings are erected in various places, and boys and girls do their swinging for the year on that and the following day, making a charming picture, in the groves on the hillsides, with their gaily coloured garments as though great masses of exotic flowers had suddenly burst into gorgeous bloom there.

The birthdays of the royal family are of course always public holidays, and at such times, it is the custom of their majesties to send fans, honey water or presents of game, eggs, etc., according to season, to high officials and foreign friends.

In every family, birthdays are regarded much as with us, some more, some less, and feasts, invited guests and presents are often in order.

When an aged couple reach the sixtieth anni-

versary of their marriage, a great feast is given, all the descendants are invited, their eldest sons and daughters are then dressed in infants' attire, and everything possible is done in a jocular way to recall the early married days. It is a great occasion, not a whit less important than our golden weddings.

Koreans have two cemetery decoration days. One about the seventh of April, or one hundred and fifteen days after the shortest day of the year, the other in the fall on the fifteenth day of the eighth Korean moon; this is the mid-autumn festival.

On these occasions it is the custom for whole families to repair to the cemeteries, where they look to the good order of the grounds, offer sacrifices, decorate the graves at times with flowers, and weep over the dead.

They, however, manage to combine pleasure with business and mourning, take a nice luncheon, and make an outing out of it.

These are the only occasions I know of, when Korean men and the women of their families go anywhere in company for pleasure; and even here, the young saxies between twelve and twenty, and even the older ladies of high families do not participate, or even leave their apartments except in tightly closed chairs.

In this connection I would say that the Koreans have no proper cemeteries, but graves

are scattered everywhere on the hillsides, to their great disfigurement.

Not a fine site, not a wooded hillside where pure air and good view are to be had but there are to be found graves, and it is a serious matter indeed to move one of them under the jealous protection of the spirits of the dead, whose main business seems to be waiting a chance to pour the vials of awful spiritual wrath on their unlucky descendants, for the slightest breach of the reverence and duty owed to themselves. When the Captain bought the place at the river—but that will come in later—first we must finish paying our respects to the dead.

Korean funerals are held at night, a not unfitting custom it seems to me, in the solemn hush, when the world with its cold curious gaze, and its loud business and pleasure has all retired. Night with her soothing quiet and sheltering shadows veils the mourner's grief, seems to sympathize, in fact, and undisturbed and uncriticised, the broken-hearted can go forth alone with his dead. With the Koreans there may be another reason. They believe that sorrow and death are sent as a punishment for some crime of the bereaved, therefore he puts on the garb of shame, wears an immense wide-brimmed, low-dipping hat, which with a small hand screen, entirely hides his features, puts on garments of sackcloth with a rope for a girdle,

and is not seen at gatherings of friends or at the palace. When a bereaved son, at a distance from home, hears of his father's death, he takes down his hair, in token of grief and shame, and, dressed in sackcloth, returns in a very poorly made chair covered with white, the mourning colour, to his home. At the funeral, the dead is placed in a box covered with rich drapery if they are wealthy, and preceded by official lanterns and banners which relate his virtues. If poor, the body is simply wrapped in straw and carried on a bier. It is only the lowest and most needy class of coolies who are willing to act as carriers for the dead, so the missionaries felt all the more the love of the native Christians, who though scholars and men of the upper middle classes, on several occasions insisted on themselves bearing the remains of dead missionaries to their graves, several miles distant from Seoul. There are only two of the city gates through which native funerals pass, for I forgot to say that no burials are permitted within the walls, nor are any dead bodies permitted to be brought in, whether of foreigners or natives. Arrived at the grave site, sacrifices and prayers are offered, often food and various utensils are placed in the grave, and the remains are covered with a round, high mound, which stands in front of a semicircular embankment, somewhat higher than the graves at the back,

sloping to the level of the ground in front. If it can be afforded, stone images of sheep and stone lantern stands are placed on either side, and the whole flanked by a stately grove of pine-trees, which in a minor key, eternally murmur the melancholy dirge of the loved and lost.

And now for the grave story; it is not ghastly, so you need not shudder.

When the Captain found that it was so unhealthy in the city during the hot wet summers, he began looking about for a place not too far away from his sheep, where he could take his family during the trying season, and after much hunting discovered a bluff on the river, not five miles from Seoul, covered with a fine grove of trees, and open to healthful winds on all sides with no dangerous rice-fields near. But alas, it had two very important looking graves on it! However the Captain was never very easily discouraged, and he at once, in a careful way, set about making inquiries. It soon transpired that the graves in question had belonged to a Korean yangban, or gentleman of good family, who did no credit to his forebears, but spent his time in gambling and drinking. Now we have heard of people drinking many strange things; Cleopatra drank pearls, and the French revolutionists drank blood, but I doubt whether it was ever heard before of a man drinking his ancestors' graves.

This feat was successfully accomplished by this profligate.

The natives consider a man has fallen low indeed, and is degenerate beyond expression who will do such a thing; he might starve his parents and neglect them, but to sell their graves is a crime of infinitely greater degree.

The Korean, to whom he sold them in order to get more money for his evil practices, was a poor farmer, who dared not cut the trees, or farm much of the land on account of the spirits, so he in turn very gladly sold it to the Captain's agent.

But the worthy original owner found out that his dear and honoured graves had passed into the hands of a "vile and sacrilegious foreigner," whose conduct he could not guess nor control; there was a yahdon, and the mischief to pay. Of course he couldn't touch the Captain, directly, sheltered under the mighty folds of "Old Glory," but he knew quite well how he could touch him sharply, indirectly, and at once through his "*quansai*" or influence, and so threw the aged father of the man who had sold the land into jail, and threatened a beating which would soon have ended his life.

The Captain's first intimation of this was the appearance of a melancholy deputation of the chief men of the village, where the farmer lived, bringing the terrible news and imploring the Captain to give back the deeds. In addition,

they said they dared not return home, as if they failed to bring the papers, they would all be cast into jail.

In reply, the Captain invited them all to pay him a visit for a season in his sarang or guest house, and taking his hat, he hurried to the American Legation.

Fortunately for him, there was there an official who was willing and ready to stand for the rights of Americans to the last, and although realizing that a struggle about graves was apt to be a tough and long one, and though assured by British officials of long experience in China, that the man would be beaten in the end, he gallantly entered the lists, and the first act was of course to insist to Korean officials, on the immediate release of the old man. Poor old man, he was arrested again and again, and as often released. Deputations from the village spent days and weeks at the aforesaid sarang.

The title was disputed, and proved to be sounder than a dollar (I don't mean a silver one), but a really, truly, honest, good, American, gold dollar.

Then it was represented that the property was too near the grave site of the highest Korean official, and that the residence of foreigners so near would contaminate the sacred ground. When it was found against whom he was pitted, the Captain was advised and implored to give up. He was told on all sides that he was in a losing bat-

tle, and the only thing to do was to yield with good grace while he could.

Even the American minister told him that no doubt restrictions of one sort or another would probably be contrived to make his residence there impossible, even if he succeeded in keeping the deeds. But Mrs. Won had not nicknamed her husband "Captain" for nothing. He had received from his British forebears a certain bulldog tenacity in his undertakings, and from his American training, he had lost neither that nor a gallant determination to defend his rights to the death, no more to be moved than a rock.

So he only replied that if his excellency would stand by him, he would hold the property till the day of his death, if he never put one piece of timber on top of another.

The High and Mighty Korean then offered to exchange with the Captain for some other site equally good, but at a safer distance from his graves. This was acceded to, but it was soon evident that the offer was not made in good faith, for no sites that were practicable were offered.

The Captain now commenced building his house, and this he placed, so as not to overlook the valued graves of the profligate who had prized them so highly as to sell them for drink, and made every effort to regard all the wishes and restrictions of this man, who hung about the place, objecting in haughty terms to nearly every-

thing that was done. He was to be permitted, it will be remembered, to keep them there, and they were treated with the same respect which the Wons, who were decent folk in the main, would have shown to the graves of any one. Children were not allowed to play upon them, nor any indignities of any kind allowed.

But the now very solicitous kinsman would not be satisfied, and finally sent word through some high official that he would never allow the man who had sold the property to foreigners to live in peace in his home, but would drive him and his family out of the neighbourhood.

This was the last straw, so the Captain went to a Korean judge and presented the case. This man found that the graves had been dug on a Keumsan, or sacred land prohibited as a grave site, and that, being unlawful there, they must be removed.

There was no resource possible to the enemy after that. The Captain paid for a new site and the proper removal of the bodies, and thenceforth had no more trouble, but this fight had continued nearly two years; and while the three or four acres had cost only seventy-five dollars in money, tissue, nervous and muscular had been expended to many times that value.

Brown Eyes and Dapple Grey, with father and mother, stayed at the river until they were all quite better, and all the bad effects of the sum-

mer had passed off, then they went back to the city again. And here the paths of Brown Eyes and his donkey had to part forever. For some very kind Korean friends in the country, not knowing he had a Dapple Grey at all, sent him another.

Now the new one and the old, for some reason, did not get on at all well; probably the old friend was jealous, and besides the Captain couldn't well afford to keep two such animals, and felt it would be a discourtesy to send away the one which had been presented by the Koreans, and disliked to hurt their feelings. Therefore it was decreed that Dapple Grey should be lent to a missionary who had five or six little ones to enjoy him. So he was led away and soon found himself in a happy family. The children petted him as if he had been a dog, and though they all tried to ride him at once, he never minded in the least. They pulled his ears and tail, and tumbled about under his feet; but he was more gentle than a kitten and seemed to realize that he must be careful of them.

In return they treated him to the best they had, and made him welcome wherever they went, so much so, that one day when their mamma, hearing more noise than usual, went to see what was the matter, she found the donkey in the bedroom, quite as much at home apparently as in the courtyard. At last, however, to the great grief

of everybody, no doubt his own most of all, he was stolen away, and there was an end of his good times.

As the war between Japan and China had been going on all this while, as I have said, Brown Eyes and all the little foreign boys in Korea were very fond of playing soldier, and full of warlike ideas. They knew nothing of the horrors of war, only thinking it a fine thing to stalk about with toy guns and swords and talk about killing and shooting.

Brown Eyes said he was going on his donkey to "Pling An" to help the Yapanese hight the Chinese, but he prayed God every night to "*please* take care of the king and queen and not let them be killed."

The war play was very absorbing, and it was very hard to stop entirely one day in seven; but Brown Eyes had very carefully been taught to keep the Sabbath, though often he found it a trial.

One Sunday, his mother, who was sitting in the dining-room reading, heard him as he paced up and down the hall, just outside the closed doors, talking to himself.

"Harry," the little voice began, in tones of solemn rebuke, "Harry, you know you ought not to play with your gun on Sunday."

In stout self-defense, the other boy who lived behind the clear brown eyes, replied, "But I'm

not playing with it at all, I'm only holding it while I walk up and down."

"Harry" (severely and sadly), "you *know* you *are* playing, and you know you ought not to do it."

The voices of denial and self-defense upon this were hushed, and the small prisoner at the bar of conscience stood proven guilty and condemned to put away the gun.

However, next best to playing with that dangerous weapon, was the joy of listening to the story of his beloved hero David, or of the magnificent faith and moral courage of Daniel or Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

But David was the prime favourite, so brave, so beautiful, so young, so generous and victorious, for who does not love youth, beauty, courage and success.

So he laid aside his arms almost cheerfully, to listen to Bible stories, and to pore over Bible pictures. He never tired of the stories, and did not forget them, and sometimes brought to the surface queer little thoughts, which showed how this reading had impressed his infant mind.

Once as he trotted around after his Amonni while she did her housewifely duties, she asked with a loving smile that told him she was only teasing, why he followed her like that all day? "'Cause I want to be where you are, mamma;" and after a few minutes' quiet, "Mamma, wasn't

that a pretty poetry that Ruth said to her mamma, '*Where thou goest I wilst go, and wherever thy diest I wilst die*'?"

During the winter the little fellow suffered much with severe neuralgic pains, especially at night. After rubbing a long time with witch hazel and ointment, he fell asleep, and seemed much better next morning.

Forgetting how near heaven a child lives, and how real to him are the eternal verities, his mother thoughtlessly remarked, "I guess it was those nice hot flannels made you better."

"No, mamma, it wasn't the flannels." She saw a serious little face and knew, but longing to hear all, continued, "Then it was Hammamelis?" "No, mamma, it wasn't the Hammamelis; you put that on a great many times and it didn't help me, it was Jesus made me better," and one day seeing her weep over her poor little patient sufferer, he said, "What makes you cry, mamma, why don't you go and tell Jesus and ask Him to make me better?"

His devotion and loyalty were unfailing. One day, having been refused sugar on his bread, he remarked poutingly, "I'm mad." "What! mad at mamma!" said she.

Throwing his little arm round her neck and patting her cheek the little fellow whispered, "I'm mad just round the other way, because I

haven't got enough mammas like you. I wish you were twenty mammas, and had twenty heads, so you could be kissing me all the time with every one of them."

Here is another extract rom the diary of this sentimental mother:

"On Friday he had the long desired opportunity to go on the river in a boat for a sail with some friends.

"He was delighted and started off in great glee, but came all the way back, after a few moments, to me who, afflicted with a severe headache, could not go.

"Rushing to me and putting his little arms round my neck he murmured, 'I want to tell you somesing, mamma; iss I go away would you be lonely?'

"'Well a little, but I want you to go and have a good time.' 'Well, mamma, iss you would be just a small bit lonely, I won't go.' I had to urge the little fellow off though it was his chief glory to ride in a boat on the water.

"Again —— Last Sunday I was going to a native meeting and was trying with lame hands to gather up several large books. Brown Eyes saw, and running to the rescue, said, 'No, mamma, you mustn't lift those books. I'll take them,' and with great effort, the little fellow clambered down the steps with them, almost

more than he could manage, and brought them to my sedan chair for me."

So ran the course of the true love of Brown Eyes and his Amonni.

VI

BROWN EYES

ONE day a very high Korean lady asked his mamma to bring him to her palace, for the Korean ladies are very fond of children, and enjoy the little Americans very much.

So he was dressed in his best and carried with his mother, by four stout coolies in a sedan chair to pay this visit.

Though only a little more than four years old at this time, the child had ridden in a great many kinds of strange vehicles in various countries.

He had been carried in Chinese sedan chairs on the tops of men's shoulders, and whisked along at a marvelous rate in jinrickishas, those funny baby carriages which everybody uses in Japan, and before that, in the no less odd little garrys in Singapore.

He had rattled along London streets in cabs and omnibuses, and in a two penny tube far under the same city, shot through American thoroughfares in electric street cars, bowled along quiet country roads in his grandpapa's easy basket carriage, and sped over thousands of miles of iron roads in palace cars and in those

little boxes called carriages on English roads, and on the Continent, and years later, he rode in two story street cars in Paris.

He even, I am ashamed to say, rode once in a wicked automobile at a murderous speed. He bestrode a donkey in Joppa, and was carried in a tall Arab's arms in Jerusalem, and once in Korea he rode in a jickay, once in China in a schenza or mule litter, and once in Vladivostok rattled along break-neck in a Russian droschky, and sped on a bicycle when he grew older of course.

But very few little foreign boys have ever ridden in the sort of chair in which Brown Eyes rode to the palace, for that was a queen's chair covered with velvet, and lined with silk and had been used by her Majesty who had sent it as a present to his mamma.

He peeped out of the little glass windows, and chattered all the way, as they wound along the narrow muddy streets, filled with long lines of great oxen carrying loads of fuel to the city, or little tinkling pack ponies ridden by noisy unkempt Korean boys, with here and there a candy merchant, or a fruit peddlar, a yangban riding in his chair or his donkey, preceded and followed by trains of hangers on making a great shouting to people to get out of the way of this great man. There were plenty of loungers staring about with nothing to do, and doing it to perfection.

There were little shops in plenty driving a brisk business. I think the brass shops pleased Brown Eyes most of all, and I am sure they would delight the hearts of American ladies, who nowadays seem to take great pleasure in everything that is brass or copper. The Korean brass is really a sort of bell metal with a fine ring, the art of making which is confined to the natives. These shops are full of all sorts of shining bowls and cups, with covers, which serve as saucers, too, spoons, chop-sticks, candlesticks, lamp stands,—such unique tall graceful things—and little bells, each with a quaint looking fish hanging from it with a chain, so that when hung from the roof of your house, the wind will set the fish moving, and the bell gently tinkling. There is a famous great bell in the centre of the city which is not rung with a clapper, but by striking it with a heavy club, when it gives out an extremely sweet low sound, which at the same time must be penetrating, for it is heard all over the city.

When the gates are to be shut at night or opened in the morning this bell rings.

There is a sad legend that when it was cast it would not give the right ring until a little child was flung into the liquid metal.

Its last plaintive cry Amonni, Amonni, is, they say, exactly reproduced, whenever the bell is struck.

GUTTER SHOP, SEOUL.

Soon Brown Eyes and his mamma were carried under great stone arched gates, and past guards who presented arms, and saluted greatly to the delight of the little one, and then on and on through many more gates and bridges, and winding roads past more soldiers who all saluted as they continued passing round and round, through one wall after another.

There was a fine lotus pond, where the ice was like glass in winter, but where the lovely pink flowers bloom in summer, and in the centre of the pond such a lovely little summer-house, and everywhere, on all sides, ever and ever so many houses, large and small. One feels quite in a maze, winding in and out among them all.

At last the chair is put down and a Korean gentleman lifts Brown Eyes out and hands him over to a lady, who has orders to bring him in without delay.

This palace consisted of several large, one story buildings, each with several small rooms, the floors of which were covered with the best and thickest oiled paper, which shone like highly polished wood. The rafters and beams supporting them were of splendid great logs of highly polished timber. The lamps, fire pots and other brass utensils all glittered with much rubbing. On the floors were mats, much embroidered cushions, and standing against the wall were quaint and elegant cabinets, some

inlaid with pearl, some heavily ornamented with brass hinges, locks, etc. Here and there might be seen a bit of foreign furniture, such as a clock or a chair, but there were no pictures, no drapery, no bric-à-brac. A few large tubs with blossoming plants stood in one of the outer rooms, and these are quite common in the homes of all the Korean nobility.

The details of this visit have been told before. Harry was petted and feasted far more than was good for him, and proved to be here, as often before, a very convenient little key to many hearts, for the like of which mission boards should be duly thankful. On their return, as they jogged through all the labyrinthine winding ways, while grateful for the kindness shown them, they were very glad indeed, for their part, that they were just plain Americans, and could live quietly, simply and cozily in their own modest home, their own lives free to come and go, without always being in the glare of the world's great stage, the target for thousands of eyes and tongues, too. The mountain peaks are lonely as well as cold and much exposed; there is much slippery walking, bad going, and terrible great yawning depths of horror below. Not many would care to build their homes on the peaks of this world's greatness, if they realized it.

When Brown Eyes reached home he found

many trays and bowls of goodies had arrived there before him. He knew quite well he could not eat them, but he enjoyed giving them to his little native friends, as much or more than having them himself.

But though he could not eat many dainties, you may be sure there were folks who did their best to make it up to the little fellow, and to see that he had a happy holiday season. First and foremost, there were the grandparents and aunts and uncles in far off America, who were not so far off after all, for this is no mistake a fairy world, all full of enchantments, no matter what the infidels and the gradgrinds and all the rest of them say. There is a magician called Love, who with one stroke of his wand wipes out time and space, and behold! The globe which used to be so big, becomes quite small.

Then there is another almost as great called Faith, who has ordained that "To him that believeth all things are possible," and when those two join hands, America is only just round the corner from Korea, and it's no trick at all to send big Christmas boxes over ten thousand miles of prairies and ocean. The cars, the steamers, the shipping agents, great burly railroad porters, the sampans, the lighters, and last of all the great Korean ox-carts and their drivers were all the slaves of love and faith. They work with a will for these masters, even when they themselves

don't know it; in fact, you know, through these two the great Ruler keeps the world itself spinning right.

So the big packing boxes were nearly always on hand before Christmas eve for Brown Eyes.

Not but there were hitches sometimes, for there are evil powers, too, that occasionally made the boxes late, or sent them astray, but Love made it all up, for then he had two good times, one the really, truly, dear Christmas, and one with the presents that came all perfumed with Christmas messages, good wishes, and the very atmosphere of American Christmas even in the wrappers and the labels.

Why it was allowed that one child's Christmas box came quite empty, after having been robbed by sacrilegious hands, and one came with packages for everybody in the community except the one to whom it was addressed, I'm sure I don't know. There are a few things none of us know or understand, no matter how wise we may pretend to be. There is no use trying to explain, we just don't know, and the best thing for us to do is to say so frankly.

It is a comfort, though, whether the mystery be a ravaged Christmas box or a world apparently out of tune, to believe that there is One above who knows it all, and makes it all work for good, the best and highest good, of those who love Him. Still, for the present, it is not joyous

but very grievous to have a Christmas box go astray, or pass along a Jericho road to Korea, and I don't wish to talk about it at present, but return to Brown Eyes' happy Christmas.

Well, then, the evening before, the box with the nails all drawn but not a cover lifted by *anybody*, no not for the world, was carried into papa's study and placed on a big sheet near the fireplace. Not a soul in the house would have peeped for any consideration, and oh, what delicious mystery enshrined that rough looking old box, what might it *not* contain!

I have often thought that Santa Claus was a very honest and considerate old fellow, but being the true gentleman he is, he would of course never think of prying, and besides being so busy, he wouldn't have time. And how hurried and busy he is now he has begun making a trip around the world every holiday season! Brown Eyes' stocking was rather small the first few Christmases, so mamma's was usually hung there. The study chimney was generally chosen, probably because it wasn't far from the bedroom, and partly because it was such a fine big one, and easier for Santa to come down with a large pack, and for some reason he always brought a very large pack to Brown Eyes. Perhaps he had found out how patiently he always did without cakes and sweetmeats, and wanted to show his appreciation, too, of such a good

child. Well, the first thing in the morning, quite a good deal earlier than was well for them, the family woke up. It was the dearest object on earth to each of these three, to say "Merry Christmas" first to the other two. Brown Eyes was usually the winner in this contest.

Then the Captain got into his woollen kimono in short order and fairly ran (don't tell, for he wouldn't like it to be known that he was so undignified) into the study and lit the fire, which had been laid hours before with a grand old back log, which was soon blazing, roaring and crackling, "Merry Christmas" over and over, to be sure to be the first with Brown Eyes.

In the meantime Brown Eyes and Amonni had been getting on their kimonos and slippers, too, and it didn't take long, either, and were right on the spot. And first of all the stocking! There it hung, all delightful humps and tuberosities. You could see from the outside, here a square package—there a long one—above that something round, while out at the top stuck whips, guns, swords, trumpets or canes.

Everything had to be shown to father and mother and talked over and admired by them.

And then the box! Who can begin to describe the joys of the box, new clothes, new toys, new books, all round. Loving messages sweetening them all. "For Harry with Aunty H's love and Merry Christmas," "for Harry with

Uncle J's love and Merry Christmas," and so on all round the family, till the people were nearly waist deep in wrapping papers, presents piled on all the chairs and tables in distracting confusion, breakfast on and nobody ready for it, or any appetite, and notes and packages beginning to arrive from the other foreigners to be answered—oh, dear—how was anybody ever to get dressed. And then as soon as they could scramble into their garments there were baskets and boxes and bags to be sent all round the community. Everything had been wrapped and tied the day before, and each package had a spray of mistletoe or holly.

Even before the packages were sent off a lot of poor people, the servants and all the members of their families were called in and had their Christmas gifts. As Harry was an only child, his parents were very much afraid he would grow selfish, so they tried to plan things so he should have his pleasures in common with others, and it was not the least happy part of his day, helping to make these others happy.

They always had their Christmas Church service with the Korean Christians, Christmas eve.

The little church was gay with lanterns and dressed up with mistletoe and evergreen, and gayest of all with the bright garments of the little children and young saxies, for at least on that occasion, nearly all the saxies, so jealously

guarded during the rest of the year, are allowed to come to church. How brilliant the assembly looked, all reds, yellows, greens, the freshest and brightest. The Christmas carols were sung, Christmas services read, the dear old sweet story of the Babe and the Angels and the Star, the Christmas prayer of joy and praise offered, then everybody beamed on everybody else, and everybody else wished everybody a "blessed Christmas," which we have Carlyle's authority for saying is better than a happy or merry one, and the Koreans went off in little parties to enjoy their dear dock and other indigestibles together, and the Wons, to help Santa, and settle their brains for a long winter nap. Christmas night, the Wons always had as many of the old pioneer missionaries as they could arrange for, to dinner at their house.

These old cronies who had gone through a good many experiences together, were just as much at home with each other as brothers and sisters, and usually had a jolly time, laughing at each others' old jokes, interested in each others' old stories, and arguing over each others' old points of difference. Our Mrs. Won asked them to come prepared to tell the most interesting and exciting incident which ever happened in his or her life.

So when dinner was over, they all gathered around the fire, and such a string of tales!

People who have crossed continents and oceans several times, and lived in lands like Korea have some queer experiences. I wish I could tell you all those stories now, but perhaps some time I may if you are good and listen to this well.

A day or two after Christmas there was always a Christmas-tree and party for all the foreign children. That was an institution as old as the house, and besides what little boy would want a tree all to his lone self. Who ever heard of a one child tree, or a selfish tree, that was any good, and so all the little foreigners were invited. Once there were forty. Mercy, you couldn't hear yourself think! Then some time during the holidays the Korean Christians in Pastor Won's church were all invited in for an evening's fun, and on New Year's day, everybody, foreigners and natives, came to call.

That was rather a trying function, for some of the natives who came, didn't know foreign customs, and threw orange skins, etc., on the floors, and some of the high men who came couldn't be received in the same room with the low men, and some of the natives stayed too long, when so many were waiting to be seen, and some wouldn't talk, and Mrs. Won's brains were in a bad way with the cudgelling they received to make them evolve subjects of conversation, so that when the day was over there wasn't much

left of her, especially as there never had been very much to begin with.

But perhaps you will think from all this that the life of a missionary is a very gay one, quite full of parties, suppers and other social entertainments. But if I caused any such impressions by these tales of Christmas doings I have misrepresented matters quite considerably.

No matter how inspiring the main object of the work may be, or how devoted and enthusiastic the missionary, any work that amounts to anything, means a great deal of wearisome drudgery, and takes obedient faithfulness, from moment to moment—and many, many moments when there is no applauding crowd looking on, nothing in the detail itself to inspire or reward, when people have nothing to support them but God's Spirit, urging obedience and faithfulness. To tell of all that is not entertaining and you would never bother to read it, even if a publisher could be found to print it. One day just like another, mixing medicines, listening to revolting stories of people's pains and aches, trying to be sympathetic and helpful, teaching stupid children arithmetic and geography, translating English into Korean books, jogging along weary miles in the country, sleeping in dirty inns, trying to overcome the deadening indifference of heathenism, struggling to be patient and forbearing with dishonest, lazy and dirty servants, there is noth-

ing interesting in it at all, yet it must go on, and much more like it, day in and day out, month after month and year after year. Just the common every-day work that anybody with a conscience does anywhere. Nothing great or good or noble or interesting about it. They couldn't even feel they were great or heroic or in any way uncommon, or that what they were doing was remarkable in results. They just knew for their comfort, and it was all that sustained them, that they were where God had sent them, trying with more or less faithfulness to obey His commands and follow His guiding hand, and without seeing much, left results to Him, and always the vision of the coming of the Kingdom and the King, put life into humdrum detail.

So as I said, I'm afraid the tale of the daily doings of the Wons and their fellows would not make at all an interesting book. I am trying to cull out the bright bits in order to give it sufficient attraction for you.

All the year round Pastor Won did about so much literary work every day, and that means translating Bible, hymns, tracts, preparing newspaper articles, Sunday-school articles, etc. Then he did about so much personal work each day, with his helpers, writing a letter to this little group, sending some wise Christian to these, overseeing colporteurs, listening to reports from distant localities, meeting natives, believers and

otherwise, who had come likely miles to see him, meeting in committees with other missionaries, holding training classes of leaders of country work, teaching in the boys' school, preaching, exhorting, guiding in the native church in Seoul, receiving the visits of high native gentlemen and returning them, and doing ever so many things besides, from six in the morning, often till long past bedtime.

The Bible translating was considered one of the most important parts of Pastor Won's work, and that went right on, nearly all the time. Perhaps you wonder why it takes so long? Well, look in on them and see what it is like.

First of all, each man took the especial part he had been given to do, and worked over it alone with his literary helper. He read the original Hebrew or Greek, very carefully, the Revised Version and the best commentaries in order to glean the exact meaning of the Holy Spirit. He also studied the Chinese version, the Latin and often the German, French and Spanish, in order to profit by the views of the translators of those copies, and having arrived at what seemed the plain, clear intent of the original, his next task by no means an easy one, was to convey it to the brain of the Korean literary helper on whom he must depend, to express it, in pure and idiomatic Korean. But as most of these ideas are entirely new to these men, it often took hours,

trying by symbols, illustrations, parallels, to make it possible for them to grasp and appreciate them. Then, and it was no less difficult, came the effort to find words to express these abstract ideas.

The native would roll off, with great satisfaction, some stately and scholarly sentence, full of words of Chinese derivation, which the poor women and farmer folks could no more understand than so much English, besides it lost its finer shades of meaning. "No, that won't do," says Mr. Missionary; "it must be simpler, and you haven't entirely grasped the idea." The native is obstinate or stupid, or both, argues about it, cannot express it differently, he says. But the missionary is determined; he does not let it go till it is right; so they struggle on. When Matthew or Romans or whatever it is, is finished, then the whole committee meet and go over that one man's work, for one man alone may not be trusted, will not trust himself, to put a translation of the Bible in the people's hands. Now there are differences of judgment, and they argue and study more hours still, till some agreement is reached, and a "tentative" version is put before the natives. That means they do not consider it fit for a permanent place in the use of the Church, but in order that it may be well tried, criticised, by missionaries and Korean Christians, and after several years of trial again revised, they publish

it though imperfect. Sometimes the average of translation for months was not more than three verses a day, never more than from seven to twenty verses, in four hours. Only the strongest of them, without great mental exhaustion and strain could stand more than four hours at a stretch of this work. So they were more than ten years getting out a tentative version of the New Testament, and congratulated themselves on having done it so quickly. But all this was no play; there was little in the play line in Korea for the missionaries. The Wons and some others discovered, through sad experience, however, that nature and nerves rebel against all work and no play, all the time, so they kept the holidays with vigour and mirth quite religiously; birthdays, too (Washington's of course), even the wedding anniversary, and Fourth of July. When the mail arrived that was an *event;* sometimes people, Americans or foreigners were born or died, which was an event, or a new foreigner came, or once in a long time there was even a wedding.

Every year Pastor Won made at least one long trip to the country to Christian groups, two or three hundred miles away from Seoul, and then there were other shorter visits to villages nearer.

I am sure that this which is called evangelistic work was what he enjoyed most; preaching the

SOUTH GATE.

gospel to sinners, guiding and instructing the country Christians, examining and receiving into the fold the applicants for baptism, training the leaders and shepherding the flock.

He nearly always walked on these trips. The Korean ponies couldn't go fast enough to suit him, and he was too impatient to like the tiresome little jog-jog.

Mamma Won went in a native pokyo, or carrying chair, and so did Brown Eyes and his Amah, who used to go together in one chair. She had to go to cook their food and attend to the youngster while his Amonni was talking and singing with the women.

As he grew older he rebelled against the chair very often, and soon walked several miles each day. When not quite seven, he walked and played along the road ten miles in a day, without seeming at all tired; quite happy and delighted to be there away off in the wilds, among the mountains and woods with his "Dearests." Some of the country they travelled over was beautiful, the air was exhilarating, the atmosphere positively brilliant and they were all a little of the Bohemian cut, and loved this out-of-door life. They used to say they never felt so near heaven as when in their plainest, roughest garb, they left the world, even the very small, unimposing, and dull world, of the Korean capital behind, and lived for weeks with the simple-minded,

earnest, sincere, country Christians, nature and nature's God. They saw and heard Him in the faces and voices of His dear people, and they felt Him in the lonely mountain passes, in the solemn woods, the blue skies, and "nearer than breathing and thinking" embracing them always.

As for the Captain, he was in his element, closeted for hours with his leaders, chatting with the children, listening to all the questions and difficulties of everybody; none could come too near or stay too long. He fairly froze to the people, and they to him, and yet that is not quite the figure to use, for there was never much freezing in the locality of the Captain. Brown Eyes, or I think I shall have to call him Harry now he is growing so, looked a funny little fellow in his overalls, trotting along by his father's side which was never very far from his mother's chair. There were goodies in that chair besides mamma. There were sandwiches, bits of simple Korean candy, dried persimmons, and sometimes chocolate. There were tracts, too, and a hymn-book, and when the chair was set down for the bearers to rest, and a crowd of women and children gathered, while his Amonni was singing and talking to the people, he would often take some tracts and pass them shyly around. Often the people were too curious to listen to the talking, they wanted to comment on the foreigners and their

clothes, but they were never too curious to listen to the singing, for that was stranger and more interesting than anything.

Think of it, they had never heard a woman sing a real song with a sweet tune.

They have a few little songs, with just a few tunes (I do not suppose a half dozen in the whole country), and the women hardly ever sing even these.

As the party passed along, the Captain, whose eyes nothing escaped, always spied the first spring wild flower, or the last bloom of departing summer, then with great care that mamma Won should not see, he would pick it and give it to Harry to present. But she knew well where it came from, and that flower carried a double share of perfume and glowed with a double portion of beauty.

Mrs. Won loved flowers, and when they came by the hand of her little son, from the hand of her husband, from the hand of the Father, it was, well—indescribable.

As she jogged along in her chair it spoke a parable after this fashion. "As the husband is back of the child's gift, so back of all the love, every beauty, every blessing, every joy, stands the great Beauty, the Love, the Joy of the Universe, the Father, the first Cause."

Speaking of country roads, perhaps my reader has a vision of New York or Wisconsin, and wide

roadways with fences of Virginia, rail fashion or barbed wire.

Nothing of that sort in Korea, where wood is, except in the inland northern provinces, very scarce, and barbed wire unknown. For miles upon miles no fences at all divide the fields from each other, or the roads, which are, with the exception of the near vicinity to large towns, mere foot-paths, crossing each other in bewildering fashion.

You are directed to take the main or great road; you hunt in vain for it, and learn at length it is only the great road because it is the main road, and only the main road because it leads from one large centre to another. Sometimes it leads over paddy fields, being barely wide enough for the traveller with great circumspection to pick his way along, for it is slippery with clay mud.

When Mrs. Won's chair coolies, tired with a long day's service, slipped and stumbled along, jumping at times over wide intervening ditches, when everything depended on jumping together and jumping true, she would have much preferred to walk, if she could. But when the evening shades had fallen, and the only ray shed on their path was that of a feeble Korean lantern which was like the ghost of a light that had died of anæmia centuries before, the situation was really past a joke; still such small annoyances did not really count, and these outings were better than play to the whole family.

VII

A TOUR

NOT long after the return from the river and the passing of the Christmas holidays, the Won family started on one of their long trips to Whang Hai Do, the Yellow Sea Province, where lay so large a part of their field of work. There weren't any trains, or as I have said, any roads to speak of but footpaths. They were as happy as children let out of school. They were expecting to be out of doors travelling all day long, for days and days in the finest climate in the world, and in one of the most beautiful parts of a fair land, and all together, and they were going among simple-hearted, kindly, humble farmer folk, whom they loved, and many of whom loved them. That was enough to make any family happy, but the chief reason was different, and it was more than all the rest. They knew they were going to carry a light to people who never had seen or only through a glass darkly, and they were on the King's business, the thought of which alone gives dignity and joy.

As they pushed along, they laughed and chatted, passed the compliments of the day with the people they met, sometimes stopping to try an

echo, or to drink from a clear, cold spring, or to have a little friendly talk at some farmhouse. The Captain had his gun, and now and then shot a pheasant or a pigeon or a wild goose. Often they came to some shallow stream, but the coolies unwrapped their bandaged feet, and splashed indifferently across. Once they came to a river, unusually wide and swollen for that time of year. In the rainy season of course they take down the bridges, for they are all "knock down" you know, like the furniture that comes out to the East, and have the same sad tendency to knock down unbidden, at unauspicious moments, and so the river would carry them all away, if the thrifty builders didn't remove them. Like nearly all of its kind, the bridge in question was simply a footway of one or two planks, laid on very slight wooden supports and covered with sod. It extended about one hundred and fifty feet from one bank to the other. Mrs. Won was nervous about these bridges, or anything that looked a little uncertain, and though rather lame, she insisted upon leaving the pokyo. The Captain warned her she was almost sure to be dizzy on that narrow footway with nothing to hold by; but dizzy or no she dared not trust the chair. Dizzy was the word, where the bridge was highest and narrowest, and the river swiftest and noisiest, but by not looking down, and clinging like a leach to the Captain, she had managed

to pass safely over two-thirds of it when lo! right before them, the whole footpath had been broken away, the boards lying loosely, partly in the water, partly on the lower end of the rude supports.

Now indeed the Wons were glad she had not remained in that chair, for on that narrow place, the coolies could neither turn, nor had they room to set the chair down safely on the bridge. As it was the Captain managed with the help of loose boards, to find enough foothold to clamber to the other side, and reaching a hand to her, to help his fellow traveller safely across. As for the coolies, the empty chair being quite light, they managed dexterously, somehow, as they always do, and all were soon safely on the further shore. The ox-carts usually flounder through the fords, no one knows just how, I'm sure they do not themselves, but in the worst floods, they do not attempt it; while chair coolies take to the bridges, when they exist, and at other times there are usually ferryboats within call at the main points of travel. The ferrymen are a very interesting and entertaining class when one isn't raking one's larynx, and wearing out one's patience, shouting in vain on the wrong side of the river for them to come.

Arrived at one of the farm villages where there were a company of believers, the whole town came out to meet our missionary party,

and were lined up on either side of the road, staring at the foreigners, with eyes in which it was easy to read contempt, dislike, curiosity and a polite but vain attempt to conceal amusement at the ridiculous attire and general appearance of these "wayinduli."

They, the Wons, felt themselves anything but an admirable spectacle, weary, dusty, in camping attire, they were not proud. But lo! forth before the assembled body of their scoffing neighbours, came the little handful of Christians, just two families, and met the missionaries with as joyous and cordial a welcome as though they had been lords, and conducted them almost with reverence, certainly with devotion and respect into their humble dwellings.

It would not ordinarily have been an easy thing for any one to do, thus to receive and welcome the ridiculous foreigners, and at the same time before their whole world reaffirm themselves believers in the strange new doctrines, renegades to the faith of their fathers, and to the spirits of their ancestors.

"*Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him shall I also confess before My Father who is in heaven,*" were the words that floated through Mrs. Won's mind, for she realized that it called for considerable moral courage, and firm devotion to the cause, to enable these poor peasants to brave public sentiment. A little later

they learned that the first Christian who came to the village was a young bride.

Now the position of a bride is not under any circumstances an easy one. A very young girl, usually a perfect stranger to her mother-in-law, as well as her husband and his entire family, she is at the beck and call of all, and general maid of all work. She is to obey without reply, she is not expected to speak even when spoken to, except by prompt and meek acquiescence. One of her duties is to prepare the sacrifices for ancestral worship, and to join in the devotions.

How then is a meek and frightened young girl to preach a strange religion to her superiors, how is she to avoid labouring at ironing, washing, sewing, etc., on Sundays, how to escape the preparations for idolatrous worship, and participation in these forbidden rites?

And yet all this dared this one little saxie, alone many miles from friends and supporters, many miles from a church or teachers, in a whole village full of heathen people.

Her surprised and enraged family protested, scolded and beat her. She was covered with revilings, reproaches and ridicule, and finally threatened with the greatest disgrace that can befall a woman, that of being flung back upon her parents, scorned, deserted, unfit for her husband's house.

It would be difficult to picture, or for any of

us to realize, the misery of that young girl's condition, while she stood alone for months, witnessing a good confession.

"The noble army of martyrs" has a grand division in Korea, and many a little shrinking girl will be found written in its books. One whom I know was indeed cast out and is now dying of a broken heart from the shame and sorrow, because she steadily refused to give up her faith. But here, at last, instead of being sent away, her husband yielded to the influence of her life and example, they two stood together, and ere long the father, then the mother, and so little by little the whole family put away their old idols and superstitions, and led by the youngest, joined in the worship of the One True God.

Then, little by little, the family living next that one, also, came to believe, and these were the people whom the Wons came to encourage, teach and receive into the visible Church.

When the people came to be baptized this was the usual way they were questioned, and the way some replied.

Q. Do you love Jesus?

A. He is beautiful to me.

Q. Have you anything in your house that you worship? (meaning of course fetishes, idols or tablets).

A. Yes, the Lord Jesus.

Q. (To a little boy). Are you sure your sins are all forgiven?

A. (Hesitating). Ye-es, only just a tiny bit left over.

Q. Where is Jesus now?

A. In His Capital.

Q. What has become of all your past sins?

A. Jesus will take care as to them.

The people seemed so full of faith and simple heroism, without the faintest idea that they were glorious, that there were many the hem of whose robes Mrs. Won felt she was not fit to kiss.

In one of the first villages visited, the chief man of the place had formerly been a prize-fighter, and one evening when all were telling their experiences (for they love to get together and tell what God has done for them), old Mr. Yu, who now with his entire family, even his married grandchildren, has been a firm believer for several years, told his story.

He said he had heard reports of a new religion which foreigners were introducing, but had paid little attention, supposing it was only accepted by the lowest and most worthless of the Koreans, but one evening on returning to his home, from a long distance, more or less tipsy as usual, he found that a highly respected and well-to-do friend of his, the chief man of another village, had through the entire day been making the rounds of his township from house to house, with

a *jickey* load of Christian books on his back, which he and his ladylike wife had been persuading all the neighbours to buy.

This was astounding news! First, that a man of quality should condescend to carry a *jickey*. Second, that he should go peddling Christian books! Third, that his wife should leave the privacy of her home and accompany him.

He was dazed and confounded. What could it mean? He began to feel as though the foundations of all his old ideas and prejudices were shaking under him. This Christian religion must be something quite different from what he had thought, if it could lead a man like the Hon. Mr. Ko to give up his pride, and go forth thus to sell books, and still more, could it lead a woman of Mrs. Ko's standing, to give up her conservative ideas, for women are always the slowest and last to give up old customs and prejudices.

There was another peculiarity about Mr. Ko's conduct which both annoyed and irritated Mr. Yu. He had left no books at his own house. How was this? Had he, Yu, sunk so low, was he considered such a hopeless prizefighter, gambler and drunkard that he was not fit to be taught this despised religion? Had they considered him unworthy even to be offered one of these books?

He raged round his house in a half-drunken fury, and vowed he would not be thus ignored;

he too would have one of these books, and that too as soon as he had eaten his supper.

Forth then he went, found Mr. Ko, and claimed his right to a book, reproaching his old friend for his neglect.

The omission was soon and gladly enough rectified, and now Mr. Yu proceeded to "study the doctrine." The book which he had first bought was a simple beginner's catechism, which he quickly read through and then others followed. He was soon completely convinced intellectually, loudly proclaiming himself a Christian, though he had experienced no change of heart, and still kept on drinking, often to excess. About this time one of the butchers, the most despised of all classes, who had become a Christian long ago, called upon him, hearing of his professions, and claimed brotherhood. "This is great," said Mr. Blank; "now we will meet and worship, sometimes at your place, sometimes at mine." "Not a bit of it," said his very frigid brother, who had no mind to consort with low butchers, even if they were Christians. "Not at all, sir; please keep your place; you may worship in your own house, I in mine; we will have no intercourse with butchers."

The butcher who had been looking about him, however, remarked, "That pleases me, too, for I see you have not destroyed your objects of worship or put away heathen customs, so we

cannot be brothers," whereupon he took his leave.

Scorned by a butcher! To be scorned by one that he scorned! Things were certainly coming to a strange pass. And then through his tipsy mind flashed the thought that he had not really become a Christian in anything but loud and empty professions. No wonder this low man despised him; he had not put away his idols, the first thing every catechumen and beginner in the faith always does.

This man never did anything by halves. He had gambled, drank and fought with his might, and now, with the added heat of liquor in his great throbbing veins, he not only pulled down the bunch of tawdry bits supposed to be the residence of the household spirits and burned it up, but in spite of the protests of his alarmed wife and family who considered him demented, he proceeded to ruthlessly destroy all the family ancestral tablets, containing the records and genealogies of the whole clan of which he was the chief.

Wide-spread was the consternation and fury. The news spread, and the outraged clansmen took a vow to come and burn and pull down his house over his sacrilegious ears.

He was now resolved to make a clean sweep of everything. Nothing should be left that was not yielded, and so he determined that

his whole family willy nilly, should become believers.

His wife, however, had a mind of her own, and would not be forced into the kingdom of heaven which her violent husband seemed resolved to take by force; she was shocked and horrified by this vandalism and destruction of all the old objects of her reverence and awe.

She recoiled from this sudden turning to new ideas of which she knew nothing, and regarded it as a drunken and insane freak of her husband, who had sorely tried her patience for many a long year, but never as sorely as now. Korean women are long-suffering, and endure much, but they are also obstinate and very conservative, and there are some things they cannot be forced into doing.

So now when her lord had bade her "believe!" she very positively, plainly, concisely and briefly told him she wouldn't.

She had never defied him before, and this was not only unbelievable, but unbearable. "Pray!" shouted he at the top of his lungs, but not one whit budged she.

Something must be done and at once; so gripping her by the back of the neck with his mighty fist, he forced her to the attitude of devotion, and more loudly than ever reiterated "*Pray!*"

The obstinate woman, however, would utter no

word of prayer, so Yu felt himself obliged to pray for her.

Few and brief were his words, uttered, it is to be feared, in no spirit of true prayer, or with as yet a mere glimmering of knowledge of the God he was ignorantly worshipping, not knowing what manner of spirit he was of, as also some of us who suppose ourselves more enlightened.

"O Lord send Thy Holy Spirit and convert this wicked wife of mine, Amen," holding her firmly down all the time till he had finished. Such were the beginnings of this strange man's religion; but gradually the light dawned upon his own soul, his eyes were opened wide, and he learned that not in loud professions, in keeping certain laws, or in mere intellectual acceptance of truth, did the essence of true Christianity consist, but in the Spirit of the Master, of which these were no more than some of the outward forms. He began to see that love was more than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifies.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord
  What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word
  But simply following Thee.
We bring no ghastly holocaust
  We pile no graven stone
He serves Thee best who loveth most
  His brothers and Thy own.
Thy litanies sweet offices of love and gratitude
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

So when the spirit of the Little Child had entered Mr. Yu's heart, he became quite a changed man, and meekly went over to the neighbouring town and paid a visit to his humble neighbour, the butcher. I don't know what they said, but they had a happy time together, and it was then arranged that services should be held in each of their homes on alternate Sundays. Of course with this sort of Christianity in the man's heart, his wife and whole family now became truly converted; from being the terror of the whole vicinity he has become the Christian leader, and has for years been respected and honoured wherever he is known.

In most of the little communities visited, there were only the poorest and humblest little straw-thatched huts, and the quarters occupied by the missionaries were neither spacious nor even clean, quite the contrary commonly.

One evening having arrived at such a village, they were shown into a room belonging to the church which was more than usually small. Mrs. Won looked round in dismay. Where could even two camp beds be stretched? It was hardly larger than a good sized pantry. A door leading into an adjoining room stood partly open. She peeped in. It was larger, sunny, clean looking. Why could they not go in there? This was the question she asked her husband without delay. He gave some evasive answer,

and put the matter away as past consideration. But Mrs. Won was not convinced, as a good wife should have been, being one of those troublesome persons who always want to know the reasons of things. She had not learned that it was hers not to reason why,

> Hers not to make reply,
> Hers but to do and die.

You see the Captain was to a blameworthy extent, lax in the discipline of his family.

So his wife returned again to the attack and was again put off. But this would not do; why indeed should they suffocate in that little oven? Thus pressed, the Captain had nothing for it but to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In the coveted room, was *a coffin containing the remains of a woman who had died of typhus fever nearly four months ago!*

Poor Mrs. Won was aghast. She would open Bluebeard's closet and this was what she got.

"And we sleeping in the next room!" was her first horrified comment. There had been an epidemic of typhus the preceding summer in that locality, and several had died. Nearly every house in the little Christian community had been infected. Of course nobody ever dreams of such a thing as disinfection, or would know how to accomplish it if they did; wells are

carelessly dealt with, and in every way possible, every law of hygiene is outraged.

The dead are frequently kept months after death before burial, especially in the homes of the rich and great, where it is the custom to consult the soothsayers as to the auspicious time and place. They often change their oracular minds, and postpone from time to time, not of course with a view of getting more fees, far from it, that is only incidental, of course. Spirits, it seems, are not like popes, infallible, and often alter their instructions repeatedly.

This was the case, in setting the day and appointing the locality of the grave of Her Majesty the late Queen, and after she had at length been laid to rest, and quietly reposed some two or three years, in the place selected by the spiritual powers, His Majesty was informed that the grave site must again be changed, and the poor Queen go forth in further quest of a resting-place.

In the case of our poor farmer country Christians and their typhus fever corpse, there were entirely different reasons for delay. The weather was hot and very wet, the rainy season being on, the casket and its carriers must have travelled far in a drenching rain; and so after embalming the remains and sealing the casket of wood as well as they knew how, they put it in the little church to wait a proper time of interment. After the rains crops must be gathered, for there had

been a terrible two years' famine in all that region and nothing must be risked. When the harvests were all gathered in, then Death's harvest should be laid away in his garner, too.

Speaking of crops makes me think of another incident which occurred at this place. Pastor Won's stay in any of these little neighbourhoods was sadly brief, as there were many waiting their turn, and he must return only too soon at a fixed date to Bible translating at Seoul. So there was only one night for the little village.

Word had been sent before that all applicants for baptism might be on hand when he came, for only one night could he be with them. So in the afternoon of his arrival all were called in, one at a time and examined.

Directly after supper a solemn service of baptism and partaking of the sacred feast, the Lord's Supper. Only once or twice a year, at the oftenest, was this blessed privilege possible to this poor flock, and highly indeed did they value it, sacred and precious the occasion.

Just before the service was over, an elderly woman came in, whom all welcomed as a sister believer. Though nothing particular regarding her was learned by the Wons that night, next morning at daybreak the pastor saw her about to start back home, and learned she had come ten miles, after her field work was done, the night before, in order to be baptized, and arrived too

late. "But why did you not come earlier?" said he. She replied that she was in charge of some fields belonging to rich people from a distance; they had come to receive their crops, and she could not leave till it was too dark to work more, and now she must hasten back in order to begin the day's work as early as possible. She had been a believer for over three years, but living so far from the other Christian groups, and the stopping places of the missionaries, had never been able to reach the centre where one was staying, in time to be baptized, or partake with her brethren of the blessed feast.

Never mind, dear sister, there is the General Assembly and Church of the first-born to which you belong, and you shall sit down at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and your name is written in the book that Angels keep, and He shall give you a white stone with your new name, and the Father and the Son shall come in and sup with you and you with them, and though you are disappointed and feel left out now, there will be no mistakes and no leaving out there.

Pastor Won would have baptized her then and there, could she have waited, but it was already late, she must hurry away; and so the dear soul is still waiting outside the visible though a patient member of the invisible Church.

The Korean women prize highly their *new names*. They are never formally named as the

men are, and as has been said before, are only called Somebody's mother or Somebody's wife, but when baptized it is necessary for their enrollment and, to prevent mistakes, that each shall be named, so they are called Mercy, Faith, Love, Patience, etc., with a Chinese character which agrees with their husband's name. It is amusing and a little pathetic to see how highly they cherish these *Christian* names, the first they ever had.

Harry, although such a little fellow, took a great interest already in the Christians, and especially in one elderly man who had tramped miles over the country preaching the gospel, and was one of the most useful of all the native leaders and helpers. "Mamma will not know Mr. Saw when we get to heaven," said he. "She will see a gentlemanly old foreigner come in, and never guess that it is he." "Foreigner," of course meaning in the child's mind, American, and Mrs. Won began to suspect that she too had been unconsciously assuming that everybody in heaven would be Americans or Europeans, and by the time they reached there, with enlightened eyes, no doubt Presbyterians, her own beloved, honoured sect, the best of them all; and yet, now she seemed to hear the echo of a noble rhyme,

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, oh, Lord, art more than they,"

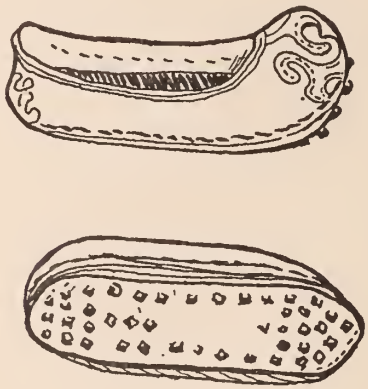
and again, still nobler and sweeter, the inspired words, "*We shall be like Him, when He shall appear, for we shall see Him as He is*," and she was content.

The incidents told in this chapter illustrate the sort of experiences the Wons usually met with in their country travels. Harry took his school books along, his camera, his paint-box and two or three games. The natives went quite wild over Halma, made themselves boards and men, practiced it a few days, and then would give Harry ten moves in advance and beat him quite out of sight, though he was no mean player. They were wonderfully keen in the game, twenty questions, too, and would soon locate the most insignificant objects, in the most unheard-of places with unerring accuracy. He taught them some of his outdoor games, too, not the least appreciated of which, was leap-frog.

He learned to aim fairly with his bow and arrow, and looked forward with impatience to the time when he should shoulder a shotgun like his father, and help supply the family larder. They had a feeling no more should be killed than they needed, and were sure the hunting was markedly unsuccessful except on these occasions.

We cannot follow them through all their rounds on this trip, but let it suffice to say, that in less than six weeks they found their way back to the dear home, rather shabby, rather hungry for

home food, and longing for orderly home ways, a little tired, but fresh, ruddy, sunburned, full of stores of strength laid up during those weeks of gipsy life, and full of new enthusiasm and inspiration, enkindled through close contact with the simple, glowing faith of the country Christians, and the long hours alone with God as they travelled from place to place, and they thanked Him that He had cast their lines in such pleasant places.



VIII

AT THE RIVER

WHEN Harry went to the river the following July, with his parents, a summer cottage had been built on the hill for them, above the little native hut they enjoyed so much before, for although that was very nice for cold fall days and nights, it was rather stuffy, hot and unhealthy for long weeks of heat and rain.

I would like to show you that place at the river which was such a refuge to the Wons, for many summers, and not to them only, but to others who fled with them from the heat, poisonous vapours and diseases of the capital during two or three very trying months each year. The bluff which they had bought rose in three terraces some fifty or sixty feet above the surface of the river, which almost encircled its base, curving around it lovingly crescent wise.

The bank was crowned on its topmost level by a grove of noble pines, oaks and chestnuts. Where its feet touched the water, were beautiful white sands and great boulders where the children loved to play, for from four o'clock it was in the shadow of the hill above it, and the cool evening breeze brought its first whispers and

kisses here. That first summer not much had been done, but if you could see it now! Neither Pastor Won nor his wife cared much for artificially stiff grounds or gardens, but they loved flowers, and here was plenty of room for anything. Little by little the house grew, a room added here or a porch there, and now it has wide verandas at the front and back and up-stairs, too.

The evening breeze comes up very cool from the northwest, so at one of its north corners, where it stands cheek by jowl with a dear old pine, so close and friendly, that they had to cut off a piece of one of the rooms, was built a circular piazza, right round the tree, extending twelve feet from it in width, so that the house, as it were, threw a loving arm round the pine, making it an inmate of the household and member of the family. So there, while round its trunk the children play, the house mother sings and all the busy happy home life hums about, it reaches far above them all, and with arms stretching heavenward, like some high priestly guardian, seems to be forever supplicating heaven for the creatures of its care, murmuring unceasing orisons, and bringing from above sweet, low messages breathed by the spirits of the air.

People counselled the Wons to destroy that tree. "It will pull down your house," said they. "It will grow larger and crowd you out." But

the Wons who were real tree lovers said, "No, another house might be built, but not another such tree, and if the dear old friend should grow larger in girth with increasing years, and need more room they would do with less house." The tree was the genius of the place, no one could spare him, so there he remained and received all the family confidences, and through the long winter months stood faithfully on guard.

Besides the tree there was a vine on the back piazza too. It wreathed round the pillars and confidingly threw its long graceful creepers inside, adorning the ceiling with its cool, green leaves. There was a view from "the deck," as they called it, as there was from every side of the house, but this was the most restful of all I think. It looked over the back garden and the fair fields in the river basin, to the beautiful green hills on the other side of the valley. There was a peaceful little village nestling on the side of the hill, and just a glimpse of the river and the masts of some of the junks and fishing craft lying at anchor there. Winding up the hill was a road, which passed between two grotesque old pine-trees and then mysteriously disappeared. You could imagine all sorts of things about that road. Mrs. Won used to think it was very like the one the Lady of Shallott saw in her mirror. Sometimes a Korean chair came jogging along, sometimes a woman with a bowl or a bundle of clothes

on her head, sometimes a jimkoon, his load on his back, or an ox and his driver, or a long string of pack ponies, with their saucy little riders. But at any minute there might come a fairy prince, or anything wonderful and unexpected from between those uncommon trees, and a road that went right into the sky like that.

Sometimes when you half closed your eyes, you could see the whilom sleeping beauty leaning on her lover's arm,

> "As far across the hills they went,
> To that new world, which is the old.
> Across the hills and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim
> And deep into the dying day
> The happy princess followed him."

It was not at all hard to see, I assure you, and that was where the road went, right across the purple rim, deep into the dying day.

But best of all it was sweet to fancy it led right into the Golden City, the gates being always flung wide at eventide, and that perhaps some day, the blessed Messenger would issue thence, with the glory of the sun, the calm of the moon, and the tenderness of the Lord, to take one by the hand; and quietly passing back leaning on His arm, one would enter thus, through the gates into the city, and so be forever with the Lord.

For all the sunsets were visible there in glory of rose bloom, amber and gold, and when they were gone, the young crescent moon would hang for a while, in the sweet pale gloom, smiling down on the house, the tree and the people, who smiled back, and had large charity for the heathen who once worshipped her. The Wons used to bring their steamer chairs out on "the deck" after supper and recline there enjoying the restful beauty of it all and the cool caresses of the ministering breeze, the angel of the sunset, who came after the long hot day on his errand of mercy. A holy calm enveloped all nature, on which lay the benison and peace of God.

Down at their feet lay the garden. There was a great bed of lilies of the valley, half in the shadow of the bank and the grove. There were grape-vines full of luscious promise, there was thyme, sage and lavender, a long hedge of hawthorn and there were raspberries, currants, and rows and rows of vegetables.

On the low bank, separating the back from the front garden was a thick grove of young trees, and a few steps further on, the dear old grove.

The west wind had a grand sweep over the valley, and sometimes when the monsoons were on—oh, but they are the lords of creation, and make themselves heard when they are about—there was a commotion and no mistake. It was a world of turmoil and topsy-turvy then, sure

enough. Mrs. Won used to say the surging, swinging and swaying of tortured foliage was like the raging of the ocean, and positively made her seasick with its continuous sweep, rise and fall.

In front, on the first terrace above the river, was more garden, with berries, fruit trees and vegetables. Here was long feathery asparagus with its red berries, here the sunflowers were allowed to riot, and just the loveliest double rose hollyhocks! There was a little spring that trickled down here, and in its bed grew crisp, cool water cresses.

On the next terrace stood the little native house, now used by the servants and gardener, and not far from it, in the prettiest nook, shaded by a bower of trees was the well. A little above this lay meadows bordered round with young oaks and pines, and on the upper level, the homes.

Pastor Won had asked two friends who had little ones, to share this place with him, and so each brought a third, and their houses stood there like three sisters, year by year. From the front of the Wons' house, especially the upper floor,—not much could be seen from the lower piazza, the house was so wreathed in vines and embowered in young trees, which they were not resolute enough to cut down—there was an enchanting view.

Down below, winding, curving among its high banks, so as to remind one of the Italian lakes, lay the river, sometimes a sheet of silver, sometimes a sapphire jewel set on the broad bosom of mother earth. On its surface floated gracefully now and then the Korean fishing boats, with their gorgeous ochre sails, adding the one touch of brilliant colour to the subdued tones of the landscape. Beyond lay more green hills, and still beyond a long blue line of mountains.

These mountains never presented the same aspect twice. In the morning sunshine they lay in melting shades of green and blue, with soft shadows lurking upon them. In the sunset glow they "reposed in purple distance fair," or bathed in silver moonlight they assumed a weird, mysterious grandeur. In the wet season they were more beautiful than ever, for then the nearer were robed in an exquisite misty veil of French gray, while those more distant, half revealed, half hidden, melted into the arms of the low-stooping clouds, and the passionate rain. Like a beautiful woman, who though unshakenly faithful, yet wears a thousand changing moods, and hides her love beneath a guise of fickleness and coquetry, these mountains seemed more dear, more beautiful with every change.

The steep banks of the bluff were overgrown with a tangle of wild vines, wild flowers, bushes of sweet syringa, azalias and young oak and

chestnut-trees. A path winds and climbs all round this bank, between the stately trees; and just where the terrace falls to the river, under the wide-spreading arms of a friendly tree, is a bench, seated on which, in the grateful shade, the branches framing the whole picture, one can sit, unseen from the house or river, and feel oneself melt into it all.

Here could be watched the glow of the sunset reflected on the yellow hill and sands to the left of their bluff, the "purple in the distance," and the shimmering leaves. Here one could listen to the gentle ripple of water, the occasional splash of oars, the humming of insects, the chirping of birds, the distant laughter of children, the soft rustling of foliage, the whisper of the wind, and all the sweet music of the quietness.

There were two magnificent golden orioles, the aristocrats of the garden, very shy and exclusive, but now and then they would condescend and favour the residents of the cottages, with an outpouring of incomparable liquid music. Then of course there would follow at once, impertinent whisperings, and tiptoeings for a peep at the beautiful singers, and then a whirr of indignant wings, with nothing left to prove it was not an heavenly illusion but the swaying of some light branch in the tree-top.

It was desecration, of course, to admit a horde of Chinese coolies to such a place. Certainly, it

was agonizing, but ten or fifteen of the greasiest, dirtiest, noisiest, most sacrilegious Chinamen had to be let loose into all that beauty and holy peace, among those hills, trees, birds and flowers.

Worse still, the Wons had to order it themselves. The house must be painted. Pastor Won was too busy, translating; Mrs. Won was sick on her couch and Harry was quite too small, so there it was, nothing for it but call the Chinamen. Pastor Won went off to the city to his work, the mother had her long cane chair and herself carried out to the grove where she could not see them, and could less distinctly hear their loud, rasping voices, their blood-curdling, out-of-tune falsetto songs, and all the "yahdon."

And oh, such terrible work as they made of it all! The roof was to be rather a dull red, and the house a subdued grayish green. So they climbed to the roof first, and daubed on the red paint, which, too thinly mixed, dripped down the walls, over the sweet fresh wisteria, rosebushes, and white lilacs, and lay on the ground like the ghastly results of some awful deed of blood.

It was cruel, shocking, but there was more to come. They cooked their greasy food, and left their greasy dinner pails in the fair wide porch, leaving odours and stains unmentionable. With rags they washed the walls with green paint, which also trickled to the piazzas in little streams, and though the west wall was the colour indi-

cated by the owner, the south side was a peacock blue, the east an olive green and the north another shade of greenish gray. This was harrowing, but even this was not the end. When the balconies were to be painted, and they were left till the last, these men were told to paint them also green to match the door and window trimmings. This simple suggestion seemed difficult for them to grasp, for an idea is elusive, largely to that order of Chinamen. Moreover, they spoke no English, the Wons, no Chinese; therefore through the medium of mixed pidgeon English and badly mutilated Korean with the aid of shouts, the two parties tried, respectively, to elucidate and to apprehend what was desired.

About an hour later Harry was seen running wildly to his mamma where she lay under the pines, breathing perfume and unsuspicious of disaster; peacefully drinking in the harmonies of tint and sound about her, he was crying excitedly, "Mamma, mamma, they are painting the roof green." Mrs. Won had not walked more than a few steps at a time for weeks, but, under the stimulus of these words, she rose, dragged her unwilling limbs to a spot in full view of the house, and beheld half the roof a vivid green. It was of course only a trivial thing, and had she been well she might have laughed, but under the circumstances it assumed the proportions of a calamity. Of course a mis-

sionary ought to be above caring what colour her roof may be, or mind whether her house is defaced or her flowers injured, but poor Mrs. Won was not at all a perfect missionary. She loved the natives and her work, but yet she loved beauty; she had her ideals of how her house ought to look; she took a keen pleasure in pretty ornaments, hats and dresses, etc., when her mother or sisters sent them from America, and I have seen her grieved over a piece of broken glass or china. You may as well know the truth about Mrs. Won; she was very, very human, and never made any pretense of being otherwise. In fact she knew she was not nearly so noble, wise or good as many quiet Christian women whose only field is their home.

In fact most missionaries, as far as I know them, are like most other Christians, sincere but imperfect. All of them, as far as I could judge, have gone to foreign lands under the deep and overwhelming conviction that their duty lay there, and some under a keen sense of sacrifice, some with as keen a pleasure in anticipation of inspiring work, have left more or less that was dear and tempting to answer that call. But they took with them human bodies and natures like those of other men, very weak and frail. Satan has a pass on every steamer and is very much at home on the foreign field, so that while one set of allurements and temptations has been left

behind, his fertility in inventions for trying men's souls has never failed, and the missionaries struggle along much like the rest of us, fighting, stumbling, perhaps falling now and then, but up and on again, with one aim, one hope, one joy, the King and the coming of the kingdom. They are beset with frailties, but like that other missionary Paul, they forget what is behind, reach forward to what is before, and press towards the mark.

I had to come down from the roof to explain about Mrs. Won, for probably most of you noted with pained surprise her solicitude about it. Yes, the one whole half was green, the other red, which meant a still longer visitation of the Chinese while the mistake was repaired, more bloody dye on vines and bushes, and still worse, trickling streams of red, down the sides of the green house and piazzas.

"Ah, well, I've cared too much about earthly things," thought she with accusing conscience; "this is a lesson to teach me patience and a mind above little worldly affairs." Now when she could

> "Find in loss a gain to match,
> And reach a hand through time, to catch
> The far off interest of tears,"

Mrs. Won always grew more content. It is a kind of moral commercialism; Tennyson scorns it, but it is comforting at any rate.

A fruitless grief, agony endured for naught seemed to her the most terrific possibility of sorrow, great or small. So she became resigned to her disappointment in the cottage itself, and found her joy more and more in the life, in, around and above it. After the Chinamen were gone, nature gradually asserted her sway, and mended things generally, as she always does when allowed. New leaves budded where those defaced and killed had been, vines grew lovingly over the glaring paint, summer suns and rains toned down all that was inharmonious, and like all our childish trials and tears, the loving Hand smoothed and wiped them all away. Many things happened that first summer at the river. First of all there was cholera all over the country, but especially in the city, and the missionary fathers and mothers, too, had to leave the little ones with trusted caretakers, and spend days and weeks in the town nursing the sick and dying.

There wasn't much cholera at the river because the cat was there. What had the cat to do with it, and what cat was it?

Well, cholera, of course, you know, is the rat disease. You can feel the rats biting, and running up your legs and arms if you have it, so there is no doubt. Now the hill across the valley, in which the pretty village nestled, was the cat. I never could see that it looked like a cat, but

that was what it was, and had been for ages, there was no disputing that, appearances to the contrary, and no matter what anybody said. As every one knows, rats won't go near a cat, so there you have it; of course there could be no cholera in that neighbourhood.

Koreans have many strange superstitions regarding certain hills and mountains. The mountain of which the Wons' bluff was one of the lowest folds, was called the silk worm. Now to keep this worm in good temper and condition, and so insure the safety and good fortune of the capital, it must be fed. Therefore just across the river the government had planted and cultivated, with great care, a large grove of mulberry-trees. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact.

Well, there was, as I said, that summer, the cholera for one thing, and the whooping cough for another. The little Appletons began it, but no matter who, it went all round, and of course Harry had it. He never skipped any fun going, so his Amonni was in straits, for Harry not only didn't skip things, but what he did, he did with his might. He had whooping cough with all the trimmings, and was a pretty sick little boy; for the worst of it was, the envious cough wouldn't let him keep food long enough to get any life to fight withal. "There go my ginger snaps," wailed Willie A., with a howl of anguish,

and there went Harry's bread and butter, and beefsteak, too. What with that, and long convulsive fits of coughing every night when it almost seemed as if life itself would be shaken out of the little frame, the boy soon grew almost transparent enough to see through, and very languid and frail.

However, the little ship weathered this storm too, the Master ever caring for it, and calming the winds and waves.

To keep the interest going they had a crazy man one summer, and a robber another. One always wants some great attraction to make a place popular, and if one cannot have a conference or a midway, or a general assembly, or a merry-go-round, why one must be content forsooth with such poor substitutes as crazy men and burglars.

For the crazy man he seemed harmless enough, poor fellow, only that he made night hideous with his awful shrieks. That seemed to be his favourite time to wander abroad, and somewhere between twelve and the earliest dawn after everybody had fought the good fight with mosquitoes and sunk to blissful repose, they were startled wide awake by such cries as only the insane and sleep walkers can make, agonizing and terrifying. It was no matter that they had heard it before, the women, at least never found that its horror lessened, and even the men didn't really

like it. But the poor creature did not confine his wanderings to the night hours.

He had an uncanny way of suddenly appearing on the piazzas among the women and children, demanding food and money. He claimed to be a convert who had fallen from grace, and would beg Pastor Won to pray for him, or insist that Pastor Won and only he could cure his poor head.

In Korea, as in other lands where the Gospel has only recently come, there are no hospitals or asylums for the sick, blind, insane, homeless, or orphans, except such as established by missionaries, and supported by Western Christians. This man's family, poor farmers themselves, tried to guard and take care of him, but there are no rooms in their poor huts where such a subject could be securely confined. He therefore escaped them continually, wandering about a terror and nuisance to the whole vicinity, was daily stoned and beaten by heartless natives, whose goods he stole, or whose children he alarmed, and was exposed with scant clothing in all weather, to numberless hardships. Mrs. Won used to think that if some of those who carp at missions could live in mission lands a few years, "before and after" and see the pitiful condition of large classes of sufferers, without the institutions of Christianity, and later could see how gratefully those benefactions are received and adopted even by the un-

converted heathen, they might be convinced of their mistake.

Then there was the robber. He, indeed, has passed into history; he looms greater and more imposing every year. The older ones tell the tale, in hushed whispers, to the younger, who listen with delicious creeps, bated breath and uprising hair. It is casually mentioned to young lady visitors like the ghastly legends of ancient houses to lend dignity to the estate, "a skeleton awaiting at the feast, whereby their sinful pleasure is increased."

It began with the upper house, irreverently called "the peanut gallery" because it stood on the crest of the hill, head, shoulders and more above the other two. At the Wons, the Captain was lying in a dead stupor with a terrible fever. Mrs. Won was watching, and Harry was lost in dreams. In the little cottage below were the native servants. To Harry's Amonni, it all began with one piercing, blood-curdling shriek from the upper house, which tore the dead stillness of midnight, and seemed to freeze the very air of August. Then awful silence as though the universe had been murdered when that cry rang forth. The suspense was terrible; Mrs. Won rushed out to the veranda, where she could discern nothing but the servants, hurrying up the hill with a lantern. Soon, there were more screams, hurried calls, and signs that there were

at least some lively survivors still left in creation. What had really happened was, that a young lady visitor in the upper house had awakened to find a great, repulsive looking Korean, standing over her holding a horrible long knife, with which he threatened to cut her throat instantly, if she dared utter a sound. Upon which, with all a woman's recklessness of consequences, she shrieked the clarion like blast, which roused everybody. The wretch fled ; there was a game of hide and seek on the premises ; then while the pursuers were in the grounds, the burglar again invaded the house, and now threatened not only to murder everybody in it, but to burn them and it up together—inspired no doubt by a little vexation over the bother he was having—and possessing himself of everything he could lay hands on, he speedily decamped to the tune of a chorus of screams from the women and children, hotly pursued by Mr. Markham and the servants. But he had slipped into the velvet blackness of the night and utterly disappeared. The whole neighbourhood, however, had learned a valuable lesson, namely that American women cannot be depended on to be quiet, when hushed with a knife or revolver, and that their nerves are a dangerous obstacle to the peaceful prosecution of burglary.

Mrs. Won felt rather neglected when she found they were entirely left out, but excused it

on the ground that their house was two stories high, the lower entrances securely barred, and that they were known to have a shotgun on hand.

An amusing incident occurred on one of the first nights of their occupancy of the house, which had led them to take some extra care. They were wakened in the middle of the night by soft footfalls on their lower veranda, and the sound of fingers tampering with the latches. The Captain jumped up quickly, and looking down, beheld a party of ten or twelve men on the lower veranda, quietly walking about, feeling and examining the windows and doors. They all carried long walking sticks like blind men. "Who are you?" cried he. "We are blind men," was the reply. "What are you doing down there?" "We have come for a '*kugung*' (sight-seeing), your honour." "This is a strange noise for you to make that you come at midnight to see my house. What do you mean, what word is this you speak?" "Sir, we are blind, night is all one with us, as day; we were passing and thought we would look and see."

Now this was all very well; and knowing the nocturnal habits of the blind sorcerers, it was not without some show of probability, but nevertheless a feeling of suspicion remained, especially as these men themselves are a very disreputable class; so bidding them begone and henceforth

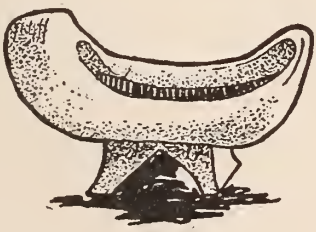
make their visits at seasonable hours, the master of the house looked well to the fastenings and guards.

Nor was this all. There was a shrine far above them, in a lonely, wild place, where there was a little grove; this, too, had an atmosphere of mystery and danger. Bad men were said to be often in hiding there and to come forth at night to rob the villages and wayfarers. One night Pastor Won, returning home after dark, met a man near there, who had been badly cut, and was covered with blood, and said he had been met by thieves, who had robbed him of his pack of merchandise. Besides, a servant, returning one evening from the city through the woods, with meat and other household supplies, came in empty handed, ghastly white, almost fainting, and declared he had been followed by a ghost, who nevertheless seemed to be rather a materialistic one, for he jumped on the man's back, knocked him down, and made off with the food.

The natives believe very firmly in all sorts of ghosts, spirits and demons, and stand in abject terror of them all. They believe, too, that certain houses and localities are haunted, and will not go near them after dark. Robbers take advantage of this superstition to haunt these places themselves. They are usually very violent and murderous, because, if caught, severe torture and even death is the sure sentence. They have

no mercy to hope for, and rather than risk the chance of escape, show none. They usually go in parties, armed with long knives and will terrorize whole villages, plundering the poor people of everything worth carrying away.

After that summer the Wons and their neighbours were troubled no further, except by a few slight pilferings, and little by little, as the village people came to recognize them as friends and learned that instead of oppressors, they had found protectors, who helped mend their roads, bought their wood, eggs and chickens at good prices, gave medicine to their sick, respected their grave sites, and prevented the lawless from destroying their trees, they felt towards and treated the foreigners as neighbours, the fruit and vegetables unfenced, remained untouched, and the women and children, undisturbed. So there was peace and good fellowship at the river.



IX

THE RAINY SEASON

As has been already hinted in the previous chapter, Korean punishments are very violent, even for light offenses. Men are put in the stocks or terribly beaten with long, flat, wooden paddles, and decapitations and hangings often take place on short notice. Occasionally men are secretly murdered in prison when it is feared that intercession by powerful friends, or something unforeseen might avail to thwart the ends of those concerned in getting rid of them.

According to the old régime, police sent to make arrests, always expected to be paid by the unfortunate for decent treatment, higher officials at the jail in larger ratio, and finally, unless a crime arousing the unpurchasable hate of some great one was in question, a sufficient sum would generally secure a favourable sentence, or largely mitigate the severity of the punishment.

The blind sorcerers and Buddhist priests, already referred to, are both somewhat dangerous and suspected members of the community. The latter are forbidden the capital, and rank next to butchers, the lowest in the land. They belong to the mendicant "ne'er do weel" class, and are

usually initiated, as friendless orphan children, into their profession, at the temples where they are received and fed, and in return are obliged to beg, and ply the arts of the priest, attending very likely to some rich man's shrine or grave site, or performing servile duties and helping in any way possible the little community of which they have become members.

Both priests and priestesses wear their hair shaved, dress alike, and can hardly be distinguished apart. There is much superstition in some very high quarters, and a great deal of money passes through their hands, but of any real religion or conscientious following of the plainest teachings of Buddha, much less any knowledge of his doctrines among the people, I have seen nothing.

Ancestor worship, it appears to me, comes nearer being a religion in Korea than anything they have. However, trees, spirits and devils are all worshipped, sacrificed to and feared, and many conform to a large number of superstitious rites. When in hot water, out of which they desire to escape with speed, it is a matter of small concern who helps them, Satan, or the honourable heaven; to get out, and quickly, is the only object.

The sorcerers are called in even more frequently than the priests, and they trade of course on the superstitions of the ignorant, to a fearful

extent. Blind children for whom there are of course no institutions of mercy, are almost invariably condemned to this life of dishonesty, chicanery, trickery, begging and shame. Like the priests and dancing girls they are taught their profession from early childhood, Satan recognizing full that it is best to begin early to mould a man in the shape he is to bear through eternity. The sorcerers go into trances, practice hypnotism and, I believe, telepathy, from what I have heard of their remarkable accomplishments.

A few asylums for homeless and blind children would soon, to a large extent, break up these dens of iniquity and sources of danger to the public, and would result in the rescue of thousands of pitiful little waifs, both boys and girls, who fall into the clutches of these evil people, or are sold into slavery, worse than death, at the tenderest age, because there is no one to whom they belong, or who is able to protect them.

If even in so-called Christian lands, thousands of children suffer in unnumbered ways, in a country where no institutions of mercy exist, the terrible condition of things can scarcely be overstated, and there is hardly a coolie but can buy for a bag of rice some wretched little being as a slave.

But to return to the river, and the Wons, after this rather long digression, in spite of the various exciting little episodes which lent spice to ex-

istence there, they were extremely happy in their river home. The pastor had one of his Korean literary helpers there, and at early daylight was at his literary work, the preparation of native Christian books, which went on vastly better in these quiet surroundings than amid the disturbances and interruptions of the city. About five o'clock in the afternoon, however, work stopped, and all adjourned to the river for a dip. The little fellows soon learned to swim like ducks, and looked forward all day to this as the sweetest promise of existence. Then tea was served on the bluff by one of the ladies, when all gathered together after the heat of the day and its business for a pleasant time together. One of the customs which they loved was the half hour prayer-meeting. Everybody dropped his work or play, came as they were, and united in song and prayer. It began when their hearts were heavy with anxiety for brothers in China, and proved such a blessing that it became an institution.

But when the rains began and kept on and on, for days and weeks, as they did some summers for ten weeks, with only the briefest of intermissions; oh, then, there was no swimming, no tea on the bluff, no games among the trees, no croquet on the lawn, no anything, but trying to keep dry and to stop up leaks. Boots and shoes turned green and woolly with mould in a night,

garments mildewed almost while one was wearing them, bedding grew musty and wet, and the river, oh, the river! From being a calm, beautiful, placid stream, it suddenly became a dark, muddy, evilly booming flood, which carried away branches of trees, broken rafts, and demolished houses.

It spread over the plains where the mulberries stood to the feet of the hills beyond, and rose, little by little, till it crept into the Wons' lower garden, half drowning the blackberries, who found their best thorns of no avail to keep off this invader. On the other side, it flooded the valley between the Wons and the fairy road, so that the fishing smacks and ferryboats came well into view, and sometimes they had quite a fleet almost at their back door.

The frogs croaked dismally, the wind wailed and howled among the trees, the sun was under a wet blanket for days, the mountains were veiled in mist, but oh, how green, how deliciously fresh and green, were the meadows and all the foliage, the leaves fairly shining in their continual bath. And how things grew! This was the time for setting slips, and transplanting bushes and trees.

This was the time for reading delightful books, making up arrears of correspondence, getting fall sewing done, and this the time for the children to assemble on one of the well-sheltered

piazzas, and play games, read stories, practice on the trapeze and regulate stamp collections and scrap-books.

The first bright day, out went all the garments and bedding on the upper veranda for a thorough airing and sunning, and then when an unexpected malicious cloud suddenly let down a sheet of water, there were racings and chasings, and a general scramble of the whole household to the rescue. If anybody ventured forth, however, at that season he must go prepared for flooded roads, and terrible storms. Rubber boots and mackintoshes are very well for ordinary rains, but it is an extraordinary mackintosh which will long withstand such fierce downpours; no boots are sufficient for such floods, and more than once had Mr. Won in his country trips been forced to wade to his neck through streams whose current was so strong he could only, with great difficulty, keep his feet. More than once drenched to the skin, his baggage soaked through, without a dry garment, he had sought for hours in vain for an inn. That is the time of year when the only news of the day is of leaks and floods. When in the black midnight watches, Mrs. Won lay awake listening half fascinated, half horrified, to the sullen roar of the river, the howls of the wind and the steady pounding of the rain, she heard a dull thud somewhere, that meant great lumps of ceiling were falling, or if it were merely

a cheerful little drip, drip, that was a new leak. Only hoping it wasn't on books or other damageable property, the two would make their explorations, lay bath towels, floor cloths, water proofs and sheets around door casings and windows, place all the kitchen utensils available under the leaks, and go back to their damp beds and clammy sheets for a short respite, until some fresh disaster called for the exercise of their sleepy energies.

Korean roofs are tiled or thatched, in either case the fall must be steep to carry off all the water in these terrific rains, and if the roof menders, who are called in the spring are careless, if a tile or two is left broken, badly placed, or without enough overlap, sorrow is sure to follow in the rains. Or even when all has been well done, the wind often tears off large parts of the thatch, or loosens and displaces tiles. Water pours in around the casements, and in all sorts of unimagined ways, finds jealous entrance if there remains a single dry place in creation. The whole atmosphere is so overloaded with moisture that one's lungs seem unable to inhale the proper quantity of ozone, and everybody is full of lassitude and weariness.

The river was a never failing source of interest at this time. Great rafts of logs from the mountains in the interior, flashed past every day on their way to the port. Sometimes in the night

these would be torn from their moorings (for they were always floated inshore out of the current, and anchored for the night) on broken or submerged rocks, with the force of wind and current. Then the wreckers were abroad, and making night hideous with excited yells, would carry off a rich harvest of timber. It was exciting, too, to watch the ferries. The wide, flat-bottomed, leaky boats, propelled and guided by two or three men who stood paddling at prow and stern, were loaded down almost to the water's edge with oxen, ponies, travelling chairs and jimkoons, all standing crowded together as closely as possible.

To make the point desired on the opposite shore they must paddle up in the quiet water and get the back current on the Wons' side, a long distance above the landing; then boldly striking across, still paddling up, fighting the current desperately, they whirled down and across and usually landed fairly near the point, opposite that from which they started. The river was no longer beautiful. It was brown with an ugly foam like a maddened beast of prey, and many a human life was sacrificed to its rage each year.

Here are some paragraphs from Mrs. Won's diary written there one year. March 20, 19—. I have been very ill and cannot yet walk alone across the room, but thinking the quiet, fresh air and sunshine down here would hasten recovery,

they brought me here yesterday. Early this morning I was wrapped in rugs and quilts, carried out to the lawn on my long cane chair, and set directly in the sun. How delicious the odours of spring! The birds are so busy. I saw a red-breast, and heard a lark sing. The yellow forsythias are almost in bloom.

March 25th. It was very sweet all day long in the sun, for when the shadows fall I am moved to a sunny place, so sometimes I face the river, sometimes the hills at the back so delightfully green with the tender shades of infant spring.

April 15th. The canaries (as the Koreans call forsythias) have been in bloom some time and are gorgeous. There is a little arbour over the path leading down to the river garden which is covered with these golden blossoms.

Sometimes I wonder as I lie out there all day in the heart of all that beauty, whether it is sweeter than under the warm sod, not shut away at all, but right near the very heart of all life, at the beginnings of everything, where God works in the dark out to the light. The dark that is so soothing and restful, and clasps one so tenderly and closely. There never can be any real darkness or death where He is. Only apart from Him is coldness, darkness and death.

Sometimes the life in one shrinks and shudders away from the change that is called death, life

here is so inexpressibly full and sweet, yet one cannot live out in the resurrections of spring where "every clod feels a stir of night," for weeks, and fear the brief season of gloom.

There are the daintiest fleecy clouds, dancing over the daintiest blue sky, all reflected in the river, which lies asleep. There are new leaves shining, fairly laughing with delight to have got out at last, there is a gentle whispering in the pines, there is the odour of balsam everywhere, and the apricots, bush cherries and many others are in full bloom.

May 20th. All the fruit blossoms are out. The land is aglow with them, making patches of delicious colour in the hillsides and in the valleys. One can hardly bear the delight of it; like the fairy coachman one feels one's heart bands bursting with joy. The white lilacs are making the whole garden sweet, and the first yellow roses are beginning their reign in a burst of glory. Harry is by the river all day, when not at lessons, which it seems a cruel mockery to impose. In the midst of all this, who could think of fractions, geography and grammar; all nature doing her best to hypnotize him? I believe we make our children study at too early an age, and too many hours. I have planned that Harry shall have an hour before breakfast, two between nine and eleven, and one between two and three, no more at all. It always seems to me that the

plea of the Lotus Eaters is a special plea for the children.

"Lo in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud,
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad and knows no care
Sun steeped at noon and in the moon nightly dew fed.
All things have rest, we only toil who are the first of things
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one labour to another thrown,
Nor ever fold our wings, or steep our brows in slumber's holy balm
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings."

June 20th. Chemulpo.

I have been worse and now we are to take a little sea trip to Japan and Vladivostok.

We came down here so easily and delightfully. They carried me down the hill to the river, and there was a picturesque boat with a quaint old boatman waiting on the sands. They placed me in it, reclining chair and all, and then we slid down the golden waters, tinted with sunset, sometimes between green fields and busy, noisy villages, sometimes between high rocks, covered with foliage and decked with moss. Sometimes we passed other craft, and the sailors peered curiously at our party and wondered if I were dead and being carried to some old family burial-place.

When we reached the little steamer I was lifted on board and so came safely on.

July 2d. We have had our trip to Vladivostok,

and are on our way back. I was too ill to go on shore there, but from the steamer it wears an ungracious aspect, something like one of our raw western towns. The whole harbour is bristling in fortifications. There are no English hotels or boarding-places there (1897), and the commercial agents who came up with us, returned in dismay to the ship for meals, saying they could get nothing but black bread, black bean soup, raw ham and vodke at the Russian places.[1]

We were proud and delighted to see American vessels lying in the harbour, with American railroad iron, American nails, American flour. I wanted to shake hands with that flour. We were told that immense quantities of American goods are imported there. It was a new and decidedly pleasant experience, too, to see American commercial travellers so far out there in the East. We are told that the climate is remarkably dry and bracing. The atmosphere is clear as crystal. Still we were glad enough to get away.

July 12th. We are home again, and, thank God, all well and happy and busy.

No one who has a garden can live an idle life, and the Wons were kept busy, fighting enemies. The ants and the birds were their allies, but for

[1] Since then it is the custom for officials to force passengers to go ashore and eat and sleep even though they stay only twenty-four hours.

the rest they all seemed bent on the destruction of everything beautiful or useful in nature. All sorts of vermin attacked the trees, and borers crawled into their hearts. When fruit ripened even the birds turned traitors and helped the great hornets to devour it. As for the grape-vines, from early spring till the last grape was bagged, it was one battle for existence.

The roses, too, were attacked by aphides, caterpillars, and worst of all cruel rose beetles who waited till the bud was ready to burst into glowing beauty, and then relentlessly ate out its very heart. There was an old Korean installed as gardener, who had been for years according to his lights a faithful chair coolie, and now that he was too old for that, the Wons had given him a home in the cottage, and the duty of caring for their garden. But the garden after the fashion of such was exacting, and Kim was old and a little lazy, so a great deal of help was needed, and often the enemy got a long, long start. Kim was not a Christian ; he was too fond of his jug for that ; but he was an ardent upholder of the cause, distributed tracts on occasion, and advised the pastor that workers or teachers ought to be sent to this or that locality, "since we have no believers there." He had been heard to recommend Christianity, too, very zealously to non-believers, and would no doubt have been an ardent church member, had it been com-

patible with chicken stealing and deep potations.

However, the Wons liked him for never pretending to believe for the sake of gaining favour, as I am sorry to say some servants do, and they greatly appreciated his real devotion to them and their interests. Like the cook he was regarded by all, himself included, as a member of the family, to be separated from them only by death.

His wages in addition to his house and field, with wood from the place, were three dollars a month. With this rather unreliable assistant, the Wons carried on the war. They often wondered to what purpose all these evil creatures existed, and were strongly inclined to believe that since their only aim was destruction of that which was good, that they were of the devil, or at any rate like disease, the result of sin. Nevertheless they realized that God was using them to work out a greater good, teaching His people industry, fortitude and patience.

On one side of them, almost at their door, lay ten or twenty acres of pine woods, through which flowed a little brook, "which to the sleeping woods all night sang its gentle tune."

Its banks were draped with ferns and wild flowers, and after the rains it danced and brawled along in a terribly noisy fashion. The Korean women used to come here with their washing, pounding it on stones in the crystal water, and

gossipping comfortably all the while. Here Harry Won and the little Appletons and the Markhams loved to play, wading in the water, building dams, sailing tiny boats, playing Indian and robbers among the trees, or house in some shady, ferny retreat. There are few harmful creatures in these woods for children to fear. Most of the snakes are innocuous (poisonous ones being extremely rare), and here and there at long intervals are seen one or two centipedes, otherwise I know of nothing worse than wasps and hornets. Poor Harry plunged a hapless little bare leg into a nest of these creatures one day, and had to run for his life, screaming lustily all the way, not escaping either, without severe punishment from the furious insects. One year when the family went to the river in July, they found the hornets had utilized the space between the parlour window and the outside wooden shutter for a hive. There from the inside they had a grand chance to peep into their nursery and see them feeding their babies and view all their private household affairs. Afterwards the Koreans came at night with torches and boldly tore down the shutter, the blinded and crazed insects flying directly into the blaze and destruction.

In another direction more than a mile away, was a far wilder, and correspondingly more delightful place. Here were great, silent, stately pine woods, high hills on either side, great rocks

and boulders, and a larger and far more beautiful stream, running on over the most tempting golden sands. The trees threw their shadows across it, and little flecks of light caressed its bosom, like jewels on the neck of a fair girl. In places, before some barrier, it lay in cool, deep pools, where a man could stand waist deep, and thence it poured, over the mossy stones, with the most delightful sound in the world to the ears of a child on a summer day.

This was the favourite spot for picnics, but the time was always too short, alas! for as has often been said, time is such a contrary old curmudgeon, he always hurries most when you want him to dawdle; but if you have a toothache, dawdle isn't the word; for it is my belief he stands stock still at all such times.

When the rains were over, was the time for picnics, and when the rains were over, if they didn't stay too long, came Harry's birthday; when the rains were over, the red peppers began to blaze in great scarlet patches on the housetops; when the rains were over, came the August lilies. The Wons had masses of them everywhere in their garden.

They belong to the moon, you know, and stand all night offering incense at her altar. In the morning they close their pure petals and retire from the free gaze of the bold sun.

I believe nothing could be more beautiful than

those nights at The Firs when the moon and the lilies were together. Below, lay the river more lovely than ever, enchanted by her goddess into a sheet of silver; beyond, were the hills and mountains, here in soft but exquisite radiance, there in mysterious shadows. Around the house lay the garden, hushed, perfumed, its beauty enhanced by the soft light that revealed only what was charming and left in kind obscurity, all that was defacing and unlovely. And the lilies, oh, the lilies! shining in so dazzling a whiteness, that in contrast with the gloom, they were fairly radiant, "as no fuller on earth can white them."

We never could look long, without turning away a moment to catch our breath.

"And to think He made it all to please us!"

"If this, so defaced by æons of sin, and the curse of evil, is so glorious, what will be the 'place' He has gone to prepare?"

"Sure we must be immortal to bear more beauty than this," were the thoughts that welled up in our minds. The place seemed a lofty sanctuary, and what was fitting but to praise and adore the Almighty Creator?

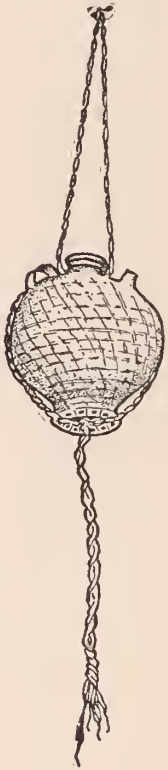
Sometimes, tempted by the children, they would leave the lilies and the garden, and take a Korean sailboat up the river on these glorious nights; everybody went, the very littlest were not refused, and a basket of refreshments in some form was the necessary concomitant, of course, gay

songs floated out on the air, and everybody voted it a fine time. Yet when they were safely back on the quiet veranda, under the quiet sky, with the incense breathing lilies around them, they looked at each other in wonder and said, "Why did we go away, how could we do it?" No one could answer, the problem remained unsolved.

When the bright, dry, sweet September days were fully on, they knew they must say good-bye to the river, and go back to the dirty city, and clean house in preparation for the annual meeting of the mission. O how hard it was to say good-bye. Harry often longed to lie down on dear mother earth's bosom and kiss his farewells. He was (no wonder) born sentimental, and never could love moderately, calmly and sedately.

The last fond adieu had to be said to everything, last of all down among the rocks at the river, rapt in the glow, the purple veil, the stillness, all that were God's signals and His voices, and then back to a stern fight with sin, deceit, disease and the devil, for ten long, strenuous months. They had all played and rested quite long enough, and sad though their farewells to the river, eagerly they returned to the work, and dear as the joys that nature's beauty brings, there are dearer and higher, far nobler and more inspiring, in opening the light of truth into the

dark, sad places. At least the elders thought so ; but as for Harry he regretted the river all winter, till it was time to begin to anticipate it for next summer.



X

BOY HUSBANDS

SOON after they returned to the city after that first summer, there was great excitement and commotion in the poor little country called Morning Calm.

Terrible things happened. The queen was killed, and all her friends fled away, frightened, as well they might be, except the king, who was kept a prisoner by the party in power; for in Korean politics, to hold the king is something like holding the queen in a game of chess, only even more important. There was much going back and forth to the palace of foreign ministers, and of missionaries, who were sometimes asked to interpret, and sometimes to watch with His Majesty at night, for he was in the power of cruel and treacherous men, and knew not what might be done. So the Captain, who was just as ready and glad to help a king, as any one else, in any humble way in his power, was going or coming in one or other of these capacities pretty often.

There were insurrections and riots, and uprisings in the country, for nobody liked the bad government, and unruly people took advantage

of it all, to make things as bad as possible everywhere. By and by, after matters had gone on from bad to worse for many months, the king escaped to the Russian Legation, and then for a little while there was still more trouble, for old scores had to be paid, and the angry people wanted at once to wreak vengeance on the bad rulers, and proclaim their loyalty to the king. So there were more furious mobs, more trials and executions, more runnings away of people who belonged to the wrong party. It was a pitiful condition of things. More pitiful still was the state of the poor country folks, who were oppressed and robbed by every party, and insurrectionists too, with no peace or safety in this world, or hope in the world to come. But through all the turmoil, the Wons were perfectly safe under the protection of God who had further use for them. The folds of dear Old Glory waved majestically above them, and had a good deal to do with their safety too, in a secondary way. I can assure you that American boys in the far East realize very fully what it means to be an American, in very many ways, and every day of their lives, as boys who never have left home cannot possibly do. First of all they see the contrast between their own country and these eastern ones, in freedom, wise laws, just, strong government, comfort and luxuries of life, protection from diseases which are exceptional in

America, are here great epidemics, slaying their thousands, and the blessings of inspiring religion and enlightening education, compared with the ignorance and hopelessness of the East.

Then they realize as at home they never can, the power and dignity of that government whose long arm reaches round the world and guards its children, that government which other nations fear, admire and respect.

And do you think they don't love her because they were not born on her soil? Better not tell them so. Of the soil, one with every child born there of *American* parents, they love it, I verily believe, more fondly, more proudly, with a more enlightened mind as to wherefore, and with more wherefore, than most boys at home.

If you could have seen how Harry adored his flag, how he kept the Fourth of July, how he pored over the history of his country, how, before he was twelve years old, he had gone through a primary United States school history twice, and advanced one thrice, another by a different author twice, Abbot's "Lives of the Presidents" thrice, "The Blue Jackets of 1812" and "Boys of '76" each at least three times, and I know not what host of other historical stories; if you had seen his scrap-book full of Spanish War notes and pictures, if you had questioned him and found how perfectly he knew every

warship, cruiser, gunboat and what not in the navy, past and present, and how well he was informed as to the feats of every great general and admiral, you would have seen that an American boy in the far East was no less a patriot for that, and I can assure you that Harry's patriotism was only a sample of what hundreds of other American boys, similarly situated, feel. Yet nearly every stranger who meets these boys on their own shores, when it is discovered they have been born abroad, at once taunts them with the slur, "Then you never can be president." This is thoughtless, unkind and untrue. Not that most of them aspire to that high honour, but it is casting a slight on their nationality, and the perfect character of their citizenship, and it is untrue, because a special law provides for and guards the rights and privileges of the sons of American foreign ministers, missionaries and others, who are residing for an indefinite time in foreign lands.

Master Harry claimed seven Revolutionary soldiers as direct ancestors, and counted back among the New York Hollanders on one side, and the New England Puritans on the other, to the *Mayflower* and the first settlement of the country, and so it caused a throb of indignation at his youthful heart to have either his patriotism or his citizenship impeached.

When state affairs had quieted, and the

emperor was again in his own palace, and his mind at ease, he used often to send for Harry's papa, as a friend tried and trusted, and on one or two occasions asked that the boy might be brought also.

Once (Harry was not yet six please remember in excuse) when the emperor, as he had now become, with great condescension rose to greet the missionary, and stood a moment with him, the thoughtless little youngster ran and climbed into the throne! His horrified father snatched him off in great shame, but the emperor, who is all kindness, gentleness and generosity towards his friends, would not allow the naughty fellow to yield the chair, but stooped down before him, petting, comforting and chatting with him for some moments. He was too young to realize how much this meant to Koreans; but as he grew older he used to say, with a laugh, that though he could never be president, according to some folk, he at least had occupied a throne.

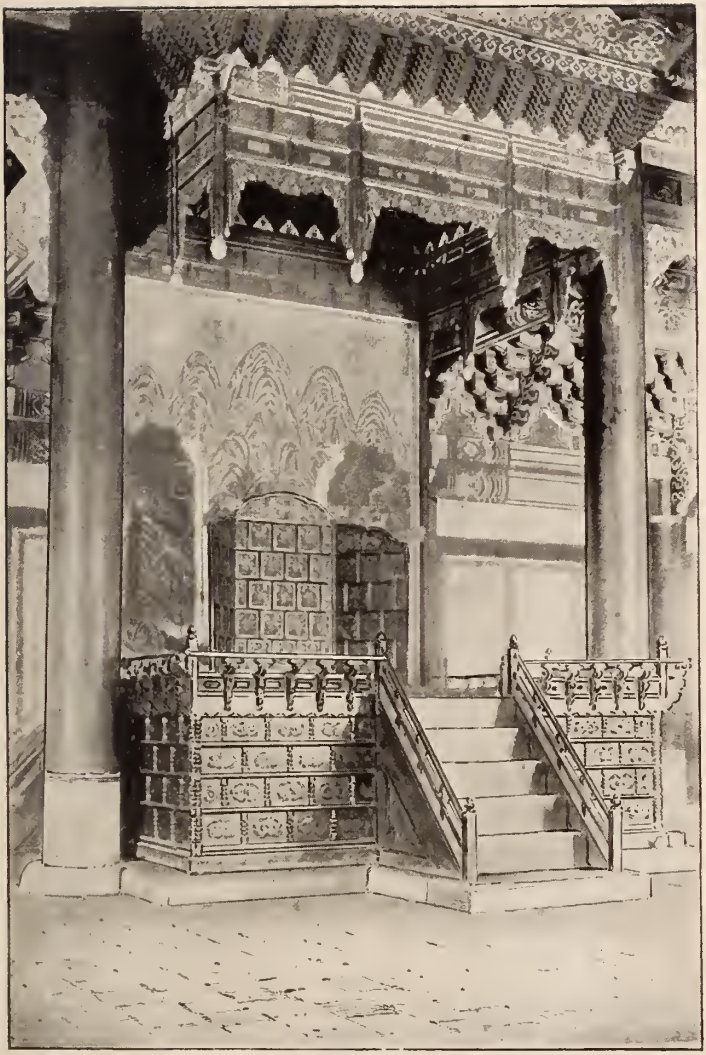
This behaviour, which was really only ignorance and innocence, was more than equalled by the nine year old boy of another American, who on the occasion of being at the palace through invitation, was asked his age by the crown prince. Now as I have said before, the endings of Korean verbs are all important, and not only special endings must be used for royalty and people far above one, but entirely different words.

For instance one would ask a small child or a person greatly inferior, his age, by the words, "met sal inya?" to one barely an equal we would say, "nahi metchio?" and to one still higher they would say, "Younsay Elmasio?" But a child should never ask a prince his age at all, nor would most Americans of mature years presume so far. But when the crown prince asked this boy his age, he replied with guileless simplicity, "Nine. How old are you?" using "met sal inya!"

A dead silence followed. When the boy told his mother, she asked him all aghast what the prince did. "O he just turned round and walked away, and never told me," was the reply.

Little did he realize that it was due to Old Glory in part, as a result of the kindness and good feeling of the royal family for Americans, for that boy's father in particular, and in part their fondness, and forbearance towards all children, that the young man was not consumed on the spot.

Harry was invited to the palace on many occasions, but never repeated such mortifying pranks, learning, as he grew older, to prize highly the condescension shown him and the kind friendship of the emperor. Sometimes they were invited to skate on the royal lotus pond, and sometimes permitted to picnic in the



KOREAN THRONE.

beautiful royal park; sometimes tableaus and mimes, centuries old, were enacted for the benefit of one or other of these American children, at royal audiences.

Harry, however, was far prouder of a military salute bestowed on his mamma and himself than of all the royal audiences. One day when they were returning from a distant part of the town in a sedan chair, they found that every avenue leading into their street which was also that of the new palace, was closed by close ranks of royal guards, to the number of several hundreds. His Majesty was expected forth in a few moments, special earth had been scattered along the road, no profane foot must tread there, no other chair or person must be permitted in the way.

But it was late, the king might delay long; scarcely hoping to be heard, they begged to be permitted to proceed, promising to hurry and be out of the way before the royal party should appear. Very graciously the officer on guard consented, all on account of Old Glory, and the coolies fairly ran along the road, between the long lines of soldiers, all, officers and men, saluting in proper military fashion as they passed. All this ceremony for them was, to Harry, the most signal honour of his life. It was a proud day for the martially inclined little American.

Although Harry had a very delightful little

company of American, Canadian and English playfellows, he had his Korean friends, too, and among the schoolboys was one whom in his early years, before he could yet pronounce plainly, he called his brozher (brother), and whom the rest of us called "the little married man."

Though twelve years old, he was not taller than most boys in America of seven or eight, but his hair was put up in a tight knot on top of his head, the short hairs all neatly bound in a mangam.

He had not then yet donned the black hat like all married men, but a great wide, heavy straw one, which shielded his face. He wore, too, a coat of grass cloth, with a rope around his waist, for little married man had lost his father, when the cholera raged so terribly the previous summer, and he was in mourning.

This boy's father had been a Christian, a man of gentlemanly birth, a teacher and literary helper of Harry's father and an assistant in translating religious literature into Korean.

When the cholera struck him down so suddenly, he left a widow, this one boy and a little daughter.

So now poor "married man" had become the head of the family, in name, though I have a conviction that his Amonni was the real man in resourcefulness, energy and ability to manage, and was so even before her husband's death.

Many a Korean woman does that, however, and they are all quite used to it.

When his helper died, Harry's papa promised to be a father to the little man, so far as he could, so he had placed him in a mission school, and nearly every day he came to visit Harry.

The latter had learned only a very little Korean and though they understood very little of each other's words they got on finely and comprehended each other's meaning quite well.

But what a difference there was between them. What an amount of matters that were every-day affairs to Harry, which married man never dreamed of, and on the other hand, what an old man, *ages* old, was the Korean compared with the little American; his head crammed full of all sorts of queer and foolish superstitions and fables, hundreds of Chinese characters, and knowledge of matters far beyond his years. Both born in Korea, but one in the sunlight, and constantly growing, unfolding, reaching up more and more in it, the other in a dark and musty place, confined, shut in, away from the soul's sweet light and air, so that his eyes were blind and his nature narrow, shallow and weak.

Some time before his father died he had been married with ceremonies which to Americans are quite unique.

Of course weddings in Korea differ according to the class and means of the parties as much as

anywhere else, and some of the poorest and lowest just announce their decision to be husband and wife, to their acquaintances in a general way, without any ceremony, except that the husband's family must likely pay a few bags of rice for the girl.

But Mr. Yi's family were well to do, with an income of at least five hundred yen a year (for Mrs. Yi supplemented her husband's salary), so there was quite a wedding.

First of all, for some time before, the family had been getting the feast ready, and friends and neighbours came in to help, and had bread making bees, and sewing bees. Loaves and loaves of dock were made, enough to fill a small room, and were locked up in waiting for the occasion. Many pounds of vermicelli were manufactured on the spot with the aid of an old clumsy looking machine, and chickens, eggs, nuts, fruit and various fancy dishes arranged for. The bridegroom, of course, and all the family, too, were provided with fine new clothes.

At the bride's house they had been busy for weeks getting her trousseau ready. For the wedding day there was a long red skirt made of the soft thin native silk, and a yellow silk jacket. A woman whose business it is to arrange for weddings, a regular go-between, had settled the contract between the two families, and all the arrangements for the wedding. If people are

too poor to have their own things, she rents them the necessary ornaments, the bride's chair, the man's pony and court dress, and everything, in short, that is needed.

On this occasion ever and ever so many large, showy, and to our minds, absurd hairpins and girdle ornaments were worn. The bride's hair was oiled till it shone, parted and combed back as tightly as possible, and was shaved a little around the forehead to make a perfectly regular outline. Her eyebrows, too, were shaved to the finest line possible, and her face covered thickly with a white paste which, when dry, gave her a corpse-like pallour ghastly to behold, which was rather enhanced than otherwise, by the vermilion, thickly daubed on her lips and also on each cheek, in a spot about the size of a silver quarter. It is bad form for the hands to be seen and they were covered with a piece of white silk draped over them as she held them clasped in front of her.

Either on the day of the wedding or one day before, servants are usually sent to the bride's future home with her trousseau. When the time for the ceremony was at hand, the bridegroom who had hired for the occasion a court dress and hat (such as only high officials wear at royal audiences), mounted a pony with a queer, high, old-fashioned saddle, accompanied by two men in livery, one either side to hold him on his

uncertain seat; a mapo or groom went before leading the pony, and another attendant followed carrying a gigantic umbrella on a long pole, to shade the hero from the too fervent admiration of the sun. Still others ran behind, constantly repeating the cry "*keroot-cheeroo*," which is to signify to all that this is a very great man and every one must respectfully step aside. He was on his way to bring home his wife.

Upon his arrival, she entered a native carrying-chair, the finest and best that could be hired or borrowed, and over it was thrown a leopard skin.

The chair was of course taken to the house, and she entered it unseen. The procession then proceeded to her new home. First of all walked a man carrying a live goose, all tied up with ribbands to insure long life and wedded bliss, then servants carrying boxes of clothing and food. Very often there are women servants in these processions with enormous masses of false hair, and sometimes there are little flower girls and boys carrying huge bouquets bigger than themselves of home-made paper flowers. I cannot aver they were present at this wedding, however. The bridegroom followed next and last of all the chair with the bride.

When they arrived at home, the bride had to be helped, almost lifted from it, partly because it is absolutely essential to good form that she

shall be quite as inanimate, and as nearly like a dead woman as she looks, and partly because her skirts are so extremely long all round, her hands so hampered, and her eyes so tightly closed that she is absolutely helpless. Two women, near relatives, grasped her arms, and moved her along, step by step, to the centre of the room. Opposite stood the bridegroom with a friend. The girl's inert little figure was slightly bent forward by her attendants, making a low obeisance several times; then the bridegroom returned the compliment, a cup of wine was then placed to the lips of each, first to the groom, then the bride. She, however, tasted nothing but terror and confusion, for this is an awful ordeal for a Korean child-wife, who has been secluded closely for years. The couple then bowed, touching their foreheads to the ground before his parents, and after before hers if they were present, though quite often the bride's mother, at least, is not.

A couple of the little low Korean tables piled high with Korean dainties were then brought in, for the newly married pair.

After this ceremony is performed and the bride has retired for a little, the rest of the company are fed with all that nature will admit, and it is miraculous what nature can do at times under stress of circumstances.

There is no doubt that Koreans, like the rest of us, consider this the great gala day, the

crowning occasion of a man or woman's life. For him, from the putting up of the hair, dates his life as a man among men. Old things are put away, all things are become new. His name is changed, he has assumed manly dignity and responsibility.

As for the girl, as she immediately after subsides into maid of all work, and is not supposed to be seen or heard of outside the family again, it is certainly the one occasion when she is of importance and brought into notice. Like the night blooming cereus, she blooms out in glory only for a single day; towards this all her previous life has been tending, back to it in all her future days will memory turn.

So no wonder that for once the boy is allowed to wear palace robes and go like a prince for his bride, and no wonder she is decked out in all that can be had.

The little wife is not expected to speak at all. It is a queer notion of these strange people, that it is more modest, womanly, and altogether desirable that a woman should be silent. This notion is carried so far, that it is really next to impossible to induce a girl to answer or speak a word in the presence of a stranger or superior.

Young brides sometimes never utter a word for months after their marriage. What little married man's wife would have thought, if she could have been made to comprehend, which I

doubt, what the new woman is, or if she could have gone to America and attended a women's rights convention, or if she had been informed how some young women of the western world comport themselves in public, I do not pretend to guess.

For her part she was learning early to get accustomed to her mother-in-law, and because she began early, she would learn it well. She would soon come to love her and be a real daughter instead of a foreign factor in the home. And there is no small advantage in all this, either. Think of it, young American matron, no Korean husband can tell his wife, with implied regret and reproach, how his mother used to cook this or that, for she knows it all, and his mother's ways will be the wife's, so that to the end of his life he shall eat the same sodden pies, heavy biscuit and other indigestibles, exactly as he ate them when a boy.

This little wife, however, claims no rights; she is there as a busy little helper with her hands and her needle, and when many years hence she may be blessed some day with woman's chief and crowning glory, a child of her own, she will step up in her little world, and begin to be a person of importance.

It is not all bad, this woman's life in Korea, though its abuses are many. It is hard for a little girl to leave her mother's side, to be totally,

irremediably under the heavy hand of a mother-in-law, yet many a western girl goes to boarding school no older; the mother-in-law is sometimes severe and cruel, but not commonly; the girl is terribly shut in, but I wonder if that is worse than the unshielded, unguided publicity of the lives of many of our girls.

The ignorance, the narrowness, the superstition alas are unmitigated and terrible.

"Where no vision is the people die," and to the Korean girl wife there is no vision, no future, no life above the animal, no hope in this world for aught but what the animals share in common with men, warmth, food, offspring, shelter. This is where the yoke is hard and the burden heavy. No inspiration, no vision, no God who loves and pities them, who has stooped to share their burdens, who offers peace, rest and glory beyond. For this the smooth young faces are early seamed, coarsened, hardened and furrowed.

Little married man's wife, however, had no notion of the weary road before her yet. She was just a dear, pretty child, with a soft, sweet, oval face, red lips, gentle, dark eyes, and a smooth, clear, olive skin that any Asiatic would call very pretty indeed. She was treated like a daughter and sister, and soon came to feel she was one. Sometimes, once in two or three months, perhaps, she went home to visit her mother, after dark, with her apron all over her

face and her mother-in-law or an old woman servant by her side. Harry's Amonni went to see them all, and came home full of praises for the two pretty little girls. Poor Harry listened sadly; to him it was a strange, sad dispensation of Providence that he had no real brothers or sisters or wives or anything, while others were so well supplied. Some time after, when very sick, he talked out in the delirium of fever, some of the troubles that worried his little brain, and was heard to say in pathetic accents, "My brozher has a wisch (wife) and a shister, but I hazh no one but myselch."

One winter when Harry wasn't quite seven years old, came a terrible letter from America. Everybody in the East knows what such letters are. Agony and loss stare from every line. The dearest are smitten, or have gone, and all so far, far off beyond those thousands of interminable miles, over which only bad news can travel fast enough.

Mamma was sorely needed by those who had a sacred claim upon her, and her heart was almost bursting with an agony of desire to go to them, "but of course it was impossible." Little by little, as they thought and prayed and consulted with Christian friends, the impossibilities began to disappear. She might go, but it must be alone. Often it happens thus in people's lives that both duty and desire pull apparently

equally hard in opposite directions. Those who have experienced that conflict over some matter of life and death like this one, only, can guess how torn was the heart of Mrs. Won.

To be of any use, she must go quickly; at once. But at once she could not bring her mind to such a parting, so she went on, blindly preparing, "*in case* I should go." "*In case*," trunks were packed and locked, tickets to Chemulpo bought, and household affairs settled for several months' absence; but Harry's Amonni had not yet decided to go; oh, no indeed. Her heart was a great deal heavier than lead, so heavy she could scarcely carry it round, what with the weight of the letter, and the weight of leaving the Captain and Harry, I don't see how she could carry it at all. Heavier and heavier, each moment the weight increased, and oh, how time flew! At last the coolies stood at the door, and they all went down to Chemulpo "*in case*," she should at length conclude to go. It was a wild-eyed, haggard woman who walked into the Chinese hotel at Chemulpo. "Why Missis Won! how old and sick you look," said the old steward who knew her well. But she hadn't decided to go yet, oh, no. At length they told her the steamer was in the bay and would sail in the morning; tickets must be bought. Oh, how heavy, how fearfully heavy grew that sickening weight, as she paced back and forth, trying to see

her duty, wondering whether it was not a warped vision of duty to leave the husband and young child for months in a country where so many dangers threatened.

Pastor Won had mission business in Fusan, and he and Harry were going there, anyway, so they all sailed together from Chemulpo, "*in case*" Mrs. Won should fully decide at Fusan to go to America.

Alas, it only took thirty brief hours to reach Fusan, and then! Then she knew, as she had known all along, that she was going to cross the Pacific, and the North American continent, leaving her husband and little delicate child on the other side. She stood and saw the little boat containing the two who were as her own soul put off for shore, and it was like rending asunder soul and body. It seemed monstrous and impossible that she should be whirling away further and further, leaving a widening gulf of black waters, between them and her, who had never been parted. Many a gay mother, who thinks nothing of leaving her children, while she flits to Europe for a pleasure trip, will smile at this tale of overstrained and exaggerated emotion, for a mere separation of a few months. But Harry's Amonni had only that one lamb, and living in that far-off heathen land, perhaps one cause; the little family had ever been as one heart, one soul, and seemed bound together in a peculiar way.

The dangers from terrible disease were many, and, well, probably the principal reason was that Mrs. Won was a very foolish woman, which I have never denied.

Now as she strained to see through her tears, she beheld the little fellow put his head on his father's shoulder and sob; she saw the father stoop and whisper something, she guessed well enough what, for up came the brave little head, a laugh broke through the tears, and gaily rang out the good-byes that *would* tremble, and furiously waved the little handkerchief heavy with tears. Mamma must not see him cry, it would make it harder for her, and so as long as mamma could see, the two smiling faces were looking back, and handkerchiefs waving; at last those two, and the boat could be distinguished no more, just a dreary waste of cold, dark, sobbing waters, and a dreary, desolate promontory. Was that a handkerchief fluttering up there, or only a sea bird? Then the promontory, too, faded away in mist and night—very dark night—and the cruel steamer was hurrying her body along, far, far from the shore that kept her heart.

Poor Harry burst into violent sobs when it was no longer necessary to cheer mamma, and though kind friends were very kind, and though he had many happy hours in play with his little friends, he suffered much. Often they would find the little fellow hidden behind the door, or

under some table with its screening cover silently crying with loneliness for mother.

The mail, to be sure, brought a rapid succession of letters and little gifts, pictures of ships, pasteboard soldiers, valentines, Easter cards, and pressed flowers. All well enough, *but not mother*.

One day on the first of April, the children brought him a letter which they said was from her; how his little heart leaped, but it was only a cruel April fool. That was very bitter and besides his father was away off in the country, preaching. Harry had to have the measles too, of course, and altogether it was a long, dark, dreary time in the child's experience.

But after a while mother came back, and they prayed they need never be parted like that in this world again. But it is not an exceptional experience with missionaries. Families must be divided, and tender little ones must be torn from the mother's arms, just a part of the price.

What a host of things Harry's Amonni brought back with her! A great packing case, besides a whole trunkful that grandparents, tender aunts, cousins and friends had sent to comfort him. Clothes, books, toys, everything they could think of. But "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," and Harry's joy was that they were all together once more in the home.

XI

TO JAPAN AND CHINA

MANY people were very sick one year, for new streets were being made in the city, and old ones widened, the Koreans having imbibed a spirit of "kaiwha," hundreds of native houses were pulled down, the accumulations of centuries of disease and filth were turned over, and stirred up, and the atmosphere was full of poisonous dust, so that people who didn't have a fever of some kind were not in the fashion.

The Captain and little son were both in it very deep. That was how it happened that the mission voted the Wons should take a trip to Japan or China, and find some place where they could quickly gain the strength for the work that was so pressing.

They started with a party of missionaries returning from the annual meeting in Seoul to their homes in southern Korea, or to Inchun to take the steamer to the North.

The little boat on its way down the river was packed, I can tell you. The more the merrier,

they say, but especially so when it is a crowd of missionaries, than whom a merrier lot of people it would be hard to find, people who do not know them to the contrary notwithstanding.

They are blue? Yes, of course, but that is a heavenly colour, you know, and haven't you seen laughing skies? If not I'm afraid it is because you cannot see.

At Inchun they were all huddled together in one wretched hotel, kept well—not by Westerners. It was the second best, where the best, which was full, was not by any means all that could be desired. The manager (perhaps better say keeper) was apparently so demoralized at having such an unheard-of number of guests, and all calling for fires, baths, drinking water, tea, towels, soap or something equally unheard of and absurd at once, that he lost his wits completely and never hunted them up again. Hours after supper time no signs of supper being forthcoming for the hungry crowd, and the children who were getting momently sleepier as well as more hungry, being in a state of mind which boded no good to any one, two of the missionaries invaded the dirty kitchen and took charge. Supper, after a fashion, was the result. To be sure there were not enough knives and forks, and a table boy was caught washing some in a bucket of muddy mop water in the hall, but these were mere incidentals, and next morning saw

our friends bidding a glad farewell to the hotel, and starting on their various routes for Pyeng Yang, Fusan, Taiku and Japan. Arriving at Nagasaki, on making inquiries of friends there, they learned that at a comparatively short distance across the bay, there was a seashore village called Obama, and that in the mountains above, was a famous group of sulphur springs, the favourite resort of many foreigners from both Japan and China, as well as of the native Japanese. Hither the party determined to go, breathe the bracing mountain air, and try the famous waters. The first stage of their journey was in jinrikishas, from Nagasaki over the hills, and through a mountain pass to a little fishing village called Moki, where the steamer was to be had which was to take them across the bay.

How I wish all my readers could see and enjoy all that our people saw in that ride. To attempt to describe it all would be folly, and yet what a vision! First of all, with a great rattling over the stony thoroughfares of the city, past gay little shops, full of the most tempting things, in carved ivory, tortoise shell, silk embroideries, porcelain, crêpes, rugs, etc., gay little children in the most charming colours, picturesque coolies, carrying flowers, vegetables, or other wares, on and on, till the road begins to ascend, when one hires a pusher, or gets out and walks. Up, up it winds, the hills all around cultivated to the

very top, while the mountains lay smiling in melting tints of blue. At the point where descent begins, one looks down on the one side upon the busy city, with its harbour full of the shipping of the world passing through the straits of Shiminisaki to the beautiful Inland Sea, and on the other upon as lovely a valley as the eye would care to rest upon.

The road winds down through bamboo groves, into the heart of the beautiful hills, overtopped by more beautiful mountains which stood resplendent in the glorious October sunshine and the soft misty atmosphere. A charming brook crosses the road continually, and is bordered with a wealth of ferns, bewitching to a lover of plants. Something over two hours' ride, drawn by the fleet-footed Japanese brought them to the rather dirty little village of Mokee where they found that they must spend the night in a native inn. Though there were several in the place, there was not much to choose from; all were in this case equally uninviting. The thick mats which in private homes do so nicely for beds, were brought in, but in a hotel, especially an Eastern one, the fastidious eye them with painful suspicion. However, our weary travellers had nothing for it but to spread their rugs and pillows, eschewing the much padded covers brought by the hotel people, and lie down. Disrobing was out of the question with Mrs. Won, who had

prejudices ; for every now and then some male or female servant came walking in through the too conveniently sliding doors, which would neither lock nor latch. It would not be of the least use piling any number of articles of furniture if you had them (which you don't) against such doors, which slide along with such untrustworthy ease. In fact, at any moment your wall may come apart anywhere, and the unknown and undesired walk into your room.

Pastor Won liked to tell of his first visit to Japan on his way to Korea, when quite alone, with all his small worldly wealth he was forced to sleep one night in such an inn. With his wallet under his head, he tried to compose himself to sleep, wondering if those heathen innkeepers were to be trusted, and not reassured by the fact that without his hearing a sound, a servant entered the room and put out the light. But after a little as he lay there in some disquiet, he heard from the room above him the familiar strains of dear old "Rock of Ages," and then the accents of prayer, upon which he smiled and fell asleep.

On the present occasion, Harry's mother was not afraid of robbers or cutthroats, but she disliked guests after she had retired, and she realized that she might expect them, both human and otherwise. The three took turns guarding the doors for each other while ablutions were

going on, but after that it was hopeless. Just as Mrs. Won began to believe she could put aside her doubts and fears, and assume the phlegmatic indifference which drowsiness kindly bestows as a nightcap, a great water beetle, two inches long, approached her with touching confidence that she would protect and warm him. His mistake was manifest. Mrs. Won scrambled to her feet with more agility than one would have thought possible in a rheumatic; everybody jumped, a hunt was instituted, uselessly, of course, and then madam announced her decision of sitting up in a camp chair all night. To think of lying down with the risk of having those creatures crawl into one's ears or mouth was too harrowing. She begged the Captain and Harry to sit up, too, but to no effect. Too sleepy to care what should crawl whither, her two companions were soon unconscious.

As for her, poor, weary creature, she watched, but saw nothing, though she watched long. She knew, too, quite well, that it only meant the wily enemy were only biding their time until she should be again at their mercy. How fervently under such harrowing circumstances a woman, brought up in the midst of Anglo-Saxon purity and comfort, longs for a proper bedroom and a proper bed, words are totally inadequate to express. At length weariness of the flesh could hold out no longer. Hands and feet went to

sleep whether or no. A camp chair does not offer facilities for repose, when one's back aches, and there is no place for the too heavy head; in a word, even nerves, of which Mrs. Won possessed too plentiful a share, succumbed, and she again sought the floor, and again was no sooner landed, than forth came the enemy. But too late to torment her much. A feeble resistance was made, it is true, but not long.

Nature, compelling and kind, assumed her undisputed sway, and before one o'clock even she was sound asleep, in spite of alarms.

The next day they found themselves after a short sail in the little port of Obama. This is quite a favourite sea bathing place with the natives, but their method of enjoying it must needs remain undescribed. Civilization has still much to be accomplished in Japan. As visiting the beach was out of the question, they decided not to linger here, but made arrangements to ascend to the sulphur baths at once.

In order to go up the mountain, one must ride in tiny native carrying chairs proportioned to accommodate the small and light Japanese. They are really not much more than a tray, with a cover supported on four poles, and so low that only a very small European woman can sit within, without stooping. When Mr. Won came to try one, he found that very extensive folding of various members was absolutely essential. These so-

called chairs are slung slantwise across the shoulders of two men, so that the pole which rests on the first bearer's right shoulder, lies on the left one of the man who walks behind. This gives the rider a charming view of the scenery back and forth, and on both sides. It was immensely well worth seeing. Japanese foliage is redundant. An endless variety of beautiful trees, bushes and ferns adorned the hillsides as far as eye could reach. Lovely valleys lay in tempting beauty below, magnificent mountains rose in lofty grandeur above, words fail, vocabularies become exhausted, the picture defies description. The Captain soon spurned the Konga, which he would never have attempted had he been in health, and walked until exhaustion made a resort to the little cage absolutely necessary.

Six or seven hours' climbing brought them at length to the hot springs of Unzen. The mountain which was not probably more than two thousand feet high was covered with beautiful woods, but at its level, about eight or ten acres in extent, where three or four hotels stood within a stone's throw of each other, very little green was to be seen. The ground was whitened with various salts deposited by the water, and the air almost suffocating with the fumes of sulphur.

Owing to the fact that the tourist season was over, the party had the pick of the three or four

nearly empty hotels, and were soon accommodated with a comfortable room, but decided almost from the first glance at the environs that it would never do to stay there. The house was surrounded with pools of boiling water, bubbling up continually from the ground, everywhere warning signs were posted to visitors not to venture here, or there, without a guide. Steam issued from crevices almost anywhere, the earth in the whole vicinity was hot and gave a hollow sound when trodden upon, and wherever one poked in an umbrella or stick at once issued a fierce burst of sulphurous steam, and a pool of boiling water. With the least inadvertence one was liable at any misstep to plunge a foot ankle deep into boiling water. How could children be allowed to venture beyond the door sill into such surroundings? It looked desolate and evil, as if it might be the very entrance to the abode of lost souls, and wicked spirits.

Taking a little reconnoitring expedition, they found this state of things existed over quite a large extent of ground. They were amused and interested to find that the natives in the vicinity had utilized the hot earth by sinking large jars close at their doors, which they filled with pure water, and thus kept themselves supplied with that necessity at boiling point day and night. They also saw small bowls of food well covered, partly sunk in the hot ground, in process of

cooking for a labourer's noon meal. It was wonderful, curious, but grewsome and horrible. That night in the wee, small hours, they were awakened by a low threatening rumble as of thunder which grew louder and terrifying, while the earth, the house and the Americans in their beds, were shaken, not by the rocking of the ordinary earthquake, but with an up and down pepper-box motion, as though the source of convulsion was directly underneath.

Mrs. Won piously vowed that if she lived till morning she would flee that evil place; so next day, on a tour of discovery, they found a very pleasant hotel about two miles away from the main springs, with a lovely view of woods, mountains and sea, and a safe place for children to play. To be sure there were hot springs near it, too, but smaller, out of sight, and not menacing the safety of little ones. Here they moved bag and baggage at once. There was not only a fine large garden, but a beautiful artificial pond such as Japanese and children love, with an island in the centre, dwarf trees and little bridges, and full of gold fish, some of them nearly a yard long, with the most wonderfully beautiful fins and tails. Not far away was a dell where a brook leaped down the mountain-side over great boulders, rested a little in a lovely glassy pool shaded by magnificent trees, and then fell sparkling on its downward course to the valley and the sea.

This pool was great sport. Here toy navies could ride at anchor, here dams were built, here children could splash about barefooted in the water to their hearts' content, or give free vent to the imprisoned monkey within, in climbing about over the rocks at the risk of their necks, not to mention their garments. For the rest there were the ferns that nestled lovingly in every crack and corner among the stones, the graceful vines and the ever changing beauty of scenery. But for all the beauty, nobody seemed to gain any strength. Mamma Won's rheumatism grew daily worse, and so they decided to try the merits of a sea trip, returning to Korea via Shanghai and Cheefoo, not on the rule that the longest way round is the shortest way home, but believing that the longest way round would bring them home the fittest for work. So back they went, down the mountain, Harry murmuring much at not being allowed to box up the pool and take it along, only carrying away pleasant memories, a strong odour of sulphur, a few mineral specimens and photos. At Nagasaki they took one of the Japanese steamers bound for Shanghai, and prepared for about thirty-six hours of misery. The Yellow Sea is unpleasantly notorious among travellers in the East, as the most disagreeable body of water one ever is compelled to become acquainted with. Here typhoons play their wildest and most terrible

antics, here are fogs, rocks, drifting currents, high tides, and those choppy cross seas which in a way all their own, toss up a steamer and its passengers with a peculiarly evil dexterity, almost invariably successfully sending everybody to bed in the most awful throes of violent seasickness. Proud and vain mortals who boasted of crossing the Pacific or Atlantic without a qualm, have succumbed on the trip from Nagasaki to Fusan or Chemulpo. The crossing from Shanghai to either of these ports has an even more undesirable reputation. Whether its yellow character has anything to do with this is not certain, but I am inclined to think it may. So our party, big and little, resigned themselves to misery, as I said, but like most earthly trials, it didn't last forever, and they found themselves in Shanghai not much the worse, hoping and believing as Mrs. Won always insisted on doing, that they were in some way much the better for the trial, either spiritually or physically, perhaps both, since every difficulty patiently and meekly endured, must brace and strengthen the character, as the wild tempests of winter strengthen the fibre of the tall trees that are to serve in carrying the King's messengers from continent to continent.

Shanghai! What a metropolis, what a Vanity Fair, what a collection of all that is desirable in material things, what gaiety, what a breath of

Europe to people just emerged from the depths of Korea.

But arriving there fresh from San Francisco, or London or New York, what a pitiful travesty of a town, what an inextricable mixture of all the races on the globe, what unsatisfactory imitations of proper shops, what poor streets, how shut in, how drearily Chinese, Eastern and heathen, with just a sufficient varnish of the European to remove the charm of the strange and the foreign.

Yet in some things Shanghai is always remarkable, unique and excellent. She is perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and with a great native population, and town, purely Chinese, in all its filth, misery, darkness and degradation, it has a foreign concession, which is a little republic in itself with its own laws and officials, and which, for good order and cleanliness, might well be imitated by Western cities.

As for those tall, magnificent Sikh policemen, Harry and Mrs. Won were simply fascinated.

They all wear such charmingly picturesque turbans and sashes of gorgeous Eastern colours, and stand as unmoved as stone statues, in the midst of the awful crushing, jamming, confusion and hurly-burly of Shanghai thoroughfares.

To our benighted travellers from the backwoods of Korea it was a wonderful and charming city, full of delightful possibilities. First of all it was like water to a desert-starved traveller to see

so many Europeans and Americans. Then the shops, what a chance to re-stock in all the thousand and one little things housekeepers in the East unexpectedly run short of and cannot get there. It is such a comfort to be able to pick out shoes and stockings and hats and gloves for oneself. They soon found the foreign shops were not for them, where freight, duty, great shop rents, and clerk hire, made the prices of very ordinary articles, especially expressed in silver dollars, or yen, appalling. One experience was enough for sister Won. She asked the price of a small pressed glass ice jar, which she felt it would be almost an affliction to see on her table, intending to crucify the flesh by purchasing it, instead of a nice one. Supposing the price would not be more than twenty-five cents, she was aghast to be placidly informed that she might have it for nine dollars! She fled the spot as quickly as her fainting members would transport her, and sought the native stores. Here were real bargains, and here (remember she had not shopped for years) she hung delighted over the counters for hours. You must know that when Pastor Won reached Shanghai, his first visit was paid to the bank, where he understood that he had a small balance to his account, fully realizing that he would need it all now if ever. To his delight and surprise he was informed that his balance amounted to several

hundred yen more than he had expected, and he took the liberty to meekly suggest that he feared there was some mistake. The haughty clerk was astounded at such effrontery, and in concise, frigid and overwhelming tones gave the Captain to understand that the bank made no mistakes. He, of course, while humiliated, was nevertheless not ill pleased to find that he had been so far in the wrong, on the right side. The matter was of some years standing; he had kept a balance there for convenience in trading in Shanghai; there had been some oversight, but now, they would do the town with an easy conscience. They declared, when they saw real carriages, landaus and victorias (a sight which had not gladdened their eyes for years), with a degree of extravagance and folly incomprehensible in missionaries, that they meant to have a ride in a carriage behind a pair of horses if it took the last dollar they ever had. A hack much the worse for wear, drawn by bony, unhappy looking horses, and driven by a very evil looking Chinaman, was speedily brought to the door. The one idea of these drivers seems to be that of getting to and from one point to another, at the greatest possible speed, and they doubtless keep a time record somewhere, and gamble on the result. The Wons had noticed this, and so had asked an American resident to teach them the Chinese words meaning "drive slowly." These

they repeated to themselves a great number of times, so as to be able to check the headlong speed of their Jehus. Forth then they started, into the narrow thoroughfares, most of which have no sidewalks, crowded past description with pedestrians very young, and very old, with wheelbarrows, jinrikishas, equestrians, bicycles, carriages and hacks like their own. In a moment the driver, leaning forward, was lashing the unhappy horses, who were plunging frantically forward into the mass of humanity. Mrs. Won's eyes dilated with horror; she grasped the seat with both hands and braced herself to be shortly either a victim or a murderer. The Captain, in stentorian tones, shouted over and over the cabalistic words supposed to mean "go slowly," but nothing came to pass. Either they were not pronounced properly, or were totally unheeded. Away they went, like a party of drunken sailors on a holiday, careering through the town at an indecent pace; nothing had any effect on their reckless driver, until in swinging round a corner, the thing which Mrs. Won had all along feared actually happened; they upset a jinrikisha, and tumbled out a highly respectable old Chinaman, who only escaped being ground under their wheels by some miracle. During the delay occasioned by this episode, the Captain possessed himself of the driver's whip, and thenceforth they proceeded at the rate of a funeral on its way to

the cemetery. This was infinitely better, however, and Mrs. Won now consented to relax, lean back, and enjoy the ride. There is only one possible suburb to which one can escape from the city of Shanghai, and that is the Bubbling Wells road.

Perhaps because they had heard so much about it, perhaps because there are such a multitude of beautiful places outside of Seoul, the Wons were greatly disappointed in this drive. That most interesting in connection with it to them, was the number of elegantly appointed conveyances, and elegantly dressed ladies whom they met taking their daily airing here. Certainly the Shanghai world, native and foreign, were abroad on that day.

This drive was their only experiment in the livery stable line, but they felt it would last for a long time. Far more than the drive, which we have seen was not unmixed bliss, even more than the shops and the people, the missionaries enjoyed the pretty park facing the harbour, and especially at six o'clock when a real foreign band played real music, when the fountains were going, and when, best of all, the place was crowded with lovely foreign children. What a joy it was to their hungry eyes and hearts to see so many little ones. White, Caucasians, mostly English and American, too, though there were German, French, Portuguese, Italians, and I suppose

specimens of nearly every nationality in Europe. "And the streets of the city shall be full of children playing in the streets of the city." It seems to me that it is one of the most delightful and bewitching sidelights of description the Bible throws on that city that is to be.

Harry was nearly beside himself with delight; he had never seen so many children in his life before, and the park, the children, the music, the fountains, the flowers and the games were a sort of heaven to him.

Shanghai gives one the impression of an immensely busy place; it is quite American in its rush and bustle, everybody seems in a tearing hurry, and one catches the infection immediately.

Distances being great, they had to patronize the jinrikishas continually to their great regret, for the coolies who pull them have become like the cab drivers, possessed with the spirit of Jehu, and nothing suffices to check their terrible headlong speed. Accidents of the most serious character are of daily occurrence as might well be inferred at once, by any one viewing the crowds of vehicles and people rushing madly in every direction. Harry's mamma always sat bolt upright, her teeth clenched, her hands convulsively grasping the sides of her perambulator, heart palpitating somewhere about the rate of one hundred and thirty to the minute, and in constant expecta-

tion of instant death or mutilation. Though she escaped any accident, one of her friends was not so fortunate; and a few days later, as they swung round a corner at automobile speed, she was flung to the ground with her baby in her arms. Providentially the night was cold, they were both bundled and wrapped, and so got off with a few sprains and bruises. The 'rikisha man disappeared, well knowing he was liable to punishment. All these 'rikisha coolies are obliged to buy licenses; each vehicle is numbered, and fare is regulated by law, the amount to be paid an hour being plainly printed in each carriage, so that there is really less difficulty in dealing with these men here than anywhere else. Another much used conveyance in Shanghai, both for carrying goods and people, is the wheelbarrow. This has often been described, and I need only say, it is the most cumbrous, unwieldy, ugly, inconvenient and generally objectionable thing in the way of a vehicle that in the writer's opinion was ever invented, motor cars (in regard to speed its exact opposite) only excepted. But its looks and unpleasant way of blocking the road is nothing to the awful sounds which emanate therefrom, to which the squealing of several stuck pigs is blandest music in comparison. Any sound more grating, rasping, cruelly agonizing to the whole nervous system the writer has never heard; the very memory of it is torture, and the fact that

the Chinese can calmly endure this, even riding for miles in these machines, proves, without a doubt, the theory that they are less sensitive to impressions of pain than Caucasians.

Mrs. Won, though a good Presbyterian by inheritance and conviction, often found a peculiar delight in the English Church, so here after attending the union service of her own and other denominations in the morning, the Captain and she visited the English Church in the evening. She liked the beauty and order, the grand old service when well read; she liked to kneel and stand in outward token of reverence and devotion, Puritan though she was, and she liked the music. But here was an unusually fine pipe organ, and an organist who knew how to use it, and who had a soul for worship and for spiritual things as well as the gift of a musician, and it seemed to the woman who had been shut away there so long, where no such heavenly ministrations were ever known, that her soul rose on the wings of that music, and floated up in a rapture to the City, and was bathed in the harmonies and blessedness of heaven.

But this was only too brief, and soon it was all over, and yet the sweet memory and joy of it lingered and she hoped perhaps in some way she might be a better, nobler woman for it, as she knew she was a deeply grateful one. And that organist who sat up there on his bench and

served God with his gift will never know till time is past what a blessing he conferred upon a poor thirsty soul, in the ordinary course of duty done joyfully as well as faithfully.

Of course, while in Shanghai, they visited the missionaries, heard the fascinating tale of their work, saw their fine schools, churches and hospitals, yes, and held converse with some of those very men and women and little children who were soon after to swell the noble army of martyrs. But those who visit such a work as that, in so necessarily hurried a way, cannot speak of it in detail with accuracy and justice, aside from the fact that a suitable report of mission work in Shanghai would in itself be enough to fill a large book. So I shall simply content myself with saying that they gladly learned useful lessons at the feet of these consecrated workers, and came away with new inspiration and encouragement.

They had not come to Shanghai, however, intending to make any stay longer than was necessary to wait for a steamer going to Cheefoo and Korea, so all too soon Mrs. Won and Harry thought, and not a moment too soon thought the man with the full account book and nearly empty purse, they sailed for Cheefoo with its fine bracing air and magnificent beach.

At the hotel in Cheefoo our young American caused considerable amusement by his table talk

on politics and matters of world interest. On coming into the breakfast room Harry would ask his father, who was perhaps reading some Shanghai paper, "What are the powers doing now, papa?" with the air of a legation attaché at least.

One morning he and another small boy discussed with much acerbity the action of Germany in regard to the Greeks and the Turkish war, Harry ending up with the remark, "If we only decide to go into this matter, *we* could show them what, couldn't we, Willie" (meaning, of course, England and America). The German consul who happened to be sitting at the next table was of course greatly entertained at the pomposity of the young American Eagle.

As the party were obliged to wait here at least a week for their steamer to Korea, it was decided to take a short trip inland to Tung Chow, in order to see the famous schools of the mission there. The Cheefoo missionaries gladly offered to help them make arrangements, and this was the more feasible, as a missionary from that place was there in Cheefoo, for the purpose of conducting a young couple just from America to their appointed station. There were usually only two ways to reach Tung Chow, one by water (and no boats were now running), and one by a schenza or mule litter.

The schenza is not a flowery bed of ease. It

is carried by two mules, one in front and one behind, on whose yokes its frame merely rests, and remains by virtue of skillful balancing and weight. In its lower part, made of ropes well woven together, and bound to the frame, are deposited one's baggage; over these are rugs, blankets, pillows and comforters, and on them sits the victim, overshadowed by a canvas cover, stretched over hoops, looking not unlike a prairie colonizer's wagon. But the traveller must beware how he or she sits, and avoid putting too much weight above the centre of gravity, or too much on either side of it, or there will be sudden and unexpected calamity. Usually only one person rides in these litters, though sometimes a small American woman with a baby, and even a Chinese nurse, well adjusted and much experienced, have managed it successfully together. But the missionaries tell a sad tale of a very fat couple, recently married, who insisted, in spite of the protests of the experienced, in riding together in one of these conveyances, and how even before it left the compound, it yielded to the laws of gravity, and relentlessly rolled off the mules and dumped the portly couple on the ground.

The motions of the schenza are said by the practiced to be three; one is the side to side rocking of the cradle, one forward and back like the fan, and one the up and down of the pepper box.

The Cheefoo friends said they didn't believe Mrs. Won, who, you will have seen by this time, was not strong, and was moreover lame, could stand this combination of joltings for twenty-four hours of travel.

But she was very anxious to go, and the Captain, as usual, found a way. Has any one ever gone there in a sedan chair? was his first question. "No," was the reply, in all the thirty years work that has been carried on, no woman, however delicate, has ever gone except in a schenza or by steamer. It was doubtful, they said, if coolies could be hired to go so far.

But the Captain believed in trying, and successfully contracted, at a very moderate rate, with four chair coolies to carry the wife to Tung Chow, while Harry and he and the other lady of the party had a couple of schenzas and a donkey. So Mrs. Won was the pioneer of sedan-chair travel from Cheefoo to Tung Chow. The young bride, Mrs. Cole, found the schenza very wearying, and was glad to accept an exchange for a few hours with Harry's mother, who therefore had a fair trial of this far-famed, and in China much-used conveyance.

Harry, whose soft little joints had no pain in them, and who was as elastic as a rubber ball, quite enjoyed the jolting. I suppose it reminded him of his baby days when he had been jumped, trotted, rocked and generally shaken up by his

innumerable nurse maids of various nations, who each had her own special scheme of exercise and unrest for infants; at any rate he professed to enjoy it, but with his Amonni it was very different. Besides stiff joints, and a head that jumped at any excuse to ache, she possessed, as I have said before, an uncommonly irascible set of nerves, which, like a skittish horse with his ears always pricked up, were continually on the lookout for causes of alarm, and ready to shy at the first hint of anything of the sort. I'm rather ashamed of Harry's Amonni as I have stated before; she was far from my ideal, but yet this must be said, in her honest defense, I don't think she ever shrank from any real or threatened danger which she knew that for any good reason it was right for her to meet. In fact I know that more than once she walked calmly into very real danger without the quiver of a nerve. Still, she would scream when a June bug flew in her face, and was extremely silly in all such little things. So in the schenza, the bumping wasn't what troubled her most, but first of all she realized that any little aberration on the part of either of the mules, as, one going forward and the other stopping, would land her on the ground. She next found that she had no way whatever of controlling the animals, neither whip nor rein, and the sternest adjurations or the tenderest coaxings had no effect whatever on their stony hearts.

She next discovered that it was not only impossible for her to get out of the contrivance, unless the beasts were stopped and made to kneel down, but also that she had no possible means of looking out at the side or back, without endangering a tip-up of the whole affair, nor could she make anybody hear. About this time, the road leading along a rather high, rocky bluff, with broken edges, where large blocks of earth and stone had fallen away, the mules with pure malice aforethought, deliberately and with awful slowness, began walking as close to the ragged edge as was possible, no doubt in serious contemplation of suicide. Life isn't very dear to a schenza mule, and he'd enjoy dying like Sampson, if he could kill the Philistines at the same time. There is always a schenza driver, a stolid Chinaman with a long whip and a face of wood, who is supposed to be in charge, to guide, direct, exhort and rebuke the mules, and make himself as useful to the "foreign devil" who employs him as consistent with his, the driver's, dignity, pleasure and convenience. But on this occasion, his pleasure and convenience led him to linger a quarter of a mile to the rear, confabbing with another schenza man, and so, when Harry's Amonni lifted up her voice, and screamed for somebody to come and save her life, not only did all the sound waves flow foward instead of back from that speaking tube of a conveyance,

but the man was so far away that he couldn't hear, even if he wanted to, which, of course, he didn't, and Pastor Won and the others who were walking with Harry, had dropped far behind and were deep in the discussion of mission problems. So there was no help for it; Mrs. Won found there was nothing but to trust the Lord, for I'm afraid that like a good many others she only fell back in His arms when there was nothing left that she or anybody else could do. And yet she was not all wrong even in this, for I suppose we most of us believe that God "helps the man who helps himself," and that He expects us to do our best, always resting on the knowledge that He is with and for us, and stands ready to help where we fail.

Our danger is, that in the belief we must do all we can, we sometimes are led to ignore God's help, and to forget that where we seemed to succeed, it was only because His strength lay back of our weakness, and when we fail, to think only in a despairing kind of way, that "there is nothing for it but to trust the Lord," as if in Him were not the very first beginning of our hope and surety. Of course nothing untoward happened, except that Mrs. Won made such hasty preparation for sudden death as the place and circumstances would admit of, and tried to await the end with becoming fortitude. When the missionaries had finished one chapter of their

discussion, they mounted their donkeys, caught up with the schenza, and then there was an end of trouble. No trouble ever lasted long, or seemed unendurable to Harry's mother when the Captain was at hand. The driver was brought to time, and, by dextrously twisting the hind mule's tail, the carriage was stopped, though how it happened that the front animal didn't go on, was never known. Both were then made to lie down, and the tired woman was helped out. She never repeated the experiment, and from that day, the missionary itinerant women of China have had her wondering respect, nay her reverence, with untold commiseration.

Nor were the trials they so uncomplainingly bear in travelling her only reason for this regard. To work in a country which so far, at least, as North China is concerned, has no features of physical beauty, but is one great dreary, almost treeless plain, swept by awful clouds of fine poisonous dust, where flowers and vegetables are with the greatest difficulty coaxed into a feeble existence, where the masses of the people hate the foreigner, and are ready at any moment to mob them, must be a trial which only the inspiration of the work and the peace of God in the soul can overbalance. In many of the small stations in interior cities the loneliness is almost overpowering, and works havoc with the

nerves of some women. One of them, a high-strung, finely organized, delicate American woman of wealth, who had left a home of luxury to go with her husband to carry gospel light to China, told Mrs. Won that during five years of such life her reason was almost wrecked. There was only one other woman in the station, about three miles distant at the opposite side of the large Chinese city. There was no garden, no place where she could walk, but from her bedroom, through the sitting-room to the kitchen and back. It was not safe for her to go, even in a chair, alone across the city to see her compatriot or to visit Chinese, the work there having only recently been started, and they entire strangers to the whole native community, who regarded them with hate and suspicion. Her husband was away weeks at a time, itinerating in the country; God had not blessed her with little ones, and so as with rapid strides, she paced her cage like an imprisoned animal, she wondered how long reason would endure. It was all the agony of solitary confinement, and at length she was only saved by removal to a port where some social intercourse and out-of-door exercise were possible. But even where several hours a day were spent in interesting work with Chinese women, or where there are little children of one's own to interest and occupy one, the lack of fresh air and exercise (for in many interior

towns it is not safe for foreign women on the streets), the absolutely viewless prospect, the want of social intercourse with equals, the need of an occasional change of occupation and thought, wears fearfully on American nerves. Mrs. Won thanked God more than ever for beautiful Korea, with its mountains and rivers, her dear garden, and best of all, her dear friendly people.

Only part of their journey was made during the first day, and night found them at a native inn, which far exceeded in filth and discomfort anything they had ever seen in Korea.

It seemed almost impossible to think of eating in such a place, but it was too bitterly cold to sup out of doors, and hunger prevailed over fastidious qualms. After supper the Wons washed their own dishes and put their food carefully away, but the other party strolled out to enjoy the moonlight and left their kit to be looked after by a Chinese servant, who dumped the dishes, etc., into a greasy pan of half cold water, and wiped them carefully on his skirt. They spread their rugs ruefully on a sort of dirty, foul smelling shelf in the wall, and fell asleep, as people will, even decent Americans, in such an unseemly, loathsome place, after travelling all day long in the open air, in November. Next morning the young missionary, who was their guide, told them they must not wait for

breakfast, but travel right on, in order to reach their destination before dark that night, especially as an early reception had been arranged for them by all the missionaries of Tung Chow.

Mr. and Mrs. Won listened to their injunction sorely ill-content. They were not of that variety of, shall I say athletes, who rejoiced in walking, working or doing anything else on empty stomachs, but were extremely dependent on good and regular supplies of provender, especially could neither of them endure to begin the day fasting, and any necessity compelling thereto, invariably resulted in headache, nerves and unfitness for work. But the fiat had gone forth, so the Captain and his family only indulged in a surreptitious cup of tea, and two or three crackers hastily unpacked and eaten as they went. At noon, they stopped at an inn dirtier than the former. A perfect catacomb of little black, airless rooms, opening each into some other, but none except the outer one opening to any fresh air. Here generations of dirty natives of the poorest class had slept, eaten and probably died, without the place ever having been once cleaned.

Nature itself rebelled, the odours were too overwhelming for American flesh to endure, and finding a sunny spot out of doors, they took a hasty lunch from their baskets and tin cans, and hurried on their way. About six o'clock they

arrived at the gray town of Tung Chow, than which a drearier, Mrs. Won thought she had never beheld.

The city walls were of gray, the narrow streets ran between walls eight or ten feet high, of cold, gray brick, all the houses were gray brick after one pattern, not a tree, not a hill, not a bit of grass, or a hint of bright colour relieved the eye. Mrs. Won wondered whether the sunsets were gray brick, too; but as the high walls hid this indecorous exhibition of gayety in the skies, it might as well have been gray as far as the citizens of that town were concerned. They were most kindly and cordially welcomed by the good doctor and his family who had offered their hospitality to the visitors, and sent at once to their rooms to prepare for the reception to be held at the girls' school. But the Wons were hungry, famished, ravenous. No breakfast, a hurried "*pick-up-lunch*," a long day in bracing November winds, had brought them to the point where a good dinner was the chief end of man, and the lack of it threatened being his last end; but nothing was said of dinner. And this reception, could it be possible they were expected to stay their failing powers on refreshments? Gloomy visions of wafers and tea haunted their hunger fevered brains. Go to. The prospect was dark. It was now long after six, alas! However, they at length found themselves in the pleasant

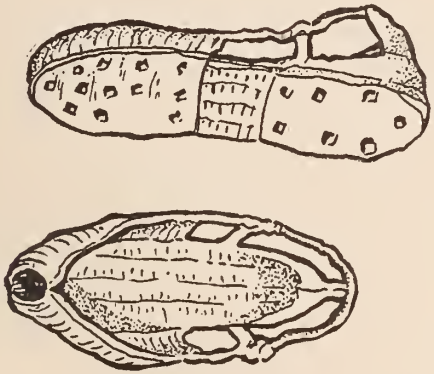
parlours of the girls' school, receiving a warm welcome, but no dinner. One little group and another arrived, the room was filling fast, Mrs. Won's spirits fell to zero. A dinner was impossible for so many, it must be that merely refreshments were intended; and sure enough in a few minutes napkins and plates were passed. But anxiety was soon dispelled; they were not to be starved. Such delicious rolls and sandwiches, cold meats, salads, tea, chocolate and cake, in merciful abundance, were forced upon them, that even the throes of such hunger as theirs were appeased.

In the two or three days, which was all that they had to spend, they enjoyed and learned much, in hearing the experiences of the workers, studying their methods, and especially in looking into their wonderful schools, conducted by such men as Dr. Mateer and Dr. Hayes.

They returned to Cheefoo and Seoul wiser, as well as fully recuperated, ready for the year's work. But Mrs. Won never thought of Tung Chow without a vision of those gloomy, dull, gray brick houses and walls, with no vista, no vision, no sunset, no sunshine, nothing but hard, straight lines, dullness and gloom, and prayed God to be merciful to His servants in China, and bless them with a double portion of His joy. Before they left Cheefoo, the Captain received a letter from the bank in Shanghai, telling him

that they had made a mistake between his account and that of another Mr. Won, a merchant in North China, and that the money he had so gleefully appropriated, at their bidding, was *the other man's!*

Some men in his circumstances would have torn their hair and rent their garments at such news as this; not so the Captain. It took a great deal to distract his peace of mind, his absolute trust in His Father's care for even the smallest things, and the event always proved he was right. In this instance, as usual, money coming from an entirely unexpected source more than covered the whole sum required, and everything was well as usual with the Wons.



XII

HOUSEKEEPING

In a very short time after their return from Cheefoo, Harry and his folks started off for another long trip into the interior of Korea, to visit the many little groups of native Christians, the sheep who needed looking after, and those other sheep not yet in the fold. This time a young married couple, new missionaries, were going with them to study methods of work, the people and country.

This pair had only been in the country a very little while, and the little bride, who was barely twenty, had to begin to learn some of the difficulties of eastern life and housekeeping very early.

In the first place, like the Wons, they left America with the conviction that their only food would be rice, and rice Mrs. Brown abhorred.

Some way, of course, would be found; but how she was to live on it she couldn't see; so when they reached Japan and found they could buy raisins, she thought she might eat this starchy article if sufficiently mixed with raisins of which forthwith they bought a great many pounds, *and in the summer!* And not in sealed

tins! For, alas, they had not learned that fruit that comes through the tropics and across oceans to Korea must all be in sealed tins in the summer. Mrs. Won always sealed hers up in Mason's jars as soon as it came, even in winter. So when these raisins that took such a lot out of the little salary arrived, they were in a dreadful way, and poor little lady had a task almost like the poor princess in the fairy tale to go over all those thousands picking out all that was bad, cleaning and separating, with patience. Such a wearisome work.

She didn't think to ask anybody what to do, and didn't seal them up even then; and a few weeks later, lo they were worse than ever, and had to be thrown away, mixed with tears.

Besides raisins, they bought in Japan two immense packing cases, at least three feet square each; but some rascally foreign trader cheated them, and when the cases were opened in Korea they turned out to be all green and mouldy, quite entirely spoiled, and weren't even fit to kindle fires. And the freight across from Japan and up to Seoul, had cost almost as much as the crackers!

They had bought a cook stove in Japan, and a few pretty China things, a tea set, and plates and dishes, with some kitchen utensils. Just as few and simple as possible, and put them all into the hands of an experienced English shipping

agent to pack for them, they being so new and inexperienced in such matters. He said he'd pack them carefully, but when they reached Korea not a whole dish was to be found in the entire assortment of broken China, and even the stove was in little bits.

Stoves always are that way though. I doubt if there is a single unbroken kitchen stove among all the mission homes in Korea. Packers in America and otherwhere, seem to think that freight is carried to the Orient on flowery beds of ease, but when it reaches there, appearances would warrant the conclusion that the last part of the stanza would better describe the true state of affairs: namely that they "had fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas."

The packers seem to have the common conviction that it is a good thing for a stove to have the covers, legs and other small loose articles placed carelessly in the ovens, to rattle around as lively as possible. They all do that and it is universally successful in breaking the stove. If it is in a condition which admits of mending, the owner generally thinks himself lucky, but oh, *if* he could only shy that stove back across the Pacific at the packers! Well, it wouldn't do, it wouldn't be missionary, but I'm afraid there are times when he'd like to do it if he could.

Those packers enjoy sending harmoniums

and pianos, too. They often arrive in kindling wood, but to return to Mrs. Brown.

They patched up their broken stove as well as they could, and started out on their housekeeping experiences. Their cook was a very green Korean young man, and their trials were many. It wasn't so much his smoking and combing his hair in the kitchen, and cooking vile smelling messes of his own food. He would insist on using all the soap for his own clothes and putting the kitchen utensils away greasy. The potatoes, eggs, and sweet milk disappeared with marvellous rapidity; the family were frightened at the amount they were consuming. One day the little puin[1] found him with the kitchen towel tied round his head to keep off the dust, and once (that was the time she had hysterics) she saw him use the dish-cloth pocket handkerchief-wise. She was silly, you say, but she saw it, and it was *her dish-cloth!*

When she came in the sphere of his usefulness and found him just eating some of the stew out of the kettle, and when with his mouth full of hot meat and potato, he couldn't answer her charge, she had a slight revenge.

Then there was the jelly. She had never made jelly before, but an old housekeeper told her what to do, and some delicious looking Korean red raspberries came, so she bought

[1] Lady.

them all, a very large quantity, and with many interruptions went through the stages of preparing the fruit, the sugar and the jelly bags, boiled the strained juice, and then, the last critical moment for adding the sugar came and all was well. She had been told to try the syrup after it had boiled three or four minutes with the sugar, in a cup of cold water, which she sent her cook running to the well to bring very cold. Back came the enthusiastic neophite, with a large quart dipper full, and without a moment's delay, or losing one drop, poured it all into that jelly!

Every housekeeper knows what that meant to that poor young wife. Disaster, disappointment, failure, loss, and after a long day's hard work!

So Mrs. Won, to comfort her, told her some of her early experiences. How, having invited some high Korean officials to dinner, and this the first time she ever tried to give a large dinner party, right in the midst of preparations the cook said his wife was very sick and he had to be allowed to go home, and the boy (that's the housemaid) asked to go off for his morning meal. No matter what happens, if you are in the middle of cleaning out the dining room, or there should be an earthquake, or fire, or a death in the family, the boy must be away from one to two hours eating, between half-past ten and half-past twelve. So there she was alone, struggling with the aid

of a cook-book and unaccustomed hands, with six or seven courses, when the door-bell rang, and she had to leave everything with that perverse disposition to ruin itself which all food on the stove has, and open the door.

There stood one of the invited guests for that evening. He politely asked to see Mr. Won, and on being told that he was out, calmly walked in, seated himself with dignity and deliberation, and said he would pay his respects instead to Mrs. Won. He regretted extremely not being able to be present that evening at the dinner, and so he had come now instead. Mrs. Won wondered despairingly what was going on in the kitchen, and tried to compose herself to treat him with politeness and deference. After staying near an hour he expressed a desire to see the house, so he had to be conducted through every room, and everything described and explained as far as her defective Korean would go. Before it was quite over, her knight errant came in and took him off her hands. No irreparable damage was done, an elaborate dinner was prepared; then quite tired out she dressed, prepared to meet the guests who had all accepted, but who *never came*. The dinner hour passed, they waited another hour, still no arrivals, then they remembered the parable of the wedding, and sent for the schoolboys who trooped joyously in without any delay and ate with an appetite and an appre-

ciation which made the Wons only delighted at what had seemed so trying a result of their attempt to win the high class men. Next day various excuses came, and they discovered that to invite Korean nobles, who had not yet learned rules of foreign etiquette, to dinner, was an act of more than doubtful expediency, and never again asked more than one or two at a time with plenty of reliable foreigners as a standby.

Then there was the bread making experience; when it was all to be learned, and there wasn't any yeast, and all the cook books told you to start yeast with yeast, and when that was surmounted, the bread set at seven, before cook left for home every night, would sour before he came at six in the morning.

And then there was the time teaching them to launder the clothes, which she never had learned herself, and when with written directions they had laboured through the whole day, and struggled through the mysteries of starch making, and were just in the frightfully serious matter of starching and blueing the table-cloths, which had several indigo spots on them and had to be rinsed again, foreign ladies came in to call, and it was getting dark, and they might mildew (the table-cloths), oh, it was comedy now, but it was tragedy then!

Then there were other instances of jelly and preserve making, in the very middle of which

crowds of Korean women came in, and things had to be left in order to prescribe for dyspepsia when "the food wouldn't go down and wouldn't come up," or "a wind from the stomach arose and made the eyes sore." Yes, there were plenty of these reminiscences to assure Mrs. Brown that her lot was the common lot of all beginners, that every one could sympathize with her, and that she might take heart again, seeing the footprints of her older sisters in the sands of household experiences.

But now they were going together for a long country trip, and the Wons' good little cook would prepare all the food, and they would be for weeks in touch only with God and His handiwork, and honest sturdy country people.

They walked and rode all day in the delightful, stimulating, fresh air, except when in the towns or large villages, where they, the women, were shut in little dark rooms, and visited by crowds of wildly curious Korean women, who most of them cared a great deal more about studying their clothes and wondering over their looks, and asking all sorts of questions of the most impertinent character, than about hearing of a foreign religion.

Some of them had heard strange things of this religion. "One must be careful. There was witchcraft in it. If you read one of their books through you had to believe, in spite of

yourself, and there was a medicine, too, which if you once tasted you were their victim."

"So one must be careful. It was truly, a wonderful kugung to see the people with their white faces that weren't powdered, and their peculiar noses and eyes."

"It was dangerously fascinating, so many strange, delightful things, and what soft hands the women had!" "They're all alike soft and satiny just like baby's hands." "Those foreign women looked respectable enough, quiet and modest, but of course that could hardly be, travelling all around preaching like that." When they caught a little of what was being said it seemed so strange and beautiful and tempting, they were frightened. "Come, let's go," and like a flock of frightened pidgeons they would all hurry out, before the charm could work. But here and there a seed took root, a sympathetic smile and hand pressure, a book, a tract, a child healed, a song, just a little seed here and there rooted, and in time sprang up.

How those American hearts yearned over the poor women so near enfranchisement, light, hope, glory, clinging to the filthy tattered remnants of old dead faith, clinging to their fetters, loving the darkness in which they had lived a half dead life so long, turning their backs on happiness and life. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life."

But in places where the little groups of Christians were found was always the same overjoyed, almost adoring welcome. By them, they seemed to be regarded as almost more than human. They were like angels who had come to them with the news of that wonderful Hope that opened out vistas of eternity and heavenly glory.

Mrs. Won always returned to Seoul in an extremely low and humble state of mind. In village after village, woman after woman, taking her hand in a bony grip like a vise, and looking at her with a sorrowful gaze would say, "Alas, how old you've grown since we last saw you!" or, "How sick and feeble you look." "How grieved we are to see how sick and old you are growing!" or, "What trials you have endured for us, how dried up you are!" This is all to show their affection and concern, and, as they believe it has all come through the hardships undergone to carry them the gospel, it is the highest honour and praise in their power to bestow. Mrs. Won found, too, on this trip that they talked in the same way to Mrs. Brown who was twenty, and had never been sick and was fresh as a daisy; so she didn't take it to heart so much any more. As for Harry, by the time he was twelve they began asking if he was married, why not, and when and to whom he meant to be, in a way that was highly embar-

rassing to the young man who had only very recently and reluctantly given up the idea of marrying his mother, whom he had insisted from his third year should be his only wife.

He walked the streets with a following of at least twenty-five to fifty boys, all eager to play with him and to be his henchman to any extent. The Christians were, of course, the favoured parties, and the envy of all the rest. With them there were games of prisoner's base, leap-frog, tag, hide and seek, and all the other games boys like.

One day the party divided. Pastor Won had to go far off the road to a little hamlet up in the mountains where there were only a little handful of sheep, and no room for so many to sleep and eat, only about three little huts altogether; so he went one way, and the Browns, Mrs. Won and Harry, with all the chair coolies, pack ponies and mapoos went another. Harry was on horseback this time, when he wasn't trotting on his own little legs; Mr. Brown was walking, too, and the two women were in chairs, jogged along with a good deal of jolting before night, for the road was rough and long. By and by the two Christian helpers who were leading, came to Mrs. Won and said they would hurry on and see that rooms were warmed and rice prepared and welcome ready, to which she gave assent, and they hurried off, glad to be rid of the slow

going procession. On the men plodded, through mud and mire, over hill and dale, across slippery paddy-fields and through tangled bits of wood, now with the frequent rests, uncomfortable motion and discontented grumblings which showed they were both hungry and tired.

At last, just when dusk was falling, and their destination was only *sim nee* (three miles) away, according to the last traveller questioned, there was a discussion among the coolies, accusations and recriminations, and it turned out that they had lost the way among all the windings of the network of little footpaths, had come a long distance wrong, and were not at all sure how to go right. To be lost on a wide plain with no village in sight, just at dark, with a bitter night in sharp late November, just closing down, no fires, no shelter, no warm food, was not an agreeable prospect. The coolies complained loudly, but everybody intended to reach those warm rooms and that hot rice that night, and set about it with energy. But no matter how many people they asked, it was always "sim nee" to that village, no more, no less, although they had gone several times "sim nee" as they could all vouch.

At length they came to a place where two ways parted, and here a whispered consultation was held by the coolies, the import of which Mrs. Won insisted on hearing.

Faithful old Kim, who was her only servant among the bearers, told her that there was now a river to be crossed in a little while, and that they had been discussing whether to cross over the bridge which was near, or the ford which was far, and that the tired chair coolies refused to take the ford, since they could not then reach the village before nine or ten o'clock. "But if we go over the bridge, then our little son on his pony would have to be separated from our party and go by the ford would he not?" "Yes, lady." "And is not that the bridge, the high, long, very narrow one which was broken, and which I had such trouble in crossing once before in the daytime?" "Yes, lady." "And now we have only one poor lantern, the night is very black, my husband is far away, only this newly come young gentleman with us, do you think I will trust myself on that bridge, or allow my little boy to be taken one road and I another, thus, at night, among what sort of natives I do not know? What evil noise, what bad work is this? Tell them I will not cross the bridge."

Hereupon arose loud and angry remonstrances from the coolies. Some threw themselves on the ground and declared they were dying, some went further and solemnly asserted they had died some time ago. "That is well," said Mrs. Won; "now the world will be more peace-

ful and blessed, and we shall not have you to feed." But the dying and dead were sufficiently obstinate for very much alive men, and proved it by some very active metaphorical kicking.

They declared they were too hungry to travel, and positively refused to stir unless consent to the bridge was given. Now Mrs. Won knew that bridge only too well. It was not more than a foot wide, too narrow for any pony to cross, and it was more than likely to be broken in the middle, and even should she succeed, with much danger and terror in crossing, her little one would be wandering, how many hours she knew not on the moors, with strange hired men, and their bedding and food might not arrive all night. So she, too, put her foot down and kept it there, and with Mr. Brown who hadn't much Korean, but plenty of firmness and good sense, they carried their point against the angry coolies, who having found out there was no help for it, set to, with grumblings many and loud, and trotted on through the dark to the ford. "*Sim nee*" always, as on and on they went. All of them hungry and more or less cross, and growing momently more and more exhausted. Harry had succumbed long ago, and was sound asleep on his pony, and obliged to be held on, at either side, his poor head bobbing about in a pitiful way, there being no room in either of the chairs, nor would the tired and cross coolies

have listened for an instant to any proposal of their carrying him as well as his mamma. The Wons had thought to save mission itinerating appropriation by bringing him on a pony instead of a chair, which is nearly twice the expense, but it was hard work that night. However, at about ten o'clock the welcome lights of Taiton appeared; everybody did their best to make them comfortable; there were shining faces of glad Christians, warm rooms and food, and soon after peaceful rest on their own cots and rugs. The Korean chair coolie is a quantity to be counted *with*, not *on* every time. He is the most independent creature in existence, and the most greedy and voracious. He is never satisfied, and you are never sure until you are through with him that he will stick to his bargain. He may have had no breakfast or no dinner, and his family may be starving, but if you give him one fifth of a cent less than he had decided to extort, he will hand the whole amount back, and walk off unpaid to give you a black name among his kind. He will dicker for hours, and go off at the last minute, leaving you in the lurch. The Korean chair coolie is in many respects the Irishman of the East, easy-going, good-natured, but ready for and enjoying a fight, in which loud talk has its proper share, prone to stop at every seül shop, getting as tipsy as his limited amount of cash will allow,

no idea of telling the truth where it is possible to tell a lie, quickly touched by kindness and sympathy, quite overwhelmed if you show interest in his troubles, commonly fond of a joke or a good story, loving his wife and little ones fondly, thoughtless of anything beyond to-day's food and drink, he belongs to a happy-go-lucky class of men, with no more thought or knowledge of the future alas than the leaves on the trees.

They all liked Pastor Won because he chatted and joked with them, laughed at their stories, abused them roundly, but treated them like brothers.

At one of the stopping places, among the experiences told by the Christians, was one related by a converted drunkard. He said he had for years made his living by gambling, had been a confirmed drunkard, and engaged in every kind of evil practice. One day as he was walking through the streets of Song Do, he saw on one of the main thoroughfares, standing in the middle of a crowd, a blind preacher, who in terrifying language was describing the wrath of God against sinners and the fate that awaited those who were unrepentant.

"His long arm was outstretched, his lean finger pointed me out, and his sightless eyes were fixed on my face," said the man. Smitten to the heart, he made his way to the speaker

and asked why he had singled him out from all the crowd, by his words and gestures. "*Because you are the man!*" said the wise preacher. "Now," said he, "the only thing is to go at once, make confession, take Jesus as your Saviour and begin to be a Christian." "But I must study many books, and repent a long time first," said the sinner. "No," said the old man, "nothing of the kind, you must repent at once if you would be saved and become a Christian now." In implicit faith the man obeyed, felt his burden of fear and sin gone, and became from that day a changed man. He now began to preach the gospel to everybody he knew, and first of all went to his old mother who sternly rebuked him.

"What!" said she, "have I borne with you so long in all your wickedness, when you have broken my heart over and again, and now you come and ask me to tolerate and even join with you in this crime of casting off our ancient religion, and doing despite to our ancestors? Never will I have anything to do with this foreign religion."

Nevertheless, she saw her son had become a changed man, and wondered at the power which had wrought this miracle, and watching day by day, saw nothing but good as its fruits. At last a remarkable incident won her completely.

The rainy season had commenced, and after a long and terrible downpour, part of the wall of their poor hut fell, one Sunday. The old woman started to try to repair the damage in some temporary fashion, but her son seizing her arm, said, "No, mother, not on Sunday." She struggled to release herself, but he pulled her away by main force, just as the roof fell, and barely saving her life.

"That," said she, "was your God who saved me against my will; now I will worship only Him and believe in Him always." So now mother and son are both happy members of the Methodist church.

At one of the Christian villages the pastor was asked to perform a wedding ceremony. They were poor people, and could not afford to have all the fine clothes and abundance of dainties I have described, and more they were forced to hurry on the wedding because the pastor could not wait for long preparations or return that way as they had hoped. So everything was hastened. The neighbours helped, and as the wedding was between an orphan relative living in the house and the eldest son, both the boy's and girl's wedding garments had to be made in short order; but the friendly neighbours and relatives all took hold and helped. Mrs. Won brought out her thimble and helped, to show them she was one of them, and

weave a little thread in the tie that bound them together, although her lame fingers were of not much use for neat and dextrous work. The bride was a tall, rosy, wholesome looking country girl, with that simple, honest, modest look so many of the young peasant women have. The boy was small for his age which was something over twenty.

The missionaries will not marry the Christian boys under eighteen, and the girls must be at least sixteen. The people like the Christian service, the vows of mutual devotion and the ring much better than their old forms, and are beginning to leave off the defacing white paste and red paint which make a fair young face look so hideous and ghastly.

This poor little bride had no ornaments, and her dress was comparatively very plain, but it was so much finer than her every-day attire, she seemed to feel more than satisfied, and then it was a great deal to be married by the pastor himself.

Before their trip was half over, they reached a place in the interior where no chair coolies could be hired, but here the Christians offered to carry the chairs and the loads, and though unaccustomed to such work, staggered along with the best will in the world. Mrs. Won's heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, to think of these kind people undertaking such work, which

to the untrained is very severe, for her. If she had not been lame and rather weak, she would far rather have walked, and as it was, it was no easy riding, with the chair tipping now this way now that, now forward, now back, and shaking worse than a schenza (as they didn't understand keeping step), and then being bounced down on the ground every few minutes when the tired men could stand it no more. But when she thought it was being done in love by those who found it so hard, she felt it was worth all the weariness it cost and much more.

In one of the little villages which they visited there were only two Christians, a man and his wife. As they were nearing the place, the leader, who knew all the Christians in that district well, told the missionary that this was a very devoted couple who walked ten miles to church and back every Sunday. They had both been turned out of their father's house and cast off by all their friends, and the man had been dragged by the top-knot all through the town by his infuriated neighbours and cruelly beaten. When they arrived they found a couple of young country peasants, both looking wholesome, honest and intelligent. The man was an especially fine looking young fellow.

The usual questions were answered in a remarkably straightforward and satisfactory way, both showing evidence of deep spiritual experi-

ence. At length the man was asked if he had endured hardships or difficulties for Christ's sake. "No," was the reply. "What," said the surprised questioner, "have you not been a sufferer for Christ?" "No," was still the answer. "But we have heard that you were cast off and beaten and reviled." "How can I call that hardship or trial after what my Lord has borne for me," was the low reply. The missionaries looked on that lowly peasant with reverence, and felt like taking off their shoes, for it seemed there was a Holy Presence there. Here was a man whose face was shining with inward peace, and the continued presence of Jesus though all his little world had cast him off, was dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty in the secret place of the Most High. His wife, a stout, plain country body, said she wouldn't mind the rest if only their parents would not disown them, but neither of them seemed to have the least idea they were in any way extraordinary. How surprised they will be when they reach the golden city and find they are given one of the highest seats, and are crowned with the martyr's crown!

Heaven has already begun for them right in the midst of persecution too, for Jesus is heaven, and Jesus' presence is with them. He comes in and sups with them, and they with Him.

On the way back, one freezing cold day in November, the Wons had one of those little ex-

periences which lend spice, zest and variety to a country trip.

After travelling all the morning, they found that the village for which they were destined lay on the other side of a ditch of slippery wet clay, which was at least fifteen feet deep, nearly perpendicular, and about thirty feet across. The very high tides came a long distance inland, and twice a day this was full of water, and one could ferry across, but now without waiting hours in the biting wind, with no shelter, dinnerless too, one must manage some other way to cross.

Without bare feet and legs it was impossible for any of the men to think of crossing. It was at last planned that with her husband's help she should climb part way down the bank, seat herself in the chair, which the coolies held high above the ooze in the bed, and be lifted across by the men, slipping in the slime at every step, and at the steepest part, climb up with her husband's help to the other side. This program was carried out only in part, for the coolies, with a sudden spring, supported and pushed by several men at the back, in some miraculous way, clambered up the steep slimy bank with the chair on their shoulders, at the imminent risk of spilling the vainly protesting Mrs. Won back into the wet clay and filth. When she looked back and saw the pit whence she had escaped, she remembered the psalmist and felt she could now realize

the force of his words of devout thanks. She, too, had been brought up out of a horrible pit and the miry clay, her feet set on a rock and her goings established with a new song in her mouth. It was a matter of very solemn and heart-felt rejoicing to her, though the tiresome Captain would persist in laughing.

At Song Do, the Wons were entertained at the house of a high Korean gentleman, who was a great friend of Pastor Won.

They were shown into a room where the floor was covered with the finest and heaviest oiled paper which shone like polished marble. Two embroidered mattresses to sit or lie upon were on the floor, brightly polished brass candlesticks and other brass articles were on a little table about ten inches high. There were sliding paper windows opening into a little passageway leading to other apartments. A clock on the wall, and a couple of very heavy Chinese chairs, completed the furniture.

Mrs. Won was invited to go to the women's apartments to see the ladies of the house, as it was contrary to their custom to leave those rooms.

In the large anpang, to which she was led by the host himself, she found waiting her a tall, handsome and graceful Korean woman, dressed in white Chinese silk with no ornaments. She was extremely self-possessed, cordial and talka-

A KOREAN LADY IN FULL COSTUME

tive, and soon introduced her group of pretty children, a girl of eighteen or nineteen who had been married a year or so, a couple of boys, respectively twelve and eight, and a little orphaned niece of her husband's of about fourteen years. They were all except the orphan who was in white, in bright coloured silks. There were rugs, lamps, hand-basins and braziers, all of brass polished and shining gorgeously.

After ceremonious greetings on both sides had been finished, a plain, meek, sad looking elderly woman of near sixty came in, and after some time Mrs. Won was amazed to find that she was Mr. ——'s first and rightful wife. Childless, and therefore a mere pensioner on the bounty of his concubine, who was really queen of the establishment. It was she who gave the orders, dispensed the hospitality, and ruled everything.

The older woman seemed to recognize this as the natural and proper condition, looked no discontent, certainly there seemed to be perfect friendliness between the two, the concubine treating the other with a sort of contemptuous patronage and good humour of the happy and victorious.

And yet I should not have said that even she was happy, for she did not hesitate to tell Mrs. Won, stranger though she was, the Korean customs were bad, women could only do as their

husbands allowed, and never could control their own actions or go and come as they liked.

Mrs. Won knew, too, that this woman could not meet ladies, first wives of high men on a footing of equality, that her children were not fully legitimate, and their inheritance of their father's property might be questioned? Mrs. Won had noticed in the woman at the very first a lack of that stately reserve and quiet dignity which the real Korean lady always shows, and that atmosphere of rank and refinement, but supposed that it was perhaps the difference between the provincial and the women of the capital. But when the subdued and sad old woman was made known, she at once understood the reason. The concubines do not come from the same rank as the first wives, and can almost invariably be detected by the lack of that inexpressible polish which the real Korean lady nearly always possesses.

Mr. ——— possessed a very large establishment, and had a great many hangers-on, henchmen and servants. He held a very lucrative and extremely responsible position, as the superintendent of the imperial ginseng factory, the only one in the country.

This root which is looked upon with almost reverential awe and superstition as a specific for almost all human aliments by the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, is sold by the farmers in the raw state

for about eight dollars a pound. Nearly if not all of the ginseng raised in the country is raised on farms in the vicinity of Song Do. Each one is registered, and the number of plants known, and all must be sold to the government. The young plants are of little value, only that of five and six years' growth is brought to the government officials.

It is weighed as soon as received, and the farmers paid a fair price. Each farmer is responsible for a certain number of pounds. The roots are at once washed, all out of doors, through the whole process in fact, and packed tightly in flat wicker baskets holding each thirty pounds. These baskets are set in a cauldron full of boiling water, over a furnace, and kept at the most furious heat, by attendants who watch them constantly. There are twelve of these furnaces kept continually going day and night. The ginseng is allowed to boil for two hours, when it is removed and another basketful immediately takes its place. Each basket after boiling yields about ten pounds. It is then spread out to dry in the sun in flat baskets, or rough tables, and locked up in a strong room at night.

About thirty thousand pounds are prepared each year. There are two kinds of which that called the red ginseng is the most highly prized. Korean ginseng brings a very high price in both China and Japan. Forty dollars gold is

not an unusual sum to be paid per pound for the best.

Great care is taken to prevent theft, and some Japanese who were attempting to poach from one of the farms were caught by Korean officers, and in the fight which ensued one of the Japanese was killed, for which the government was then claiming indemnity and the punishment of the Koreans.

The plant is apparently very tender and needs great care. The beds are shielded by wicker covers, which are raised at the proper time to allow enough sunlight, and lowered to prevent too great heat. The farming of this is very lucrative, and the people of Song Do are among the most prosperous in the country. The women, even to the middle classes, wear silks and furs, and one sees more of all the evidences of prosperity of all kinds than in other cities and towns.

The Southern Methodist mission have a station there, and the Presbyterians have a small church or two, and work in the villages throughout the district and province.

Nothing more worth relating occurred on this trip. Pastor Won held a class in one of the towns where he taught five hours a day, held street services for at least an hour, and every night gathered all the Christians, men and women, for an hour's Bible study and prayer. Harry got

some tracts and distributed them to the eager boys and men who followed him, and they all helped in the street service with the singing, while the ladies patiently submitted to daily inspection by the sightseers to whom they were a sort of a dime museum. It was worth while in hope of some seed taking root, and besides there was the teaching of the Christian women.

At last they started on their homeward road. Two nights before entering Seoul, Mrs. Won, who was walking with her husband, beheld, almost at her feet, by the roadside, a dead hand stretched out from beneath the sod, as though in supplication. The poor body had been hastily and only partly covered with earth, and the hand, she couldn't help but think, seemed to be pleading in a pathetic way to the strong, the happy, the enlightened and the free, for happiness, light and freedom. A forlorn brother had mayhap fallen along a Jericho road, dumbly appealing to those who might but will not help the helpless and unhappy, the darkened and hopeless nations.

XIII

THE BOY'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR SOCIETY

AND now a time had come when the Wons' dear old home had to be sold, and they were forced to find another house. Everybody knows it takes other factors than brick and mortar, wood and stone to make a home. Of course "had to," and "forced," being interpreted mean, that as a high price was offered to the mission for it, and as for various reasons a removal seemed to promise better for the work, the Wons consented, nobody forcing them against their will. The native officials could not at all understand this matter of the sale of American property. Years before, when a piece of ground was desired, word was sent to the American minister to *order* Mr. ——— to sell that land. Great was the native astonishment when the reply came that the all-powerful minister had no power to give such an order; but it was nothing to the shock they experienced when having asked him to cable to the President to order the sale, they were told that even the President himself could not compel an American to sell his property.

But though no minister, emperor or president, or even the mission that owned the land com-

pelled Pastor Won, "the King's business" did, and they must all flit. The dear old homely place had grown round them, and in some way, mysterious and unexplainable, but certain, the walls, the rafters, the floors, seemed almost as much a part of them as fingers and toes, just the hard outer shell, of that, of which the body was the inner.

The trees, flowers and vines that had been planted one by one, each with a history, each a souvenir, of some dear old friend, some well loved scene, some happy time, each loved almost like a child, must all be uprooted and struggle for life in some other soil.

Before the Wons left the new owners tore down the charming old ivy covered gate and wall at the back and ruthlessly cut down the reverend crooked old pine, over which the wisteria climbed. Mrs. Won chancing to pass the window at the moment saw and heard the blow, which seemed to cleave her own heart. It appeared to her an act of vandalism, but perhaps she had unconsciously begun to lapse into heathenism, and was making idols and fetishes of some of these things and needed to be aroused.

As for the house itself there was much that endeared it to the family. Thither the pastor had taken his wife after their wedding, where as they stepped over the threshold together, and

realized that God had made them a family and given them a home, it began to be sacred.

In yonder chamber Harry had been born—there through long sickness, loved ones had nursed, watched and prayed. Round the fire in the parlour they sat reading and chatting together Sunday afternoons when service was done. In the dining-room many a friend native and foreign had sat at their board, in the sitting-room the native women's Bible classes had met all those years, and the little commonplaces of the household life had gone on. Here in the study the Christmas tree always stood while the merry children circled round with expectant eyes, and near by at the wide chimney the stockings were hung. Here the K's wedding took place, and from hence was the beloved dead carried to her rest. Many a children's party had made the rafters ring, and they had heard the psalms of the watch night service once every alternate year for nineteen years.

What blessed meetings of prayer past counting had been held there, what long conferences in planning for the growth and advance of the work, as one and another new branch of labour, new form of attack on the strongholds of evil were undertaken. The Bible Committee, the Tract Society, the Christian Endeavour, the Y. M. C. A., the Home for Destitute Children, the Young Men's Missionary Association, etc. In

that study the New Testament had been translated, and what not else of hymns, tracts and religious helps. In yonder guest room the Korean refugees had found shelter, and many dear ones to be seen on earth no more.

Love, joy, pain and sorrow, with one Holy Presence, had hallowed the place and transmuted even the most common and sordid parts of it into something more precious than gold in the opinions of the Wons. Harry had never known any other home, and boy though he was, ashamed of tears, on the unhappy day when they left, his mother discovered him hidden away in the dark, sobbing passionately.

A fine new healthy, breezy site had been found. A new, better "much better house" was building, and they were to go forth to become aquainted with it, and to try to fit their angles into its corners, their curves into its concavities. It had to be furnished, too, I don't mean with tables, chairs, pictures, etc., which is a comparatively easy matter (for old ones can be moved though they like it little, and look all wrong in a new house), or new ones can be bought with ordinary money, but the real furniture which makes a richly furnished home and habitation for people with souls, is not so easy to obtain. Millions will not buy these things. Tender memories, precious associations, love, hope, blessed sorrow, sacrifice, service, victories over

self, sin forgiven, all have their place in making the home beautiful, comfortable, livable; they come very slowly and are bought only with the costliest currency, of heart-beats and years. It would be a long time, if ever, before the Wons' new house would be as well furnished as the old.

It, the new one, was not ready yet, but was full of clamour, dust, shavings, blue-coated, pig-tailed Chinamen, white-coated, top-knotted Koreans and spry little Japanese. The cold wind whistled through unfinished windows and doors, there was a combined sawing, pounding, cutting, squeaking and groaning, the birth throes of a house making loud complaint.

Harry could by no stretch of imagination see how it could ever come to be a quiet, peaceful home. It was very slow work, every bit of moulding, nay every board cut from the log, was painfully sawed, cut and grooved by hand with clumsy native tools, and every two hours the Chinamen all stopped for a twenty minutes' smoke. While the Captain was still doing his best to hurry it on and "hustle the East," something happened. A peep at Mrs. Won's diary will explain.

April 15th, 19—. A sentinel paces before our gate, a guard are lodged in our sarang[1] and we are of the unenviable few, who as princes or

[1] Korean guest house.

prisoners—much the same thing—are kept by armed men, for royalty sleeps hard by!

Last night the palace burned down, and the Emperor, not desiring to occupy either of the other palaces so full of mournful and terrible associations, took refuge with his family and suite in the Imperial building which was erected a few years before next door to our house.

Sentinels were posted all around us, and what a rushing thither of high officials in chairs, what a gathering of retainers, what a hurrying to and fro of all sorts of menials, soldiers, police and who not. What a change in our quiet neighbourhood!

The flames leaped high in their beautiful destructive play for hours, but everything was quiet and orderly; no crowds gathered, a number of Japanese troops were on hand to assist in any way desired, but the headway gained was so great that little could be done.

At about 2 A. M. when H—— went out for the last time to make sure there was no danger of the further advance of the fire, he was met by an officer bearing a note with the rather startling news that we and all the missionaries on this compound must move that very day, the date for handing over the property being overdue, and the Emperor and his officials being in great need of all our dwellings and more. The Captain at once hurried to our legation, and

respectfully but firmly stated the impossibility of getting out on such short notice, but promised to give up the house at the earliest possible moment. The accumulations of twenty years are not so easily disposed of, and I'm afraid we have more things than are good for us. We had no doubt, whatever, about it when we began to move. And where, pray, were we to go? No lofts to be rented in which furniture could be stored, no houses to be rented for ourselves. At early dawn we and things began to jump. We would live camping fashion in a Korean house for awhile, and pack the belongings somewhere, somehow in the new house. In an amazing short time, curtains and pictures were down, carpets up, great packing cases adorned the rooms, piles of articles to be stored away lay on chairs and tables, and bustle and hurry were the order of the day. We stopped a little for breakfast and prayers, and the latter were perhaps more fervent than usual and the former much lighter. It seemed a long delay when there was such a hurry, but we soon learned our mistake, for at 9 A. M. a high official came to beg us, at the Emperor's urgent request, not to move until our own dwellings were ready. We were told that the presence of Americans was considered a protection, and the ruler of Korea was glad to have the American flag (God bless her) and American people at his door. So there we

were to stay as long as we liked, but such a mess!

Nevertheless, thankful indeed we were not to be turned into the streets till our new house was ready, so with smiles and hearts at rest we proceeded to straighten our poor upset dwelling.

Long before the Wons were able to get their boxes out of sight or the rugs and curtains replaced, who should come paying a neighbourly visit but the little Prince, the Emperor's youngest and much petted child. He was only seven and looked less, but he strode in with great dignity —though he arrived on a man's back—and insisted on shaking hands all round, and in following polite foreign custom so far as he was informed.

He was, of course, surrounded by a crowd of eunuchs, officials and palace women whom he ordered about in a lordly way. Some of them presumed on his presence, to intrude into the bedrooms, kitchen, etc., for a kugung,[1] but were sharply recalled and sternly reprimanded by the little prince for such unseemly behaviour in the house of a friend.

He was a sweet-faced little fellow, looking much like his royal papa, and was really a very bright boy, with a gentle, sympathetic and generous nature.

He delighted in buying cakes and goodies

[1] A sightseeing.

from the vendors, and having them distributed to all the workmen and coolies, and there were many whom the Emperor had already at work on the place. And when the gateman's little child fell in her play he sent an official running in hot haste to inquire if she was hurt. Mrs. Won managed to sprain her ankle one day, and when he heard she was suffering, and that the presence of his retainers at such a time might disturb her rest, he allowed no one to enter, but came several times each day to enquire, and sent fruit and such dainties as his kind little heart suggested might be appreciated.

On the first day, his first visit was a short one, but in fifteen minutes there they were all back again, and dinner had to be left chilling to entertain them. However, this royal call also was brief, but it was evident the duties of his attendants were no sinecure, for he proved a very lively young person indeed, and was in and out of the house every half hour always with the same formalities to be laboured through, always the same crowd of followers as before.

The first day Harry was away, and Harry of course was the person he most wished to interview, not having any foreign playmates, and being consumed with curiosity as to his manners and customs, dress, looks, etc. Early next morning, therefore, before the young American was awake, word came that the little Prince was wait-

ing at the door to see him, and the last thing at night came a message from his Highness wishing him good-night.

This was all extremely kind and flattering, but things began to have a sameness to Master Harry after a few days, and to be called from work or play every few minutes at the beck of a small boy, with whom he had not a great deal in common, began to pall, somewhat. In a word he began to find it a little wearisome, but he was nevertheless good-natured and affable, and as nearly respectful as was possible, but when the little royalty ordered him, Harry, an American, to run up and down simply to amuse him, as he would wind a mechanical toy forsooth and set it going to see how it would work, Harry drew the line, and simply but politely refused. "What," said the Prince, who at first could not believe his ears, "what, will he not do it?" Then burst forth a peal of uncontrollable delighted laughter. It was so inexpressibly funny to think that there really existed a being, and that a mere child who could dare calmly and coolly to refuse to do his bidding! He was quite charmed with Harry; he was a great curiosity, and loved him more devotedly than ever, though he issued no more commands to that young person. But though Harry was not ordered about, everybody else was. One of the officials near his small Highness, a man of thirty or forty who, like all his attendants, was

robed in immaculate white silk garments of very delicate texture, was imperiously ordered to climb a tall persimmon-tree where Harry had seated himself among the higher branches, and so thither the unfortunate man was obliged to go, it need scarcely be said to the great demoralization of his flimsy and spotless robes. Another was ordered to scale a mud wall with results pitiable to behold, but evidently causing not the least concern to the little despot.

As I have said he was a bright little fellow, and had made good progress already in his Chinese studies, and withal seemed in every way such a dear and promising little boy that Mrs. Won's heart yearned over him, and she longed to snatch him from the crowd of sycophants and flatterers who constantly cajoled and deceived him and whose fawning service choked his manliness, energy and independence, fostered pride, indolence, selfishness, distrust and a host of faults soon to become vices. To see him trained firmly and lovingly, and taught what any common American boy may know, Mrs. Won longed inexpressibly, but could only pray it might be brought about, how she could not see.

The war, the terrible war that had been gathering its clouds so long, had broken over the devoted little country some time before, but so far as the Americans in the capital were concerned, it brought no trouble, scarce a ripple

even of anxiety for themselves, though it cost them many a pang for the country they loved next their own, and sometimes they almost feared the end of their work had begun.

To the boys I am afraid the war was almost welcome. Soldiers arrived in goodly numbers at the Russian, Japanese, French, Italian, German, English and American legations. Arms bristled everywhere, uniforms of many nations varied the almost universal white of the Korean people ; there was marching and countermarching, sentinels as thick as flies, roll calls on all sides, for the Wons had the Russian legation on one hand, the American on the other and the French across the street, and when the King came so near, Korean soldiers and officers swarmed all around them. There were many long rows of barracks all over the city, for the Emperor had nearly ten thousand troops, and when the Japanese army of thousands of sturdy, grim, determined little men came pouring into Seoul, bless you, you couldn't turn around without running into a regiment. Nevertheless it was all remarkably orderly and quiet for a large city full of the troops of many nations. Nobody had any complaints to make of the Japanese soldiers, and seldom were any of them seen drunk. It is a pity as much could not be said of the Russians who drank far too much of their terrible vodke and other poisonous stuff, and ill-treated helpless,

unoffending natives in such shocking ways that every woman in the country wished success to the Japanese if for nothing but to be rid of the Russians.

"Mamma," said a six year old American friend of Harry's, "mamma, why do you think God made Russians?" And a few minutes later, very earnestly, "Do you think you would like to sit next a Russian angel in heaven, mamma?"

But the Russians all left Seoul very soon, for there was a great battle in Chemulpo, and everybody knows how it ended. It was a thrilling and terrible thing as Harry and all the rest of them thought, to hear the solemn, awful booming of those guns like the tolling of a funeral knell, thirty miles away, and know they told of men agonizing and dying, of great ships being torn and sunk, and that the fate of nations, countless millions perhaps was hanging in the balance and that God was working out His great plans for the kingdom that is to come. They seemed to hear in those awful thunderings the echo of the lofty words of the Battle Hymn

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on."

A few days after the battle, Harry and Wilber

went down to the port and saw the poor battered wrecks in the water, and thousands of Japanese soldiers disembarking from the transports as fast as they could be landed, all eager, joyful, proud, to be going straight to long hardship; hunger, cold, weariness, toil, absence from the adored home land, suffering, probably mutilation and death, all for Japan. For a better country and a glorious King shall Christians not gladly endure hardship as good soldiers and count it all joy when we fall into divers trials!

The boys thought almost as much of their visit to the American warship in the harbour, and all the wonders and glories thereof which they were politely shown by an officer, as of all the other sights put together, and they were not a few. Such a busy scene! Soldiers everywhere of course, and people of all nationalities in their peculiar dress, jostling each other on the crowded streets. Coolies, pack ponies and hand carts, loaded and overloaded with all sorts of things armies need, hurrying hither and yon. Noise, bustle and confusion everywhere, reporters and correspondents of the great journals of the world, some of them bearing famous names, standing about taking mental notes, or hurrying along making arrangements for going forward with the army. Russian and Japanese army and navy officers clanking about in (to the boys) fascinating uniforms, vendors of all sorts of things,

especially photos of the wrecks in the harbour and the battle, advertising their wares, most of them lustily, and beggars in plenty piteously beseeching you to "give them life," which being interpreted, is a small fraction of a cent. Alas, how little does life mean to more than these, whose ideas of it are bounded by the dimensions of a piece of money. How many have yet to learn from the great Teacher that a man's life consisteth not in these.

The trains which run between Seoul and Chemulpo are few and evil; until quite lately it took something over two hours to make the twenty-seven odd miles, and the best time made now is, I believe, one hour and forty-five minutes, so the boys had to start back all too soon. They were expected home by half-past six or at the latest at eight, but alas when they reached the office, they found that the time-tables had all been upset to accommodate the army being hurried up to the capital, and not a train would now leave till half-past eight which meant not getting home till eleven or after. Harry knew that his mother for one, would be in "a state of mind," so they went to the telegraph office and thoughtfully sent a despatch, which would have been a comfort had it arrived before the boys, but as the army and navy happened to be overworking the wires like everything else just then, no message came to pass for hours. The little

party also discovered that not only were the hours changed, but that all the trains going to Seoul were reserved for Japanese soldiers and they could only secure tickets at all through the grace of a military official permit. So they hied to the quarters of the gentleman who superintended that business, and were asked to wait a few moments as he was in his bath. In a very few moments an exceedingly kind and polite personage appeared smiling and perspiring in his kimono, undoubtedly just emerged, begging they would excuse his Japanese dress, and with great alacrity and good nature gave them the needed pass which secured to them a roomy compartment quite to themselves, in a much overcrowded train.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the courtesy and kindness of Japanese gentlemen, and the order and discipline maintained in their army, while, on the other hand, there is much to be said in deprecation of the rudeness and dangerous character of many of their people who seem to be colonizing Korea by thousands, and who abound on the streets of the capital.

The soldiers piled into the train that night, four stout little men each in a seat intended for two, but the boys made the trip very comfortably, thanks to the pass that the kind official had given them. In the meanwhile telegrams of anxious inquiry had been speeding from Seoul

to Chemulpo and journeys made to the depot with the comforting information that the trains were now utterly irregular, were sometimes run on a siding to remain for hours or all night even, to accommodate the military trains, and that they could scarcely expect the boys that night. Mrs. Won thought of railroad accidents so probable under such circumstances, and had visions of the great waves in the treacherous bay that have swallowed little boats at a gulp, and vowed she could never sleep till her boy came home, and though the Captain didn't say much he was not at ease. However, a little before eleven in walked the truants quite all there.

In a day or so there was a crowd of newspaper correspondents at the hotel, all in a hurry to be off to the front, getting their outfits, interpreters, ponies, guns, and round them at a safe and respectable distance, the boys circled in awed and envious admiration, wishing, with all their foolish little hearts, that they could go to the war and witness all the exciting events that would soon take place. Mrs. Won never could understand why boys should like noise and a share in fierce and cruel deeds, when men shoot and cut each other down. However, when these same correspondents came sorrowfully back a few weeks later, like the King of France who marched up a hill and them marched down again, or Mary's little lamb, whom the teacher turned out of

school, the boys realized that even a war reporter's path is not all roses. At least their language did not indicate that they thought so. Here we must leave the war and its story which, God grant, may have been all told before these lines are seen. 'Tis a terrible and bloody tale, and dark look the prospects of this poor little kingdom of simply kindly folks, which now lies at the mercy of the Conqueror to be! But we will trust that God who pities and avenges the weak in His own way and time, but surely, and who counts every sparrow that falls, has not forgotten it.

American guards who had seen service in the Philippines came to the American legation when the war broke out, of course, and I am sure Harry and the other American boys would gladly have lain down and let the soldiers walk over them. The boys hung round the barracks, acted as interpreters and ran errands for their heroes and, of course, at once invited them all to church and prayer-meeting, an invitation which, however courteously received, was not, I'm afraid, very generally or enthusiastically responded to.

They were all friends of Harry's and Harry loved them all. Some of them had to be asked to tea, of course, which was yet keener bliss for the ardent little American, who sat close beside them, gazing and listening as though they were demigods, while they told stories of their experiences

in the Philippines and elsewhere. So the soldiers came to be a large item in Harry's life and that of the other boys. Soldier slang, soldier songs, and stories began to come to Mrs. Won's ears rather frequently, and she was forced to utter a word of warning, though she hated to cast a mist of doubt of the glory of his idols. "They are brave fellows, dear; but all sorts of men enlist; we saw some of them very tipsy more than once, men who like to stay in those horrible dirty saloons do not use the best talk, and are not companions for children; you must choose out your companions among those who are Christians." But though the intercourse was somewhat restricted they all had a strong hold on his affections, and he always had an excuse ready for their faults, to most of which he was indeed quite blind, and ardent praises for all their virtues.

A much-prized institution of the foreign children in Seoul was the Christian Endeavor Society, which was made up largely of boys and girls who had mostly been born in Korea, but for all that were, as I've hinted before, straight enough Americans, Canadians or English. Nearly all of them had been in the home lands, some had been all round the world, for it was pretty nearly the same thing when their parents took their furloughs whether they crossed the Pacific and North America, or went round through the Suez Canal and across the Atlantic, so they had seen many

lands, many kinds of peoples and customs, and been in all sorts of queer places. Most of them talked Korean like natives. One of Harry's friends in Cheefoo talked three languages fluently at five, for his parents being German, his nurse Chinese and his playmates English, he needed to use them all. As for Harry he had seen the beautiful park, the cherry blossoms, Zoo, and the wonderful tableau flower show in Tokyo, the parks and gardens in Hongkong, Singapore and Paris, the beautiful aquarium in Naples, the picture galleries and churches in Rome, Florence and Venice, had walked through the ghostly streets of Pompeii, sauntered through the London tower, the British Museum, the Zoo and Madam Tussaud, so he and the others too had had more than a glimpse at the world's peep show, if they did not live in an out-of-the-way corner, nor were they at all behind their cousins who lived in America in the education that is won from books; still their parents felt they lacked, and feared their character might suffer, for the bracing Christian atmosphere of a large American community, and the privileges of the warm shelter of American Church life. So a Christian Endeavor Society was suggested, to give the children training in Christian work, a sort of little hot-bed in the chilly heathen weather for their imported plants. Everybody fell in heartily with the idea. A young missionary was found who willingly took charge of the

society, and the boys and girls joined with enthusiasm, except Forest, who, being a nervous boy, was so afraid he might not keep the pledge he refused to sign it. Harold, and Mary Moose were obliged to print their names; but never mind, it was quite readable.

The young members contributed very generously of time, strength and money.

Laurence was the oldest, in all the dignity of sixteen, then Lera, Myrtie, Harry, Helen, Wilber, Douglas, Fred, John, Bowling, Foster, Stella, Madeline, Max, Newlon, Ruby, Lisette, Mary, Harold. They were a pretty busy crowd of children. Before Christmas of course everybody was making presents for everybody else, as well as for some of the Koreans, but not counting that, they all or nearly all, raised vegetables, fruits, flowers or chickens, which they sold to each other's fathers and mothers or their own; the girls knitted and sewed, some of the boys and girls, too, chopped wood famously, and then there were errands and lessons, but nevertheless their Christian Endeavour was not a bit slighted. The committee for visitation of the sick were found with flowers and rosy, shining faces in many sick rooms, and proved to be a very good medicine indeed.

All who could read took turns in leading the meeting, and felt the dignity and responsibility involved.

Harry, Wilber and Douglas, the missionary committee, to which John was afterwards added, at once bought tracts, and proceeded to distribute them. The novelty of little foreign boys offering them on the street aroused curiosity, and they were thronged with applicants. Soldiers in the barracks let down baskets from their high windows, and the street cars considerately stopped, till they could board, give eager passengers one, and jump off. The report for one month which was not one of the best, was 3,000 tracts distributed by this committee. In this work they invited native boys of their own age to a little Sunday-school class, which Wilber superintended, and soon quite a number of little fellows were coming every Sunday. Wilber could not read the native characters nor could any of the boys, nor were they enough older than their pupils to undertake much instruction, so after singing and a little quiet talk, they were taken into the regular Sunday-school. This class was usually quite full, but with a somewhat changing audience, and how to keep those who had once come was a problem, but Wilber had an idea, and he and Harry, having talked the matter over, arranged that those who would come regularly for three weeks, should be promised a magic lantern exhibition. Fifteen were faithful, and on Saturday afternoon Professor Harry was on hand with his toy lantern, and proceeded to entertain

the crowd. His slides were mostly comic, but having borrowed some from a friend who had a fair assortment such as they were, they were described and commented on with dignity mixed with humour, jokes at the expense of some of his Korean cronies were indulged in, to the delight of everybody, and the young lecturer's efforts seemed, by the rapt attention and delighted laughter of the crowd, to be most successful. Moreover Lera, who had a class of native girls, asked for a repetition for their benefit, and this was followed by another request for another class of boys elsewhere, and so the American toy helped on the kingdom just a wee bit, for two of those boys were baptized that year.

One Sunday when the boys' tracts were all gone, and they had searched their fathers' book rooms in vain, the elders all being at Korean service, they found in the Korean waiting-room a delightfully big pile of the very things they wanted, which were forthwith speedily distributed to the very last leaf. But when the young natives' missionary society, who had bought those tracts with their own savings, and were intending to give them out in suburban villages after preaching that very afternoon, came and found their supply all gone there were long faces, anxious inquiries, eager searching on all hands, especially as none could be bought that day. When the real culprits were discovered the mistake was very good-na-

turedly condoned, and it was difficult to persuade the owners to accept the price; but the boys would not hear of anything else, and so it was all settled quite comfortably. At Christmas the children decided to give a feast to the Home for Destitute Children. There are, as I have explained, innumerable friendless little ones in Korea either on the streets, or the slaves and dependents of those who do not love them, perhaps in Buddhist temples, or the houses of the sorcerers. A large (according to Korean notions) native house and beautiful grounds on a healthy hillside had been given for this home and a few children gathered in.

The support of this institution was very precarious, being fathered by no boards, which do not patronize charitable institutions, and so it had to depend on the occasional generosity of a friend here and there, and the gifts of the missionaries and other foreigners in Seoul. The school is now without sufficient funds to pay the salary of a foreign superintendent, but they still hold on to it, and keep it running with a native caretaker, rather than turn the homeless little fellows back into the street. The plan of the committee is to teach these children trades, so that they may support themselves as soon as may be, and help pay expenses. The missionaries of all denominations hope to see it well supported, instead of struggling for bare existence; for to save the young

before their hearts have been steeped in vice and their minds warped to evil is to gain a long advantage in the race with the powers of darkness. The foreign children therefore had planned to do their share to help. All had contributed generously, and all went out to the home on the occasion of the feast, to play games and give the little waifs as good a time as possible, and mingle in as merry a game of romps as though a wide, deep and almost impassible gulf did not lie between them; yet, nevertheless, there it was, black and sullen, for on the one side were children whose birthright was civil and religious liberty, the breath of whose nostrils was freedom, purity and love, who claimed sonship of God, and whose dwelling was in His light, along whose sunny well-hedged pathway were the fruits and flowers of the tree of Life, who had already drunk of the water of Life, and tasted its Bread, before whom shone steadily the star of Hope, growing brighter and brighter to the perfect day, while on that other brink! Poor little flotsam and jetsam of the scum of heathenism, chilling in the bitter, biting blasts of adversity! Souls starving in ignorance, darkness, disease, crime, folly. Hither to this shelter they had been gathered with no more light or hope than wild animals, no dim inkling of what real mother love could be, or a home or even a word to express it, or a remote dream of it, in its plainest interpretation as

familiar to those foreign children. But now a light was beginning to shine dimly; they had been told matters strange and hard to understand. Somewhat of One who loved them (though of love their ideas were very misty, not yours or mine) who had died for them; and of the great God who was their father. All this, however, they did not try to comprehend as yet. It was no doubt some deep philosophy, too deep for boys and women, but at times they pondered it, and in the meanwhile food, clothing, warmth, physical and moral, from foreigners was a strange and good thing, and was, they knew, connected in some way with Him who loved and died for them.

So after all the gulf between them and the little Americans was not entirely impassible or quite hopeless, however much it looked so, for that hidden Love that yearned over them, from whose light sin had kept them hidden, could bridge it all.

When Harry was eleven, and had sat at the native communion service, where boys only a little older than himself were joining the fellowship, and as he felt the holy impulses that seemed to weight the atmosphere at the sacramental seasons when many eyes were wet with love and thankful sorrow, he had begged to be allowed to join the Korean Church, but fearing mere childish impulse might have instigated the wish, his

parents put him off nearly two years, but after that they could refuse no more, and not only he, but three of the older children had joined the Church.

Of course the younger boys all looked forward to it, too, and had a grave respect for those who had taken this step, which I fear they did not deserve. Harry was telling rather a tall yarn which Edmund refused to believe. "Why, Edmund," said John, "I shall go right home and tell mamma if you don't believe Harry; don't you know he is a Christian, and besides he is a Presbyterian!" No answer; the small doubter was silenced if not convinced by so powerful an argument.

Harry is getting too old to be written about any more; there will soon begin a new chapter in his life like that in the life of every American child in Eastern lands, half delightful, half dreadful. They are going ten thousand miles away from parents, brothers, sisters and playmates, to be plunged into life of a new kind by themselves, never to return to the home as children again, if at all.

Fathers and mothers put it off as long as possible, put away even the thought that will stalk forth at unexpected moments, mostly in the lonely night watches, when he forthwith proceeds to wind his long, cruel fingers among their heart-strings and tear them, so that people say next day, "How pale you look!" or whisper to each

other, "How old and wrinkled he or she is growing!"

Sometimes the mother goes with the children, and then there remains behind a lonely, homeless man, toiling away, with his heart across the seas, and over yon there is a wife who lives a widow, and children who grow estranged, scarcely know their own fathers by sight, and pass their youth without a home, for the man must be left thus, or the children must be pushed out into the world, at too tender an age to meet its temptations unguided and unsupported. The choice is not easy, or likely to prove satisfactory either way. Do we Americans make a Moloch of schooling, "education," so-called, and sacrifice our children and our homes upon it? The home is broken up forever! those who have been so inexpressibly near and precious will not meet again till the gulf of change and years lies between.

As one by one the others have gone away, Harry is left the oldest one, and somewhat alone. Mother and father bring out their favourite books of poetry, history and fiction, the best magazines are subscribed for, and certain others carefully dropped; they play chess, checkers, etc.; they study the catalogues for new games, but they are busy folks. Harry has some lonely hours, and then Mother Won questions her own heart solemnly, is she wronging her boy, keeping him

away from the joyous young life of his own country and people?

The Spectre is coming very near, the rack turns yet another notch every day. God help Tompkins' Amonni when the time comes. Aye and so He will, and her dearest hope for her boy is, in spite of all the pain, that when preparing days are done he may be so honoured as to "be allowed of God to be put in trust for the gospel," in Korea.

So let us too hope, that in later years our young American may take up the story of a new Korean people, happier, civilized, enlightened, not with that superficial veneer of civilization which is satisfied with imitating the unessential and effeminating results of the true, which touch only outward appearances, but the real, the Christian civilization, which begins from within, in a new life in the heart of the people, in the people's hearts. A Life whose very motive power is unselfish Love, which works out in fair blossoms and sound fruit of "nobler modes of life, sweeter manners, purer laws" and they

> "No longer half akin to brute;
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